

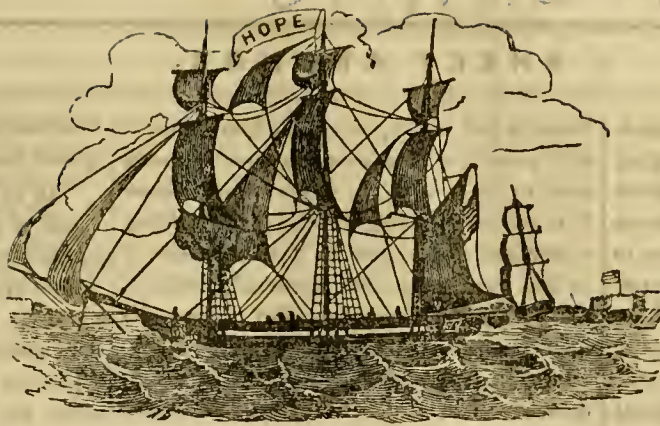
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SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844. No. 9.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.
TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the
same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }
See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

Another Female Sailor.

Another of those cases which have of late years been of more frequent occurrence in this country than we could have supposed, in which a female has thrown off her natural attire, and assumed that of the lordly part of the creation, developed itself in this town. What the maiden surname of the heroine in the present instance originally was, we were unable to learn, her christian name is Margaret; but it seems she is a native of Liverpool, and about eighteen months ago married a man of the name of Johnson, with whom she led an unhappy and discontented sort of life for a few months, in consequence of the profligate and vicious courses he pursued, when he deserted her altogether. At the period of her marriage, she had scarcely attained her seventeenth year, and must at that time have been extremely good looking, judging from her present appearance, which is ruddy, and, we may add, prepossessing, notwithstanding the wear and tear she has since undergone. Her affection for her unworthy partner, strong as it might be expected to be in a female at such an unsuspecting age, seems not to have been in the slightest degree diminished by his ill-treatment. Rumor, always busy in matters of the kind, had it that he had sailed for St. Johns, New Brunswick. The moment Margaret heard the report, she determined to follow him;

but, alas! how was she to proceed across the Atlantic without the means of paying for her passage? Money, she had none, and of friends, she was almost wholly bereft. In this dilemma her resolution was instantly formed. Doffing her female attire, and rigging herself out in a sailor's garb, she shipped as an ordinary seaman on board the *Thetis*, and sailed for St. Johns, where she spent six weeks in an unsuccessful endeavor to discover her husband. Expecting further search to be fruitless, she abandoned it, and, with the *amor patriæ* strong upon her, she re-shipped on board the *Thetis*, and was landed in Liverpool. Strange as it may appear, though her voyage out and home lasted five months, and she always messed, conversed, and slept with the other sailors, her sex was never discovered; and still more strange, does it appear, that, although rough weather was encountered, and she had, in course of her ordinary duties, to mount aloft, on stormy days as well as tempestuous nights, she never betrayed the slightest symptoms of that fear which is supposed to attach to woman only, but, on all occasions, proved herself as good a "man" as any other in the ship. Upon reaching Liverpool, she assumed once more the female attire; and, since then, owing, most probably, to the penniless and defenceless state in which she was left, she has gradually been falling from the path of rectitude into a vicious course of life. But the sequel would seem to prove that she had not wholly lost those finer and better feelings of which, in her outset in life, she was the possessor. She was brought before Mr. Rushton, at the Police Court, for having committed an assault upon Mr. Spinks, the landlord of the Brunswick Hotel, at the Union Dock; and she availed herself of that opportunity to express a hope that she should be placed in the Penitentiary. Her demeanor showed that she was in earnest. While Mr. Parkinson briefly informed the Court of her exploits as a sailor, she cast her eyes on the ground, and faintly smiled. Mr. Rushton, ever anxious to rescue vice from its unhallowed paths, and to promote the ends of virtue as well as those

of justice, stopped the business of the Court for a few minutes, while he wrote and signed an order for her immediate admission to the Penitentiary.—*Liverpool Albion*.

Bibles and Seamen.

A frigate and a brig, with crews amounting to seven hundred in number, cast anchor in Rochefort Roads, and an agent of the Bible Society, resident in the town, having ascertained that there was not a single copy of the Scriptures on board, paid a visit to the frigate in company with one of the members of the committee. As soon as the commandant was made acquainted with the object they had in view, he came forward, and, in unison with the officers of the ship, greeted them kindly, and offered personally to superintend the distribution of the Scriptures among the crew since he considered such a gift to be deserving of his particular attention. He then conducted them round the vessel, and bade them return on board the next day. Their own report of this second visit shall now speak for itself.

"In pursuance of our promise yesterday, we presented the seamen on board of both ships with seventy-five Bibles and one hundred and fifty New Testaments in French, which gave one Bible and two New Testaments for each division of the crews. It was a delightful sight to watch the commandant distributing the volumes to the men, who had mustered on deck, with his own hand, while he explained the end which the Society aimed at in presenting them, and exhorted them not only to be careful in preserving the books, but to endeavor to profit by them.

"We were much pleased to observe the number of men who quitted the deck and began to pore over the sacred pages. One of the officers expressed his confidence, that the reading of the Scriptures would have an excellent moral influence upon the conduct of the men, and at the same time better qualify them for their duties as seamen.— Having accomplished the intent of our visit in such a way as to afford us hopes that our

labor would not prove in vain, the commandant stepped forward in the most engaging manner, and, telling us that he had ordered a boat to be got in readiness to take us on shore, took his leave of us; bidding us to convey his personal acknowledgements to our Society for so well-timed a donation of the Sacred Scriptures." The commandant in question was the Prince de Joinville; the frigate was *La Belle Poule*; and the agents were of the New York Bible Society.

The Philosopher and the Ferryman.

A philosopher stepped on board a ferry-boat to cross a stream; on the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood Arithmetic. The man looked astonished.—"Arithmetic! no, sir, I never heard of it before." The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman: "Do you know any thing of Mathematics?" The boatman smiled, and replied, "no." "Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone." A third question was asked the ferryman: "Do you understand Astronomy?" "O! no, sir, I never heard of such a thing." "Well, my friend, then another quarter of your life is gone." Just at that moment the boat run on a snag, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher with great earnestness of manner, "Sir, can you swim?" "No," said the philosopher. "Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom!"

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Good News from the U. S. sloop-of-war *John Adams*.

To the Editor of the Sheet Anchor.

SIR,—I send you the following extract from a letter received a short time since by a friend of mine, from a teetotaller on board the *John Adams*, at Rio Janeiro, which may be read with interest by those interested in the cause of seamen. I received a letter myself, a day or two since, giving a good account of the cause on board the noble *Cumberland*, the flag ship of our Mediterranean squadron, a copy of which I will furnish you for the next Sheet Anchor.

A. J. L.

"It is with delight that I now improve the opportunity of writing you, for all around seems gratifying in the highest degree as respects that great and good cause, the temperance reform. Nothing delights me more than to see the good cause flourishing in this ship, far from the land of our nativity; shut out from the society of fathers, mothers,

brothers and sisters, we enjoy a kind of heavenly protection, and every day new interests arise to cheer us on in the work of reform. It is not the sounding brass, or the tinkling symbols that induce us to persevere onward in this good cause, but the steady habits of those who discourage the use of ardent spirits, that works with effect in our ship. Many, who at first were great opposers to my sort of doctrine—that is total abstinence—have come over, and are strong in the faith; and many more that would get drunk every time they could, have been on shore this month, and have not tasted of any kind of intoxicating spirits; and this, too, in a place where it is the fashion to drink with every meal that is eaten. This is encouraging in the greatest degree; and there are many more who have expressed a determination never more to drink the poisonous liquor. Ere long, the banner of temperance will wave over our beloved country, and the people will rejoice that the bonds of death have been loosed from their necks, and they can call themselves free indeed! Oh, happy hour, when America shall be free.

"I will give you something in relation to the good cause on board the *St. Louis*, which touched at this place, on her way to the East Indies. After stopping some time to refit, she set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, and when out fifteen days, was obliged to 'bout ship,' and stand for this port, having sprung aleak. While here, the crew became interested, and got up a temperance society, and thirty of the crew signed their names to abstain from intoxicating liquors, besides the captain and some other officers. I was on board the ship on a visit, and was much pleased with appearances; and when I returned to my ship, I sent them some temperance certificates which I brought from Boston. They were much pleased, and thought them very well executed. They were the same that were struck off for the United States Naval Washington Temperance Society. The ship has again sailed for her destined port, and it is my prayer that she may always find good cool water for her crew. But to return to the *John Adams*, and finish my story. We have as good a crew of seamen as ever trod upon a ship's deck; they live in harmony together, and seem disposed to do their duty. The officers also are very good ones, and with a few exceptions, treat the men well."

Commodore Jones at the Sandwich Islands.

We feel proud of our country and our gallant officers in the navy, and grateful, we trust, to Heaven, when we see our commanders advocating with consistency and boldness the cause of temperance among distant nations. At the Sandwich Islands,

Commodore JONES made the following noble speech on temperance:

"In this respect Hawaiians, you are in advance of all other Christian nations. Your rulers have been wise in time, in plucking up the evil before it spread too far, and taken too deep root in your constitutions; and I may also say, in your affections. Hilo and Oahu are the only ports our ship has visited since she has left the United States, where the dram-shop and the drunkard were not the first objects that strike the eye of man-of-war's men, as they approach the shore! Ships' boats can seldom land in Europe or America, without the intoxicating and maddening draught being, in some cases, forced down the sailor's throat. And whenever a taste is taken, then there is no safeguard against drunkenness; and a drunken man is always a fool. When drunk, the man becomes a beast—a wild, frantic beast; and in that state, commits crime; perhaps kills a fellow-man, his brother, his father, his wife, or his children; and the beast, drunken man, expiates his offence on the gallows, in the prison for life, or at the gangway. When free from the demon rum, and in the possession of his reason, he stands a conscience-stricken, self-condemned culprit.

"Hawaiians, friends, countrymen, young and old, let me conjure you, one and all, never to enlist in the service of King Alcohol; for he is the greatest tyrant and the hardest task-master any man ever yet volunteered to serve. He requires all, every thing of his slaves—health, strength, wealth, honor, happiness, and even life itself, when nothing else is left. And what he claims of his subjects, he is sure to obtain. And what does he promise you in return for these great sacrifices? In life, nothing, nothing—emphatically nothing. In death, your doom is told in one short sentence, uttered by the Saviour of the world when on earth—'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

From the Sailor's Magazine.

One Good Man on Board.

Angier Point, Sept. 21, 1843.

CAPT. RICHARDSON,

SIR,—Having an opportunity I thought I would improve the time. You recollect, sir, the ship *Zenobia*, that sailed from your port on the 8th of June, 1843. When we left New York, you could not find a ship's company that were more in the habit of using profane language and rum drinking than the *Zenobia's* crew, and a happy thing it was for them that there was one good man on board.

And now I have the happiness to say, there is not one in the fore-castle that does not read his Bible each day. We have prayers and religious songs every evening if the weather

permits. We have also a pledge, that we have signed, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and when we arrive in New York, we intend to transfer our names to the original Marine Temperance Society Pledge.

We request the prayers of our brethren at the Home, and likewise at the Mariner's Church.

Yours, in behalf of the ship's company,

B. S.

Temperance Boat.

The Steamer IOLAS has resumed her regular trips for the season, having been completely repaired and put in fine order, in every part.

Capt. WOOLSEY evinces a disposition to accommodate the public, and we trust the public will reciprocate the obligation. It is his intention, he informs us, to run his boat, during a part of the warm season, twice a day from Newport and Providence, each way, so that passengers can leave Newport at five o'clock in the morning, and go to Boston, if they wish, stop six or seven hours, and return the same evening.

Among other inducements for the public to give the Iolas their undivided patronage, we take pleasure in mentioning, that she is hereafter to be a strictly TEMPERANCE boat.

Newport Times.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

Extract from the Report of Charleston Port Society.

Seamen's Home.

This Institution, although distinct from your Society, forms an important link in the chain of your operations, and houses conducted upon the principles of total abstinence, are gaining favor with the sailor more and more every day. Over 300 have boarded in the house, sustained through the untiring exertions of those ladies who have so often weathered the storm, and continue to afford a safe retreat to the sailor, whose gratitude is often expressed towards them for having provided a place, where, in many instances, the sailor has received that kind advice from the motherly matron which has caused him to forsake his dissipated habits, which has often proved to be the very first step to his temporal prosperity, at the same time causing him so to reflect as to lead him to that God who speaks peace to the troubled conscience.

There has been, during the past year, but one instance of a departure from the strictest decorum on the part of any who have been the tenants of that house. And scarcely a man from that house has left port without signing the temperance pledge; and during

the winter whole crews of British ships have been sent to board there by the British Consul. The two other total abstinence boarding houses are in successful operation, and I rejoice to say, to-night, seamen have expressed themselves pleased with them, and continue to give me favorable reports of them.

From the N. Y. Advocate of Moral Reform.

The Sailor's Missionary.

Jan. 21. Went and distributed tracts in the sailor's boarding houses. In one I found a considerable number of sailors, and they all wanted tracts, for which they thanked me heartily. In another house, after distributing tracts, I had a long conversation with a sailor. He gave me some account of his homeward passage, in nearly the following words: "We had scarcely set sail from a European port, before we encountered a furious gale, and this was succeeded by another and another; and thus it was nearly all the way. Our ship was old, and consequently sprung a leak in many places, and it was with the utmost exertion that she could be kept from going to the bottom, it required 1800 strokes per hour at the pump, to keep her from sinking. In addition to this, our provision was so spoiled with salt water, that for the last three weeks of the passage, we were obliged to subsist on half a cracker per day, to a man."

28th. Distributed tracts in the sailors' boarding houses. The places where I went were all "rum holes." At one place the seamen were all seated around the stove, reading what I supposed to be novels. I supplied them with tracts, exhorted them to go to church, and left them. At another place, found a room full of sailors, among whom two or three were partially intoxicated. It was a wretched place. A person was standing behind the bar, ready to deal out the liquid fire, whenever he could prevail on any poor victim to drink.

Feb. 4th. Distributed tracts among the sailors with good success. Had a long discussion with two individuals, whom I found in a boarding house, who endeavored to maintain that there had been no reformation among seamen, and that the best way to have good seamen was to keep them in ignorance, and to keep them drunk as much of the time as possible. Some of the houses were woful looking places.

11th. To-day visited the sailors' boarding houses, and took some tracts for distribution. I was very well treated—but it was really painful to see what sinks of iniquity most of these houses are—everything calculated to ruin both the souls and bodies of the poor sailors. A grog shop and a brothel appear to be the inseparable accompaniments of these houses in most instances.

New York Bethel.

On Lord's-day afternoon we took a long walk to visit our Bethel Church at the corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets. The exertion was abundantly repaid. We had been advised *not* to call in the afternoon, as the attendance was scanty compared with that of the morning and evening. Scanty, indeed! If there are many more who attend, it would certainly explain a difficult question in physics to show how they can be stowed away in the same place. The room was full.

Rev. IRA R. STEWART, from Mystic, Ct., is now supplying the little band, and there is a prospect that he will become the pastor.—Should such be the case, there is every reason to believe that all among us who are interested in the welfare of seamen, will be gratified. He was himself, for many years, a seafaring man, and retains all the nautical knowledge and interest in sea affairs, which are so attractive to other mariners. His son, we undersand, has, at the present time, the command of a vessel on the wide ocean. It has never met our views of propriety to speak in terms of strong commendation of the abilities of ministering brethren expected to settle among us, but as our Bethel interest is a common concern, our readers in the city will hardly excuse us if we do not express something more than a general opinion in the present instance. Mr. S. appears to us to possess those peculiar qualifications needed in a Bethel pastor. He is neither too refined in his train of thought and style of allusion, to be understood and admired by sailors, nor on the other hand coarse or humorous to offend the just taste of pious citizens. His manner is warm and ardent, without the slightest inclination to the boisterous, and his mode of illustration is plain, striking, and often nautical. Such are our prepossessions in his behalf, that we are most anxious to see him settled among us, and with a house sufficiently spacious to accommodate the numbers who will crowd to hear him.

And relative to the house! What is being done? Far more than we expected. In addition to the sum before raised, Mr. ISAAC NEWTON has just given one thousand dollars, and there is strong hope of a similar donation from another quarter. The Bethel Committee, we understand, are earnest in the matter as they ought to be. Will not others help them? They have now nearly five thousand dollars. Would that it were fifteen thousand. Who will add broad shoulders to the wheel, and give it another strong impetus? If the zeal of any flags, let them attend the meetings of the committee, or visit the Bethel Church and listen to the preaching of Mr. STEWART, and we have no fears for the result.—*Bap. Advocate.*

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Novel Reading.

THE SAILOR'S TESTIMONY AGAINST IT.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a sailor on board a whale ship at sea, to a friend in New England.

"I must tell you, also, that some have suffered a great loss by reading those *fashionable curses* called NOVELS. But I hope they have done with them. I have faithfully borne my testimony against them, and shall continue to do so."

We have here not only a Christian sailor's testimony against novel reading, but his indignant rebuke. "Fashionable curses!" We thank you, brother sailor, for helping us to so appropriate a term—one so comprehensive, just and apposite. But is it come to this, that we must look for a lead in morals to sailors—despised, condemned sailors? Are sailors becoming judges in literature? Surely the tables are being turned in good earnest! Will Christians on the land condescend to take a lesson from this Christian sailor? If they will, we may yet hope that the desolating tide of impure thought, now spreading over the land, and gathering strength from every new issue of LIGHT reading, will be stayed, and the morals of the nation preserved.

But, Mr. Editor, I wish to inquire whether this is not the proper place to urge upon the friends of seamen the duty of supplying, forthwith, the larger class of our vessels with a suitable ship's LIBRARY, as an antidote to the poison thus being introduced into the very soul of our American marine?

Look at the character of our seamen for intelligence, before you answer the question. Is it not decidedly higher than the ordinary standard among landmen? Now, then, this intelligent mind has its wants, and they must be met. Besides, it is well known that sailors are eminently a reading people. In their long voyages, they devour greedily every thing in the shape of reading found on board. Seamen, with all their toils and hardships, find time to read, which the laboring classes on the land do not. What, then, shall they read?

It is a serious question, whether the consequences of intemperance to the sailor, from which he is being rescued by the temperance efforts going forward, are, after all, a greater evil and more to be dreaded than that resulting from the introduction on ship-board of the pestiferous light reading of the day.

In the one case, the sailor is turned into a brute for a few days, on the land; in the other, the virus of moral corruption has weeks and months of uninterrupted progress in its work of death upon his soul, at sea.

Rum drunk, and its immediate effects experienced, ceases to be an active agent for evil. Not so with the fascinating and corrupting novel. Its intoxicating influence is diffused continually through the soul, to prepare the way for still deeper draughts, which the same book is ever ready to supply.

It is thus the corrupting of the morals of seamen is carried forward on the ocean.—Here a new evil presents itself, demanding the prompt action of the friends of seamen. It can be met. The American Seamen's Friend Society have turned their attention to this subject, and provided a select and appropriate *ship's Library*, and at a moderate price. Who will help them to carry out their wise and merciful design?

Friends of seamen in the country! your sons and brothers are, some of them, embarking on their first voyage. What will you do? Ship owners and captains—the constituted protectors of the morals of seamen—what will you do?

But where shall we look for a movement in favor of intellect and morals upon the ocean, if not among the owners of our whale ships?

Friends of seamen, engaged in the whale fishery, and sharing in the rich results of that adventurous business: the opportunity is yours to furnish the maritime interests of this country and of the world a most noble example, and one which shall secure to you the proud distinction of being the benefactors of a new race of seamen.

With the 16,000 men under your control for two, three, and even four years at a time, on board your five hundred ships, you have it in your power, with the other ameliorating processes going on, to give an impulse to the cause of seamen that shall be felt over the face of the whole deep, and throughout the world.

The friends of seamen in other places are looking to you for such an example; and it is to be hoped they will not be disappointed.

NAUTICLER.

The Whale Fishery.

Of all the hardy sons of enterprise, few have evinced such a continued perseverance in the accomplishment of their undertakings as the prosecutors of the whale fisheries.—We behold them in their bark, among the almost impenetrable icebergs of the northern and southern hemispheres, beneath the burning suns of a torrid zone, and there capturing the monsters of the sea as their prize.

As a hardy set of beings, none can be found to compare with those who carry on the whale fisheries. Nursed and brought up on the rock-bound coasts of New England, they are prepared to undertake a project however dangerous, however difficult, and seldom

fail in bringing it to an end, which reflects high credit upon themselves, and upon the land of their birth.

It has been a source of affluence to this country, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

The Boatmen Coming.

The following is an extract from a letter forwarded us by two gentlemen residing at Rondout, Ulster Co., N. Y. We hope to hear from others in that region of our country.

We are in hopes of obtaining more subscribers for the Sheet Anchor soon, believing the paper a good one, and calculated to be of great advantage to that class of our fellow countrymen for whom it is particularly designed. We will cheerfully aid its circulation as far as lies in our power.

Wishing you success, we subscribe ourselves respectfully, your friends,

MARTIN G. HAYES,
WILLIAM WISE.

Iron Ships of War.

Lieut. HUNTER, commander of the United States Steamship *Union*, gives the following as the advantages of an iron vessel over a wooden one of the same dimensions:

- 1st. Greater strength.
- 2d. Less weight, and consequently she may be propelled faster by the same power; whether wind or steam.
- 3d. She has more room inside for her crew and provisions.
- 4th. She cannot be burned.
- 5th. She will last forever, and cost scarcely any thing for repairs. This comparative indestructibility keeps her ever ready for sea, and exempts her from the great expense attendant upon the preservation of wooden vessels in ordinary, and the loss of time consumed in fitting the latter for sea.
- 6th. Her bulk-heads being water-tight, she may not be sunk, though one part of the vessel be pierced by shot.
- 7th. A Paixan shell cannot lodge in her side.
- 8th. She has none of the vegetable matter of wooden vessels about her, which produces disease by decomposition.
- 9th. The utmost cleanliness of the berth deck is indispensably necessary to the health of the crew. Hers being iron, may be washed at all times.
- 10th. The vessel being of iron, is ever tight, and costs nothing for calking, except on the spar deck, which should be of wood.
- 11th. She is free from vermin, so destructive to provisions and stores in wooden vessels.
- 12th. She will make a great saving in the article of paint; the iron surface being simply covered with it, whilst the wooden one is saturated.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Woman's Influence.

Who, that observes the mighty influence woman has, oftentimes, upon the other sex, shall doubt that Heaven has ordained her for an important mission? And, admitting that she has a mission to perform, how can she sit with folded hands, never asking herself WHAT she can do to ameliorate the condition of mankind? Many, very many, have been aroused to a sense of their ability to do something for their fellow beings; and, leaving their happy homes, have sought out the destitute and afflicted, aye, and even the hitherto despised inebriate, to extend to him the hand of kindness. And this is well.

But this is not all. Are there not many still, who never yet have thought upon the claims of the poor sailor or their sympathies; or who, having admired his noble and generous spirit, when they have read of some gallant act of the ever-brave and compassionate tar, have contented themselves with pitying him for the many hardships he must endure, little thinking they might do any thing for his happiness? But shall this be so longer? Are there not some of this class, who are already resolved to join one of those excellent societies, whose exertions are so judiciously put forth, for bettering the condition of the sailor in our large cities? and are there not others, who, having enjoyed the best advantages of education, have never dreamed that their well-cultivated talents might be profitably used for the good of others, but who will now determine to call them into action by contributing to some journal devoted to the interests of the mariner? Let sympathising woman feel that she may do something in this way, and she shall awaken in the heart of many a friendless sailor feelings of gratitude which cannot but make him better, and, at the same time, by her example and persuasions, shall arouse many of her own sex, and lead them to inquire, what *they* may do in so good a cause. They who have so often washed their sensibilities in weeping over the sufferings of imaginary heroes in tales of fiction, will begin to feel that there is an exquisite pleasure also, in sympathising with, and exerting themselves for, the lonely mariner, who, perhaps, has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, to feel for him. And he who had chosen the rolling billows for his home, because he had no other, shall bless his heavenly Father that he has provided for him another home in the tender heart of woman.

I am aware that much is already being done for the sailor by the exertions of ladies who have generously given themselves to this good work; but I was led to ask if much more might not be done, while reflecting on the history of one in whom I have become much interested. Possessing many excellent qualities, this noble-hearted tar had won the affections of his commander, notwithstanding he was often involved in very serious trouble by reason of his intemperate habits. At the early age of twenty-nine, he had long been a confirmed drunkard; at that period, the timely efforts of the Washingtonians, together with the kindly interest in his welfare evinced by the captain and his family, were the means of inducing him to free himself from the thralldom which had enslaved him. Since that time, we have good reason to believe, he has influenced many to sign the pledge of total abstinence, and leave the paths of vice; and we trust he is still doing all in his power to advance the cause of temperance. In the letters which he occasionally writes his Washingtonian friends, (for he had no relatives in this country,) he so often requests to be remembered to the wife and daughter of his commodore, that I have sometimes questioned, if even the indefatigable exertions of the Washingtonians would have availed, had not the gentle influence of woman been also put forth to save him. Shall we not, then, be encouraged to continue, and even redouble our efforts in this cause? And when the wife and daughters of every officer, as well as many other noble-minded women shall look round to search for some friendless son of the ocean, on whom to exert a kindly influence, an offering of grateful incense shall continually ascend from the sailor's heart, to Him who is the Author of all good.

My only brother asked me,
I could not tell him nay;
But he must not dare ask again
For many, many a day.

The above communication was written by a lady, (though reluctantly,) by request of her brother. We shall be happy to hear from her again, and trust that she will re-consider the resolution expressed in her poetic effusion, and

Let her dear brother ask once more,
Pray grant to him the boon,
And let your pen go freely on
To help fill the SALOON.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Let then the aged woman be no longer an object of contempt. Her feeble step is trembling on the brink of the grave; but her hopes may be firmly planted on the better shore which lies beyond.—Beauty has faded from her form; but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent, but it may be only waiting to pour forth celestial

strains of gratitude and praise. Lonely and sad, she sits among the living; but exalted, purified and happy she may rise from the dead. Then turn, if thou wilt, from the aged woman in her loneliness, but remember she is not forsaken of her God!

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

"Never give up the Ship."

The editor of the Mercantile Journal has lately paid a visit to New York and the adjoining city of Brooklyn, which latter place he had not seen for thirty-two years, and the former for fourteen years. After giving a few of his general impressions as regards the great changes that had taken place, he concludes with the following paragraph, which, taken in connection with the enviable situation which he now occupies, forcibly illustrates the value of the motto which forms the caption of this article. He says:

And while we thought of these things, and mechanically pursued our way, lost in reflection, we could not but recur to our own condition at the time when we first stepped on shore at Long Island—a *sailor boy*, far from home, destitute of friends, money, or even clothing, and a cripple besides—having been sent home from a foreign port, by an American Consul, in consequence of fracturing a limb! Unable to go aloft, we tried for a time, in vain, to obtain a temporary situation on board a small coasting vessel, as a means of procuring subsistence, and finally we borrowed two "York sixpences" from our sailor landlord, to defray our expenses to Brooklyn, in the ferry-boat and back, with a view to obtain an opportunity to labor on a farm or in a garden—it being then the spring of the year, and labor of that kind in demand. But our palid complexion, and rather shabby seamen's apparel, and imploring aspect, served us not in the quality of a letter of recommendation. We spent the whole day in exploring that part of Long Island, and seeking an opportunity to work, but to all our applications, notwithstanding we assured the farmers that we were well acquainted with agricultural labor, we received in reply only a suspicious glance, and snrly No! We returned to the great city, somewhat disappointed, but not broken down in spirit—and notwithstanding our forlorn condition, renewed our determination to struggle manfully with misfortune, and never "give up the ship."

Since that time we have witnessed many strange and eventful scenes, and have more than once been placed in situations, apparently much more critical and forlorn, than when we found ourself a friendless, lone sailor boy, in the great city of New York.

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SEOTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Revenue Cutter Jackson.

By the polite invitation of her commander, Capt. RUDOLPH, we had the pleasure of visiting this vessel a few days since. She is attached to what is called the Newport station, embracing the cruising ground between Point Judith and Holmes' Hole. She anchors occasionally in the river near Providence. Her appearance afforded us much gratification. No intoxicating liquors are used on board, as a beverage, by either the officers or men. Capt. RUDOLPH bears a strong testimony to the seaman-like conduct of all connected with his vessel. He dwells, with great satisfaction, on the improvements that are taking place among seamen.

The Jackson has relieved seven vessels during her different cruises the past winter. He hailed not far from fifty, to whom he offered aid. Some cases of distress relieved by him were very trying. During the most severe weather, for weeks at a time, he has kept at sea, striving to render assistance by every means in his power.

We hope to visit the Jackson again; and shall always be happy to speak well of her commander, officers and crew.

The Seamen's Cause in New York.

We are happy to state that our good cause is advancing in the commercial emporium. In addition to the advantages resulting from the Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, and the Home for seamen in Franklin Square, the Roosevelt Street Chapel, and other means of improvement which have been some time in operation, two more Chapels have just been erected, and another is about being commenced.

The Floating Chapel.

This convenient and beautiful edifice has been constructed and is supported by the young men's Church Missionary Society. It

is built on a deck of 76 by 36 feet, covering two boats of 80 tons each, and 10 feet apart, being 70 feet long and 30 wide. The exterior and interior are both Gothic. It is kept afloat near the wharf, at the foot of Pike Street, is easily entered, and protected from vessels by large chained logs. Sitings are provided for 500 persons. The pastor, Rev. B. C. C. PARKER, is a gentleman well calculated for his important post. Much credit is due to him for his arduous exertions to promote the welfare of seamen. An effort now being made by him to supply the vessels of our country with a brief and cheap "Manual of Devotion," is worthy the attention of the benevolent, and we hope will meet with good success.

Mariner's Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is located in Cherry, near Clinton Street. Its dimensions are already too small for the congregation. The seats are free. Religious services are held three times every Sabbath, and each evening in the week except Saturday. The pastor, Rev. Mr. —, bids fair to be eminently useful to our brethren of the ocean. The seats are free.

We understand that it is in contemplation to enlarge this chapel, to accommodate the increasing congregation.

Baptist Bethel.

A meeting in connection with the Baptist denomination has been continued for nearly two years. Recently it has received a new impulse. Measures are now in train for erecting a commodious house of worship in Cherry Street, near the Sailor's Home. The present hall is on the corner of Cherry and Catharine Streets. Rev. Mr. STEWART, recently of Groton, Conn., is now the minister. He is a man every way adapted to do good among seamen, and we wish him great success.

The labors of the MARINE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY of Rev. Mr. CHASE, in the Roosevelt Street chapel, and of other friends of the cause, are producing a sensible result. The M. T. Society already numbers over 16,000 members!

Thus is the cause of the sailor advancing in New York. We shall give further particulars of its cheering progress there.

Our friends, who are in want of first-rate articles, are invited to call at Mr. JAMES WRIGHT's Family Grocery and Temperance Store, which is now being fitted up on Hanover, corner of Prince Street, where they will be accommodated with the very best of articles, at the lowest prices, for CASH, and goods sent to any part of the city free of expense.

From the Mercantile Journal.

Liberality.

The ship *Montgomery*, VICTOR CONSTANT, master, sailed from this port for Mauritius, in February, 1843, with a cargo of ice and other merchandise. When five days out, she encountered a violent gale of wind, in which she sustained much damage in her hull, sails and light spars, and sprung aleak, which made it necessary to throw overboard part of her cargo. It was then found necessary to make a port to refit, and she put away for Bermuda. On arriving at Murray's anchorage, Capt. C. called a survey, and the result was a recommendation that the ship should be taken into St. George's harbor for further examination and repair. Had this course been adopted, the cargo of ice must have been wholly lost, and possibly further surveys on the ship would have directed such an outlay for repairs, as would have led to her condemnation. Capt. Constant did not judge it to be necessary to submit himself to the guidance of the surveyors, but exercising the authority with which by law he was invested, as master, he made such repairs upon the ship as he deemed necessary, in the outer harbor, and having done so, he continued his voyage, which he accomplished in safety, and has lately returned to this port, bringing a valuable cargo from Manilla.

The insurers of the vessel, freight and cargo, (at the offices of the Merchants, Manufacturers, National, Neptune, and Warren,) as an evidence of their approval of Capt. C's conduct, have presented to him an elegant service of plate, and four hundred dollars.

Such noble instances of liberality on the part of our Insurance Offices, show that they know how to appreciate and acknowledge judicious conduct on the part of a ship-master when surrounded with difficulties—and we take much pleasure in publishing this notice of the circumstances, with the letter from the committee of the donors, and Capt. Constant's reply:

Boston, April 19, 1844.

Capt. VICTOR CONSTANT,—Dear Sir:—The Insurers of your ship *Montgomery*, her cargo, and freight, on her late voyage to India, highly appreciating your regard for their interest, as displayed in the management of your business at Bermuda, where you were compelled to put in to repair damages sustained in a severe gale—and desiring to give you some token of their estimation of your skill and judgement, have directed us to present to you, in their names, the accompanying plate, and the endorsed sum of four hundred dollars. We are, sir, respectfully,

C. CURTIS, } Committee.
J. S. TYLER, }

Boston, April 19, 1844.

CALOS CURTIS, and JOHN S. TYLER, Esq's, Committee, &c.: Gentlemen:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your note of this date, with the accompanying present of valuable plate, and a liberal sum of money.

I beg that you will make my acknowledgements to the Insurers of my ship, cargo, and freight, and say to them, that, as a token of their approval of my conduct, their gift has a value in my estimation, far beyond its intrinsic worth, rich as it is; but at the same time I desire to disclaim any merit beyond having done that which was my duty, under the circumstances in which I was placed.

I am respectfully,

Your friend and ob't servant,
VICTOR CONSTANT.



THE SONG.

The Voice of Poetry: the Voice of the Sea.

A Plea for the Sailor.

An Original Ode, by Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA.

A cry fills all the air!
 Christian! it calls on thee!
 Help for the mariner
 Whose home is on the sea!
 Ye rich! ye poor! it cries to you!
 Salvation for the Sailor too!

He hath a noble heart—
 Free as the mountain wave;
 But oh! your aid impart!
 He hath a soul to save!
 In all you give will God delight,
 The rich man's gold—the widow's mite.

When roars the stormy blast,
 And billows mount on high,
 When, from the rocking mast
 The yards and canvass fly—
 Though hope depart, if God be there,
 The Sailor's heart shall feel no fear,

While we, secure from harm,
 On downy pillows sleep,
 The Sailor feels the storm—
 Toss'd on the raging deep:
 His home the sea—the wave he rides—
 His heart still brave—whate'er betides.

Ye dwellers on the land,
 Beneath your peaceful shade,
 Stretch forth the willing hand,
 And give the Sailor aid:
 Joyful to learn the way to heaven,
 He will not spurn the blessing given.

And when religion's voice
 Is heard o'er all the sea,
 Then shall heaven rejoice,
 And earth keep jubilee!
 When land and sea, in loud accord,
 Shout hallelujahs to the Lord!

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. frigate Potomac, the flag ship of the Home Squadron, arrived at Pensacola April 4, from a cruise of nearly three months, among the windward and other West India Islands, and last from Havana. Officers and crew generally in good health.

U. S. brig Chipola, commander Gardner, sailed from Rio Janeiro, Feb. 22, for New York, her former order for Norfolk, having been revoked.

U. S. brig Somers, commander Brent, from Vera Cruz, arrived at Pensacola, 3d ult., having on board two of the released prisoners from Mexico. The S. experienced very severe weather during her cruise.

U. S. brig Consort, commander Purviance, bound to Charleston, dropped down to Hampton Roads, afternoon of April 13.

U. S. ship Macedonian, touched at Sierra Leone, about March 1, and sailed for the Cape de Verd Islands.

LAUNCH.—A new and well built steamer, called the Commodore Preble, was launched from the ship yard of Lemuel Dyer & Son, in Portland, on the 15th ult. She is about 300 tons burthen, and was built under the supervision of Capt. J. B. Coyle, who is to be her commander. She will be propelled by the Ericson propellers, and is to run between Boston and Portland, for which purpose she was expressly built.

Light House on Cohasset Rocks.—The Committee on Commerce, in the House of Representatives, in their bill making appropriations for light houses, have introduced one item of one hundred thousand dollars, for erecting a light house on Minot's rock. That amount of money can hardly be expended by government for a better purpose.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A swarm of bees located themselves on the fore yard of the English ship John Humbertson, Capt. Eastman, lying at New Orleans. They were immediately hived in a tea chest, placed in a good situation, went to work with that diligence which is their characteristic, and made themselves perfectly at home.

The experiments with Colt's submarine battery, at Washington, 13th ult., were entirely successful. The exhibition was magnificent. Half of the ship, of 500 tons, was shattered to atoms, and in one minute the remainder sank to the bottom, leaving but a small portion of the stern out of water.

Launch of an Iron Revenue Cutter.—An iron ship, for the Revenue service of the United States, was launched from H. R. Durham & Co.'s iron works, in New York, the 6th ult. She is 360 tons burthen, 140 feet long, and is pronounced by judges to be one of the best models of naval architecture ever seen.

INTERESTING FACT.—Mr. McChandleas, of Pittsburg, in a recent speech, said that in 1798, the first armed vessel that ever floated on the Western waters was constructed there, under the instruction of a revolutionary officer. She was a row galley, mounting one solitary gun, and named the *John Adams*.

QUICK WORK.—The fine ship Norfolk, of Boston, Capt. Obed Shaw, arrived at New Orleans, from Havre, after an absence of ninety-three days, twenty of which she lay in Havre.

A PRIZE.—The British bark Bridget, with a valuable cargo of lumber, abandoned in February last, was picked up at sea by three Gloucester fishing vessels, and towed into Salem harbor.

CAST IRON LIGHT HOUSE.—A cast iron light house, to be placed on the old site on Long Island Head, in Boston Harbor, has just been completed by the South Boston Iron Company.

An Old and Lucky Vessel.—The brig Cordelia, Capt. Crockett, which arrived at Portland lately, from Matanzas, is the oldest vessel belonging to P. She was built at Cape Elizabeth, in 1810. She has made seventy voyages to the West Indies, her present commander having made thirty-nine of them.

CABINET WORK.—Mr. Wilkins, Secretary of War, has, it is said, written a letter to his constituents, in favor of the annexation of Texas.

☞ The body of Capt. James Vickers, and that of the colored boy, who perished on board the schooner Jane, of Baltimore, destroyed by fire in James River, a few weeks since, have been recovered.

☞ The steam boat Arkansas, while descending the Arkansas river, on the 29th March, was sunk and totally lost.

☞ The Barnstable Patriot says, the fishermen are fitting largely for their business the ensuing season—there will be a larger number of vessels in the cod-fishery from Massachusetts the present year than for several before.

☞ The keel of the Gibraltar, an English ship of the line, was made of Acacia, and after running from 1751 to 1843, the keel was taken and put in a new vessel. It was not, in the least, injured by worms.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The Floating Light off Martin's Industry, will be removed on the first day of June next, for the purpose of being repaired. Her anchorage is in lat. 32° 07' north, long. 80° 34' west.

The following are soundings at the anchorage of the Floating Light:—High water, 6½ fathoms; common tide, 5½ fathoms; low water, 5¼ fathoms.

Tybee Light House bearing S. W. by W. half W., distance 15 miles.

Hilton Head bearing N. W. ¼ N., distance 8 miles.

Bay Point bearing N. N. W. ¾ W. distance 8 miles.

M. MYERS, Collector.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Ship Prentice, at New Orleans, reports, March 19, about an hour and a half after leaving Boston, Mr. Richard H. Cutts, chief mate, fell overboard and was drowned before assistance could reach him. He was a native of Maine.

A report had reached St. Thomas, previous to 26th March, that a vessel from Canton had put into Barbadoes, in distress, requiring repairs. Nothing was said as to her nation or where bound. We believe there is no vessel out of time, bound to the United States from Canton, or any other part of India.

Bark Commerce, at Apalachicola, from Boston, on second day out, lost fore topsail yard and fore topgallant yard. Also lost a man from off main topsail yard, (Henry Hollinger, of Boston.)

Ship William Penn, at Baltimore, during a heavy N. E. gale, 1st ult., in Gulf Stream, shipped a sea, which took every thing off deck, carrying away all the lee bulwarks and stanchions, and washed overboard two seamen who were lost.

Schooner Brilliant, Gibson, hence at Darien, had very heavy weather from March 12 to 31, was twice blown across the Gulf Stream.

British brig Index, Coalfleet, from New York for St. Johns, N. F., was totally lost night of 17th ult., in a heavy S. S. E. gale, near Cape Pine, with her cargo, pork, flour, tobacco, &c. A passenger, Capt. Lindsey, was lost; and a seaman, Thomas Tatem, died on his way to Trepassay.

A Key West date of 3d ult., speaks of a large American sugar ship having been in contact with a British bark off Matanzas, and having lost foremast was making for Key West, but was probably swept down the Gulf by the current.

Brig Thorn, Cole, at Edenton, from Boston, experienced severe weather off Ocracoke, and was blown to sea seventeen days after she had taken a pilot.

Brig Alpine, late of this port, condemned at Saint Pierre, Martinique, was at St. Thomas, 3d ult., Scavey, master.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In Beverly, Capt. GEORGE W. ALLEN to Miss MARY ELIZABETH DANY LÓVETT.

In Providence, R. I., Capt. JAS. SWEETSER, of Portland, Me., to Miss DORCAS P. CHUTE, of Boston.

In Washington, D. C., March 5, Major A. D. STEWART, Paymaster, U. S. Army, to MARY B. ATKINSON, daughter of the late THOS. BULLITT, of Louisville, Ky.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, Capt. JEREMIAH BRIGGS, aged 66 years. He was the first man who ever hoisted the American flag in Siam.

In Nantucket, Capt. SETH COFFIN, aged 54 years; Capt. WILLIAM JOY, aged 74 years.

In Wiscasset, Me., Capt. ROBERT WHEELWRIGHT, aged 84 years.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. FRANCIS C. BUTLER, of Boston, aged 61 years.

In Washington, D. C., March 2d, GRENVILLE C. COOPER, Purser U. S. Navy, aged 44 years.

On board ship Prentice, of Boston, on the passage from New Orleans to Certe, Mr. JETHRO G. WORTH, second officer, of Brattleboro', Me.

Agents for the "Sheet Anchor."

GENERAL AGENT.

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STEPHEN VIALLE, Boston, Mass.
JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, Boston, Mass.
THOMAS THWING, rear 97 Salem Street.
LOT DAY, Commercial Street, Boston, Mass.
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J. DOUGAL, Esq., Montreal, L. C.
REV. MR. KENNEY, Key West, Flor.

Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

Savings Banks for Seamen.—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street; Rev. Henry Chase, 136 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Fore Street, near Exchange Street.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Chaplain, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. E. Mudge.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, West side, Rev. H. Best.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

New Orleans. No. 14, Levee Street.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St.

John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

JOHN H. KIMBALL, 272 Ann Street.

THOMAS C. GOULD, Ocean House, 234 Ann Street.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 151 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.; Thomas J. Watkins, 67 Cherry Street.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, or Eastburn House, No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street, by Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Black.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Robinson, Thames Street.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

Chaplains for Seamen in Foreign Ports.

Oahu, Honolulu—Rev. Samuel C. Damon.

Havre, France—Rev. E. E. Adams.

Lahaina, Sandwich Islands—The Am. Missionaries.

Singapore—The American Missionaries.

Cronstadt—Rev. .

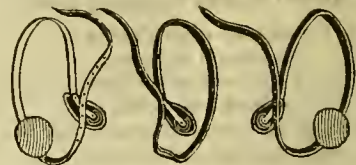
Sydney, New South Wales—Rev. M. T. Adam.

Boarding for American Mates in Havre, France. Mrs. Phene and Son, No. 20, Quai Lombardie; Mrs. Latham, No. 44, Quai Lamblardie.

A Temperance Boarding-House for Seamen and others, is kept by Thomas Goodman, No. 20, Great Howard Street, Liverpool.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.



JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES at his old Stand, No. 305, Washington Street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, (up stairs.)

Also, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, for Prolapsus Uteri; TRUSSES, for Prolapsus Ani; SUSPENSORY BAGS, KNEE CAPS, BACK BOARDS, STEEL SHOES, for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and made to answer, oftentimes, as well as new. The Subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Dr. Fletcher's Truss, and Marsh's Truss, Dr. Hull's Truss, and Thompson's Ratchett Truss, and the Shaker's Rocking Trusses, may be had at this Establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters, or Trusses, will be waited upon by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years experience in the business.

JAMES F. FOSTER.

May 4.

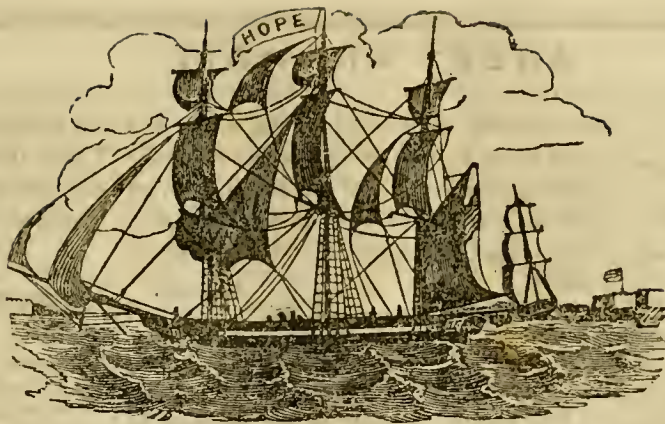
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PRINTING,

IN ITS PLAIN AND FANCY VARIETY,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE
SHEET ANCHOR OFFICE.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844.

No. 11.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

[When a man-o'-wars-man dies, his messmates prepare his body for burial, dressing it in white. He is then carefully sewed up in his hammock, with sixty or eighty pounds of shot at his feet, and then taken to the gangway, where the funeral services are performed. The body is placed on a plank, which projects over the side of the ship to prevent it from striking, and in the midst of the service it is slid into the deep. We give an extract from a naval note-book.—Ed.]

For the Sheet Anchor.

Burial at Sea.

BY A CHAPLAIN IN THE U. S. NAVY.

A remarkable degree of health had prevailed on board the Flag Ship; and when we were little expecting such an event, a corporal of marines died of congestion of the brain, only a few hours after he took to his cot.

It was approaching evening twilight, of a beautiful day in mid-summer, and all the bustle and noise of this great hive of human beings were hushed to comparative stillness. The men, with an unusual quietness, began to gather in the starboard gang-way. The main topsail was backed, and our gallant ship, as she rose and fell on the heaving bosom of the deep, seemed stopping to witness the sad scene. The marines were drawn up on the quarter deck. And then the boatswain and his mates, with rough voices, sounding like the last trump, sent the call down into the deepest recesses of the ship, "all hands bury

the dead," with a solemnity of effect which none but those who have heard it, for the first time, can fully realize. The drum rolled out its muffled notes as the remains of our late shipmate were borne along the deck by his messmates to the gangway. The tolling of the bell, the rolling of the drum, and the funeral notes of the band, all united in impressing the scene with solemnity. The remains of the corporal being placed on the plank, the chaplain proceeded to perform the duties of his office amid a solemn silence that was broken only by the plunge of the body as it was committed to the deep, there to rest till the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.

The men went immediately from the funeral to the braces, and presently the ship was moving on, leaving behind our late shipmate, with no monument to record his departure, save what might be in the hearts of his companions. And as we looked back, we could not help thinking of that family circle that had been thus suddenly broken, and of those hearts that would be made sad by the intelligence that a son, a brother, a dear friend, had been stricken from the earth.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Funeral Honors at Sea.

The intelligence of the awful tragedy on board the Princeton was communicated to the frigate Potomac while at sea, fifteen days after its occurrence. On the following morning all hands were called to muster, and the circular from the Navy Department was read, officially informing us of the decease of the Secretary. The colors were displayed at half-mast, and all work was suspended the same as on the Sabbath. The band played sacred and solemn music during the day, and every thing was done to give solemnity to the occasion, and to impress on the minds of all the mournful character of the event.—Often are we taught the lesson of life's shortness and uncertainty by death's visitations among the crew, and occasionally among officers; but now, as if to teach us the same

lesson more impressively, and to show that he is no respecter of persons, the king of terrors has borne away our head in triumph to the spirit-land.

At 12 o'clock, M., seventeen minute guns were fired. The next day was marked with the same solemnities, in honor of the late Commodore KENNON, and at noon thirteen minute guns were fired.

U. S. ship Potomac.

A Meeting at Sea.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towns, nor spires, nor tombs; on this causeway without columns, without mile-stones; which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no light but the stars—the most delightful adventure, when one is not in quest of lands and seas unknown, is the meeting of two vessels.—The mutual discovery takes place along the horizon by the help of a telescope; then they make all sail towards each other. The crews and passengers hurry upon the deck. The two ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half up their sails, and lay themselves alongside of each other. All is silence; the two captains, from the quarter-deck, hail each other with speaking trumpets—the name of the vessel—from what port—the name of the captain—where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage lasted—and what are his observations on the longitude and latitude. These are the questions—"Good voyage." The sails are unbrailed and belly to the wind. The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word; these going to seek the sun of Asia, and those the sun of Europe, which will equally see them die.

Time carries away and separates travellers upon the earth more promptly still than the winds separate travellers upon the ocean.—They also make signs of adieu from afar—good voyage—the common port is Eternity.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Temperance in the Navy.

When we read that part of the late Secretary HENSHAW's report which spoke of the spirit ration in the navy, we were pleased to find that at last there was some probability that the great enemy of discipline and good order would be banished. We had seen the experiment of a Temperance Society tried in a man-o'-war, and we regret to say without success. It may partially succeed in a receiving ship, but we know that it has been tried in a sea-going ship, under the most favorable circumstances, and unless we have been misinformed, it proved a failure. In the case to which we allude, coffee was furnished those who would give up their grog, and the great majority expressed their preference of hot coffee over whiskey, by drinking the former while cruising on our coast in the winter. But no sooner was the ship safely moored in harbor, than they manifested their depraved appetite by returning to the grog-tub. It is an indisputable truth that so long as government will furnish whiskey, just so long the sailors who man her vessels will drink it. At the present rate it costs the sailor one cent a drink; and as long as he can gratify his appetite so cheaply, he will do it.

The only way we can keep pace with the great temperance movement on shore, is to banish the grog-tub from our ships, and give the sailor an opportunity of testing the benefits of total abstinence. There is many a noble fellow that would come over to the side of temperance, if he knew its benefits; but it has become as natural for him to go to the grog-tub at the roll of the drum, as it is to go to his dinner, and he would as soon think of omitting one as the other. Banish the grog, and though at first he would feel as awkward as he would without a quid in his cheek, yet he would soon become reconciled to the change by an improved state of health, and increased happiness.

Government are the only employers who furnish sailors with spiritous liquors; and this very circumstance brings into the service some of the most lazy and abandoned creatures that can be found in the lowest dens of vice in our large cities. It is these miserable wretches who give the service a bad reputation. They are the ones who corrupt the young that are driven by misfortune or enticed by curiosity to a life on the ocean wave. Take away the inducements which attract the abandoned into the service—purify it as far as it is in the power of Congress to do it, by taking away the spirit ration, and

encouraging temperance in the cabin and ward-room, by protecting the rights of temperance men there—and our national service will not only be the most honorable that a young sailor can engage in, but the most lucrative.

MALLAH.

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Temperance Captain.

Few officers, whether in the merchant or naval service, are aware of the great influence their example has upon their men.—Sailors observe closely, and are shrewd in reading character. None are more ready to respect the truly virtuous and good than Jack himself. I once had the pleasure of forming a Temperance Society on board a ship of war, the captain of which was a total abstinence man; and I was surprised to observe the readiness with which more than a hundred men came forward and took the pledge. Six months after, I inquired of the Secretary how the Society flourished, and he replied that all but a few had violated the pledge—that as long as Captain S. remained on board things went on very well, but as soon as he was detached they observed their pledge no more, and only ten or twelve out of near a hundred and fifty remained true. The successor of Captain S. was not a total abstinence man.

H. E.

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Cumberland again.

Extract of a letter from on board the U. S. ship Cumberland, dated Mahon, February 24, 1844.

We have a temperance society 307 strong. Only seventeen draw their grog. On the 17th, of next month, it will be below ten! We have let thirty men per day go ashore since we arrived here, except Sundays. The crew have been ashore three times, all round, and are now commencing on the fourth time; and not a man has stayed over night. Not more than twelve (out of a crew of nearly five hundred) came back drunk; and they have all since signed the pledge, and become sober men.

We have regular weekly meetings, and at each meeting addresses are made by the men, and our Lieutenant, Mr. FOOTE. We have never had less than fifteen signers to our pledge at any meeting since we began; and what will you think, when I tell you that Mr. O'Neal is President of our Society?

No man can be so blind as not to see we have done some good. I hope to inform you in my next that we have driven our worst enemy out of our ship—that the CUMBERLAND's spirit room is filled with cold water—and that you will see a petition from our noble ship to Congress, signed by every officer and man to discontinue their grog as a part of the ration. It won't do for any one in

our squadron to get drunk, or he is used up. Thank God for it! I hope to live to see the day when there will not be allowed one drunkard in any ship in the Navy.

Temperance at the N. Y. "Home."

Rev. Mr. LAMSON, of Gloucester, who was our fellow-boarder at the noble Home of the American Seamen's Friend Society, writes to the Christian Watchman the following sketch of a temperance meeting he attended in the commodious Reading Room of that Institution:

At an early hour in the evening the bell rang to call the boarders together. The meeting was held in the spacious reading room, which is capable of seating some three or four hundred. It was deeply interesting to see so large a number cheerfully responding to the call. There were, I should judge, more than a hundred present. Brief addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. DENISON, CHILDS, BAILEY, and by a stranger to me, a sailor, and by Capt. RICHARDSON. At length the call was made for those who wished to come forward and sign the pledge of total abstinence, and then followed an hour which to me has rarely been exceeded in thrilling interest. Sailor after sailor, and sometimes three or four at a time moved from their seats to the table, signed the pledge, took their certificate of membership, and returned amidst the cheerings and clappings of their shipmates present, who had previously signed the pledge. Thirty-three took the pledge that evening—some of them boys from twelve to fifteen—and others old weather-beaten tars who had been for years slaves to rum. I found myself almost unconsciously joining in the clapping as one after another approached the table. There was one, a young sailor, well dressed, manly in his deportment, with a countenance bespeaking more than ordinary intelligence. I noticed as he came forward there was more than usual joy expressed by all present, and one who sat near me, whispered, "He's a hard case." He came and took the pen, but in vain. He had lost the control of his hand. Time after time he attempted to write, but he could not. His whole nervous system was deranged, and his hand trembled over the paper like a leaf shaken by the wind. At length one of the officers of the house kindly stepped forward and guided his hand, and his name was written to a pledge which, I doubt not, will be faithfully kept, and which will be the means of his temporal, perhaps of his eternal salvation. The next morning when I saw him, I spoke to him of his having signed the pledge the evening before.—"Ah," said he, "if I had signed that pledge three weeks since, I should now have a hundred dollars more in my pocket than I have."

Near the close of the meeting a sailor came forward leading a shipmate who was without

shoes, or vest, or coat, and with his shirt badly torn. The poor fellow was a picture of wretchedness. He was young—not more than twenty—and would have been, but for his beastly condition, noble looking. He stammered out the inquiry if he could sign the pledge. He was told that he was not in a condition to do any thing then—but that if in the morning he wished to sign it, he should have the privilege. He urged his request, but was refused. The next morning I sought him out. He was sober and sad. I asked him if he still wished to sign the pledge. "Yes, I do," was the reply. "For," continued he, "two more such nights as I passed last night and I shall be dead." He signed the pledge. That afternoon I saw him neatly dressed with his clean check shirt and duck trowsers, his handkerchief gracefully tied, and altogether a specimen of neatness. When I left he was on the stoop, and as I was stepping into the carriage, I shook hands with him, expressing the hope that the pledge would never be broken. "Never, never," was the reply.

Who can estimate the result of that meeting? And let it be remembered, that every Wednesday evening, throughout the year, witnesses a similar scene in that room.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

Letters from Seamen.

We have been favored recently with several letters written by seamen to the keepers of Homes. The following, addressed to Mr. Room, keeper of the Home in Lombardy Street, Philadelphia, is one of the many letters of this kind with which we shall enrich the columns of the Sheet Anchor. Such voices from the sea are truly encouraging to the friends of the sailor. Ed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Schooner Nonpareil, at Sea.

DEAR SIR,

It is feelings of respect and gratitude towards you that cause me to express my feelings. I think it a great privilege to have any person whose friendship I can claim, under my present circumstances. But I believe you are my friend; and not only mine, but a friend to all that class of men who, like myself, have but a few friends to boast of when their money is gone. That is not the case with you. Never, since I left a father's house, or earned my bread upon the ocean—never have I seen the sailor used as he is under that roof at the SAILOR'S HOME. Never before have I heard the keeper of a boarding house give men such counsel as I have heard you give them—unless it was for their money, or for some self-interest, or motive of their own. What you said to Taylor is enough to convince me that you are trying to do your duty towards your fellow mortals, and your God. Long may you remain in so

good a cause, not only for yourself, but for the poor, weather-beaten sailor.

Can you blame me for dreading to leave that house, and cross the briny ocean? Soon the blue waves will roll between us; but I hope not forever. I hope we shall meet again on the shores of time.

I ask an interest in all your petitions to the throne of grace; that I may meet you in a better world, where parting is never known.

Your sincere friend,

AZARIAN WALKER.

To Mr. HENNEL, Cashier of the New York Sailor's Home, from a foreign sailor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Valparaiso, December, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is probable you have not heard from me since I wrote the last letter to you. I now take pleasure in writing to you; but excuse me if I be at loss for words, through my bad spelling. But as I know you are a sailor's friend, you will not despise but read these lines. I hope I shall soon be with some Christian friends, where I can hear the Saviour spoken of in faithfulness and prayer. I am trying to live by faith and fetch all my strength from Christ; but when I examine myself, I find I am very careless, and slow in meditation and prayer. But I have gained strength in the Lord, and am gaining by degrees; so I hope by the time of my departure, I shall be counted worthy, and escape the gulf of despair which I see so many steering for. When I remember the prayer of the righteous, I know your minds are not far from me; and that gives me many comforts—yes, sir, even to think of you. But before I go farther, I will tell you how I log on my voyage. You know, sir, I made up my mind to live a new life when I left New York; but I was very blind of the word and ways of God—and thus I went on—read my Bible, but not so often as I might have done—but, sailor-like, did my washing and mending on Sundays, when I should have read and prayed to God for strength and mercy. I did not see my wicked state till I arrived at Sydney, when I and three of my shipmates went the fourth Sunday for to hear the Rev. Mr. ADAMS, the American missionary; and I hope the seed he sowed in my heart, fell upon good ground. It was rather late when we came on board the old Bethel ship; but we were just in time to hear the text, which he took from Exodus xxviii. 8, 9. This he explained in such a way that I could see the state of my heart, and I even wept aloud, for my soul felt the unspeakable burden. Thus I went on board, with a heavy heart. But, blessed be God, for his goodness! Mr. ADAMS came on board on Monday, and I then, for the first time, spoke to him, and told him the state of my heart, and how lost I was,

when he spoke of Sabbath breakers. After telling me how great and good the Lord is to those that keep the Sabbath, and after talking and exhorting me to pray without ceasing, he bid me read Matthew xxii. 28, 29, 30, and I had many encouragements while laying there. But when I left Sydney I was left alone with no one but Jesus to comfort and strengthen me. Oh! could I explain the feelings I have known, how I would write you! Dear sir, when you go to the house of prayer, if you see a stray sailor, take him by the hand, as you did me, and lead him to the throne of grace, for I never can forget the night I found Jesus a Saviour.

As I have got another moment, I will tell you how I spent the time in China. We were six months at Macao, Hong Hong, and Canton; and all that time I did not see but one like myself, looking for salvation through the blood that cleanses from all sin. It was on the arrival of the John G. Coster, in the latter part of June, that I met with William Hotchkiss, of New Haven. With him I spent the 4th of July, and Sunday following; and, believe me, we spent that time in the service of God. It seems to me as if the Lord Jesus was in the midst of us, while we read and talked of his goodness. But we soon had to part. I hope it is only for a little time though, and then we shall meet to part no more. Oh! could I but tell you how I felt as we dropped down Wampoa river! I gazed on the ship where I had left my Christian friend, yes, even till she was out of sight—then could I only look to God for our protection.

I can write no more; but do pray for us, sir, and may the peace that passeth all understanding be within and without you, and the good Sailor's Home for evermore.

I am your fellow follower of Christ,

V. BURR.

Sailor's Home, New York.

To the Editor of the Christian Watchman.

DEAR SIR,—During my stay at the Anniversaries at New York, this week, I made the new Sailor's Home in that city my home. I never wish a better home, when away from my own. It is an immense building—furnished with all that can add to the comfort or promote the good of the sailor. There are now over two hundred seamen who are daily enjoying its blessings. I can assure you that all that is necessary to give this Home a large place in the affections and prayers and liberality of the good all over the land, and all over the world—for it is not for the seamen of New York, or of our country alone, but for the seamen of the world that this Home is erected—is that they should visit it as I have done, witness its operations for successive days, mingle with its great

family, and I may add emphatically, become acquainted with its officers. I felt often, while there, that I could join in the remark of a distinguished member of Congress, who having gone over the building and seen something of its facilities for doing good, said—"I should rather be the President of the American Seamen's Friend Society and have charge of this Home, than be President of these United States." The moral results of this institution are already felt in the extremities of the earth, and they are as lasting as eternity. And permit me here to say, that clergymen visiting the city are always welcomed there, and they can be as quiet and comfortable as at any public house, while at the same time they will be gaining knowledge of the most valuable kind. L.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

Letter from F. O. Nelson.

The following letter from FREDERICK O. NELSON, the sailor-missionary in Sweden, was written to Capt. GELSTON, of New York, who has kindly furnished it to us for publication. We shall receive other letters from this devoted young sailor, who is doing so much good in his "beloved Swede-land." Ed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Gottenburg, the 1 of January, 1844.

BELoved SIR :

Your letter sent by Mr. Petterson have I this day received, for which and the book that follow'd I thank you very much. Even so your loving epistle, sent by Mr. Anderson, together with letters from Cpt. Richardson, and brother Chase, and the Rev. Spalding—all duly received.

I wrote a few days ago, by a brig going to Boston, and I hope if you have not received you will soon receive letters, for you and Mr. Chase and cap. Richardson, with a report of my labor under October, November and December the past years. Glory to God! that through boundless mercy I still live, an object of the grace of God, more needy than ever. And blessed be his holy Name! still finding an open access to the throne of grace, in Christ Jesus.

I would write much, but as you know I have hard work for to write; beside I have very little spare time. It is now between 11 and 12 o'clock in the night, having had but little sleep a number of nights before. So you, I hope, will excuse me; besides, I hope soon to see, and speak with you all face to face—the Lord willing.

Dear brother Gelston: You will probably expect that I am warm, and all as it were on fire, so that the brethren expect to be revived by me; but, dear, dear brother, I hope that you have no such expectations—or you will be greatly mistaken. If the Lord per-

mits me to come to you, it will be altogether for my own good—that is that I, poor creature, may be revived among my warm-hearted, and lovely American brothers; and that by their praises and sympathies I may be renewed, and as it were re-baptized with the Holy Ghost, and the more fittest for the work to which the Lord evidently hath called me.

I think I shall engage passage with Captain Nessen, who is to leave here for New York in April. It would indeed be very pleasing if I could get there before the anniversary. I hope that the board of managers are not displeased with my coming. I think you ought to consider that I need it in more than one respect, to converse personally with them, for to inform them of my situation and the state of things here—as well as to get information accordingly—and their suitable advice how to act—on the one hand with prudence, and the other hand with zeal.

The Lord grant us wisdom in all things to do His will! I am now to-day going to leave Gothenburg to fulfill an engagement in the country, about 48 English miles from here.—This will be to meet with about 14 brothers from different parts, that have under the blessing of God been instruments of doing good in warning their fellow sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Most of them are young men, warm in their first love. Do pray for us. This will be a kind of conference—probably the first of the kind in Sweden. Here we are to talk together, how to guard the work of the Lord; how to erect societies, and how these young men are to act, so as to do the most good. This, you see, is a very important business, that has given me great anxiety. O, that as in days of old, the Holy Ghost may come down upon us! O, that all may be done to the glory of God, in the salvation of souls!

So, you see, the Lord is at work in this land.—He is undermining the kingdom of the devil. Yes! He is working a work in our days, that some will not believe even if a man told them; and it is wondrous in our eyes. I hope He will keep on working, till the holl of the world, rotten establishment and all, will fall at His feet. Amen.

Dear Sir:—Do, do pray for me. I need it. I am weaker than ever I was. I am in a very responsible situation; but I think the Lord does well in letting me feel my utter nothingness. Yea, Lord, to Thee be all glory, for Thine is the power. Amen.

Your most unworthy brother in Christ,

FREDERICK OLOF NELSON.

It will be seen by the above that Frederick is about visiting this country again. We are expecting him to come to Boston. His coming will cheer the hearts of seamen and their friends.

There are other converted sailors, now on foreign shores, who will be heard from occasionally. Several of our most valued friends and correspondents are of this class.

The following suggestions were handed us in Baltimore, by the venerable author, Mr. JOHN BRICE. He is a true friend of the sailor, and has seen much of his trials and wrongs. Ed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Seamen's Provision.

I have, in the course of my experience, frequently perceived the necessity of some further legislation on the subject of seamen employed in the merchant service, on board of vessels bound on a voyage to foreign ports, and beg leave to state my views in order that you may, whenever you see proper, proceed to propose the proper remedy for the relief of so valuable a class of our citizens.

You will perceive by the 9th Section of the Act, entitled "An Act for the government and regulation of Seamen in the Merchant Service, approved July 26, 1790, 2d session, 1st Congress," that it provides for cases of vessels bound *on a voyage across the Atlantic only*, and prescribes the quantities of provisions.

The compliance of the parties would appear to be secured by the penalties to which the masters of vessels are liable—yet this is not a sufficient safeguard to the poor sailors, who, soon after their return into port, are too often apt to forget all their hardships and ill-treatment, and in consideration of a moderate sum in hand paid, will be dissuaded from a legal course of proceedings.

An instance occurred a few months since, of a brig bound from this port to Rio Janeiro; she made her passage out in the usual time. Soon after her departure from thence, on her return to this port, without any stress of weather, the crew were put on allowance of one biscuit per day, and afterwards half a biscuit, and some coffee, which continued till her arrival in port, notwithstanding the Captain had frequently promised to put into port for a fresh supply. In consequence thereof, not only the lives but the property of the owners were endangered, beside the exposure of the crew.

Another instance occurred, wherein the owner of a vessel bound around Cape Horn, had the best part of her provisions stowed under the cargo, by reason of which, the ship was near being lost before she got round; the crew being put on short allowance. In other cases the provisions were discovered to be damaged while on the voyage.

The remedy I would propose in *all* cases of vessels bound on a foreign voyage, that the Collector of the District should require to be produced by the owner or agent of the vessel of a manifest, describing the number of barrels, &c., and quantities of provisions intended to be shipped *as stores*; also the number of hands of which the crew shall consist; the port to which bound; and upon the Collector being satisfied that such quantities are sufficient, as supply, shall thereupon

grant a permit to ship the same under the inspection of an officer, and stowed in a part of the ship most accessible to the crew.

That the Captain shall, moreover, on producing the manifest, and previous to a permit being granted to ship the same, make oath thereto that such is just and true, and that the said provisions are for the use of the crew, and no part thereof intended to be sold.

JOHN BRICE.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

The Sailor's Mother.

From Mr. YATES, Seamen's Chaplain, Charleston, S. C.

There have been some very marked cases of conversion. Time will only allow me to notice one. It is the case of a sailor who had not attended a place of worship for five years, until he came to Charleston. He was induced by a shipmate to attend in the morning, and, as he afterwards stated, the sermon in the morning so faithfully painted his whole life, that he was sure some one had been relating his case to me; and such were the feelings awakened within him, that he attended afternoon and night. At the close of the sermon at night, I invited all who felt the necessity of religion, to come forward. This sailor was the first to kneel at the altar; and such were the deep feelings which agitated his bosom, that his sobs could be heard to a remote part of the church. In a few moments his sadness was changed to rejoicing, and he was one of the happiest Christians I have ever seen. "Oh," said he, "I will now go home to that widowed mother, to whose heart I have caused many a bitter pang, and I am sure she will receive her returning prodigal; for I have that hope now which I know will gladden a mother's heart."

I have continued preaching, from time to time, to warn the sailor of the land-shark, and have had the satisfaction of knowing that, in many instances, it has proved salutary in saving the unsuspecting tar from the schemes laid to entrap him.

The tract entitled, "A kind word from a Sister," was given to a young sailor. This tract, together with a large number of papers, was a donation from the Society of Moral Reform, in New York. This young man called upon me at my residence, and related his history, which was one of peculiar interest. During the relation of his sad tale, he would burst into tears, and exclaim, "Oh! sir! my conduct has already killed a dear and affectionate old mother, and I can never forget the words of one of the kindest of sisters, as we looked upon the cold re-

mains of our mother, for she said, 'Oh! William, will you not now reform for my sake?' I rushed from her presence, and have not been home for three years, although she has written me often; but I now have determined to go, and if God will only pardon so vile a wretch as I am, I will try to make amends to my dear and only sister."

Mariners' Family Industrial Society, OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

This Association is designed to provide work, at a fair price, for the female members of the families of seamen; and to relieve the necessities of such families of the same as are incapable of labor, including their widows and orphans. It was organized, on the foundation of the Female Bethel Association, December, 1843. A fund amounting to \$1000 has been secured, and a clothing store opened for the sale of articles manufactured, mostly, by the families of seamen and their friends. This establishment is located at 76 Cherry Street, two doors from James' Slip. We visited it last month, and can cordially commend it to public patronage. At this store may be found a constant supply, and good assortment of garments for seamen, and other gentlemen. The materials used are of the best quality, and the garments well made: *double the usual price being paid for making.* Orders are taken for ship linen, or families, and executed with despatch.

The sales are for cash. Four ladies, appointed monthly, visit the store frequently, to maintain the cash basis, and make reports. Two members of the former committee remain on with the new each month.

The following are the officers for 1844.

MRS. CAPT. LOVELAND, *First Directress.*
" C. W. HAWKINS, *Second* "
" J. ORVILLE TAYLOR, *Treasurer.*
" F. REIMER, *Secretary.*

Managers.—Mrs. Capt. John Williams, Mrs. E. Bennet, Mrs. D. G. Taylor, Mrs. B. Bovee, Mrs. J. McComb, Miss E. Skaats, Miss E. Gelston, Mrs. U. P. Ward, Mrs. R. Demilt, Mrs. F. Hennell, Mrs. T. Lambert, Mrs. E. Richardson, Miss A. Stewart, Miss M. Vale, Mrs. Z. Mills, Mrs. C. Patrick, Mrs. G. T. Hall, Mrs. Capt. Woglom, Miss Burns, Mrs. C. Pendleton.

Among the life members we notice, with much pleasure, the name of Rev. HENRY CHASE, Chaplain of the N. Y. Port Society.

The new Association has our best wishes for its success.

Farewell to the Sailor.

We remember once to have stood on the deck of a vessel, to bid farewell to one who was to travel many a mile distant. The last word that was spoken, was "farewell," tremulously, as if the heart was too full, and choked the utterance. What a world of

meaning there is in that word! The mother breathes it, as the spirit of the first-born departs, and she hears the cherubs whisper, as they bear its young soul away, "We have no business here." It is the child's word to the mother, whose arms have so often supported his tender form, whose eyes have so often beamed forth kindness, whose lips have never been unloosed but to utter the melody of affection, as he beholds her now, a stark and stiffened corpse, the spirit far away from its tenement, wandering amid the blissful homes, where love keeps its undisputed throne.

It is the language of the wife to the dying husband, when years of comfort and solace are at length, to close, and the light of life to be forever quenched. It is the mariner's last word as he bounds upon the gallant bark and spreads its canvass to the breeze. It is the word of ambition as it looks back on the desolate towers which his fancy had built in fairy splendor. It is the language of the brother when he stands by the grave of a young sister, snatched away in purity and innocence, "ere earth had profaned what was meant for the skies." It is the lover's last word as he parts from her who has been the object of idolatry, and knows not whether on earth they shall ever meet again. It is thus when uttering that word our attention naturally tends to that abode where parting shall forever cease, and farewell be unknown.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

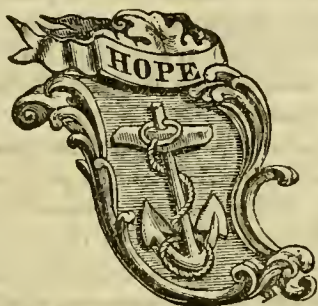
They are Praying for us on Shore.

In a dreadful gale of wind, some years ago, there was a ship whose master was in the habit of attending the Bethel meeting, on the river Thames, and whose vessel was always open for these social exercises. The gale was so severe, and the ship so much injured by it, that she became almost a wreck, and quite ungovernable; the master gave up all for lost, as every human effort seemed in vain, and nothing but a watery grave awaited them. There were two little boys in this vessel; one cried very much, and said he should be drowned; the other said, "don't cry, Jack, I am not afraid—it is now eight o'clock, and they are praying for us on board some ship in the Thames; you know they always pray for us when we are at sea."—The captain heard the remark; it seemed to encourage him; he and all hands, used every exertion, and it pleased God to abate the severity of the gale, and in thirty-eight hours afterwards, they were safe moored in the river, when they hoisted the signal flag for prayer, and had a meeting for praise and thanksgiving for their great deliverance. A friend who was on board at the time, and

spoke to the lads, said to the one who made the above remark: "Was it you, Dick, that cried during the gale, and was afraid of being drowned?" "No, it was Jack; I was not afraid, don't you always pray for our ship in London?" "Yes; and didn't you pray?" "Yes, I did." "And what did you say, my lad?" "I said, O Lord, save my master! O Lord, save the ship! Let Daniel's God save the ship!" "I trust you always pray." "Yes, ever since the prayer meeting was held on board our ship; I never get in my hammock without having first prayed—but Jack won't, although I tell him he must."

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Sailor's Snug Harbor.

We visited this institution recently, and feel bound to speak of it in the highest terms. It is located on Staten Island, New York harbor, and is designed as a permanent home for poor, worn-out, weather-beaten tars. Capt. ROBERT RICHARD RANDALL founded it eleven years since. The property now invested in it is large, and applied solely to the original purpose. The Governor of the State, the Mayor and several of the oldest pastors of the city of New York, are the Trustees. Rev. Messrs. MULLIGAN and FRAZER are the stated ministers. Religious services are held on the Sabbath, lectures every Wednesday, P. M., and prayer meetings two evenings each week. The attendance is generally good. The number of occupants is 170. Capt. WHELTON is Superintendent; Mr. HAGGETT, Steward; Dr. SMITH, Physician. Clothing, food, bedding, furniture, all necessities and comforts, are furnished gratuitously. The house is heated by furnaces from bottom to top—and in the same complete order are the cooking, fuel, washing, sleeping, baking, airing and gardening arrangements. There is a farm of 170 acres attached, with abundance of good water. A library of 500 volumes, and a variety of papers, are in the reading room.—The location is picturesque, overlooking the

water, having Capt. RANDALL's monument in front, a flag staff, and gravelled walks. The building is commanding as well as convenient. Several new rooms are now being added, so that at least 500 of our old brethren of the ocean may find a "snug harbor" there. Other facts, and inquiries, will be given hereafter.

Long will the memory of this resting place of the weary mariner linger around our heart. Nay, we can never forget it. Our visit there, although made by us as a lonely stranger, in enfeebled health, and on one of the bleak, foggy days of an American spring, will be treasured up among the most pleasant visits of our life. Peace to the gray-haired men who took us by the hand, and gave the hardy grasp of the sailor! Sweetly do their trembling voices sound from their quiet rooms, as we write! Gentle and holy be their descent to the silent tomb!

"Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo."

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—The anniversary of the Boston S. F. S. was held in Park Street Church last Wednesday, but in consequence of our being obliged to go to press so early, we must defer the particulars of the deeply interesting meeting until our next. We shall then give an abstract of the Report, and the names of the officers for the present year.

NEW BOOKS.—"Seaward's Narrative of Shipwrecks," edited by Miss Porter, and "The Young Sailor," by Mrs. Dana, are two pleasing volumes that may be obtained of our friends Saxton, Pierce & Co., Boston. It is cheering to see such books.—They indicate the increasing interest felt in the sailor's cause.

The following letter was received after the last number had gone to press. Our edition now being large, we are compelled to anticipate our date several days. We shall be happy to hear from other friends of the paper and the sailor.

From Hon. J. W. HUNTINGTON, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, U. S. Senate.

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, May 20, 1844.

DEAR SIR:

The copies of the "Sheet Anchor," which have been sent to me from time to time, I have read with pleasure. The publication is, in my judgment, well calculated, and so conducted as to promote the great object which it is designed, to secure, an object highly important, benevolent and praise-worthy—the moral improvement of seamen, who constitute a large body of our fellow citizens. I commend the paper to the patronage of those for whose benefit it is designed, and of all who take an interest in their welfare.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. W. HUNTINGTON.

Rev. C. W. DENISON.

The following hearty appeal from "Fore and Aft," is worthy special attention. Our readers shall hear more on the subject.—Eo.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Marine Colportage.

Number 9 of the Sheet Anchor, contains an article on NOVEL READING among seamen, and proposes as a remedy for the evil the Ships' Library, provided by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

With the writer of that article we feel the importance of the A. S. F. Society's operations, know the value of their Library, and hail with joy any new *head-land* upon their chart of means for guiding the sailor into the port of heaven. But then comes up this question: Shall we wait the slow movement of the church, and the slower one of the merchant, to supply seamen with this valuable library? To us this seems a matter of urgent and pressing need; and having thought it over, we have concluded that a readier method of meeting the case presents itself in the Colporteur system—extended in its operations to seamen.

This system of effort appears to be precisely that which seamen need. It is not so much the number of books, as having a few on board of every vessel. These books, in addition to their direct benefits, will tend to a result of great practical importance; they will create a taste for the right kind of reading, and lead seamen to the purchasing of suitable books, whenever an opportunity may offer. There are several reasons for marine Colportage which seem important. Attention is invited to them.

The first is—the *short lives of seamen*. It is asserted that the length of human life on the ocean, is much less than on the land. It has been variously estimated at twelve years. Surely here is a reason why we should do what we do quickly, when our shipmates are fast dropping into eternity.

Another reason is—that *seamen are as needy as others*. We would avoid all invidious comparisons; but, with profound seriousness, we ask—who, among all the participants in the blessings of Colportage, are more needy than mariners? Look at the means of grace provided for seamen! However ample they may be, seamen derive but little benefit from them. Are they not two-thirds of all their time at sea, far away from the sound of the church-going bell?

Seamen embrace in their number the representatives of the nations of the earth, all of whom are more or less needy.

Another reason for marine Colportage is—the *moral influence of seamen*. Is it urged in favor of our population, now most embraced in the benevolent arms of Colportage, that their influence is great? We ask, what is their entire influence over the length and

breadth of the land, compared with that of seamen over the face of the whole earth?

Again: *Seamen take an active part in missionary enterprise.* They pull the ropes and steer the ship that bears the missionary to the heathen shore; and we are impelled to say, from a sense of wrong, that it is unjust, and even cruel to neglect those on whom the church is so dependent.

The last reason is, that the design of the American Tract Society cannot be carried out, until seamen enjoy a full share in the blessings of their Colporteur effort. That Society has adopted for its motto—"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." To whom will their publications be "good tidings of great joy" if not to mariners? To whom will the language "*all people*" apply if not to them, composed as they are of every nation and kindred, and people, and tongue, under the whole heaven? By whose agency, if not by that of seamen, shall "a sanctified press become the hope of the world?"

As regards one of the departments of Colporteur effort—the distribution of tracts—we believe that if pious seamen can obtain tracts without having to pay for them—in the English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and other languages, that they will take hold of tract distribution "with a will," and extend its blessings to the ends of the earth.—We have seen more than one sailor engaged in the blessed work in this and foreign lands; and we do earnestly plead that *a depository of tracts may be made* with every mariner's preacher, and at every sailor's home, where they can be obtained by applying for them.

Let the experiment be made in one of our cities, and it will soon be followed by all the rest. Boston is the place to begin—the capital of Puritan New England. Will not Boston do it?

Christian merchants of Boston! now is the time to do seamen good. Who among you all that have grown rich by their toils and privations desire to be embalmed in their grateful remembrance? Then put your hand to the work. The small sum of \$5000, placed at interest, is all that is required; and in this way you may secure a permanent Marine Colportage for the City of Boston—the first in the United States.

Is it too great a "lift" for one of you? Well, gentlemen, then make a joint concern of it. Two—five—ten—twenty of you can take hold of the rope and sway away.—"Many hands make light work."

But should the merchants fail us, what then? Is the project to be abandoned? Our shipmates are fast dying, and hasting to the judgment. An effort like this may be the means, under God, of saving many of them from ruin. Who will come to their rescue?

Where are the fathers, in the city and country, whose sons are far away upon the deep? Where are the mothers, and sisters, and brothers? Are there not benevolent females associated together in every portion of New England to aid the sailor's cause? We hear of such—and will not they rejoice to take this matter in their own hands? We most cordially invite them to do so. One, two, three such associations might combine their efforts, "and a three-fold cord is not easily broken." Three hundred dollars will secure the labors for one year of an efficient Marine Colporteur for the city of Boston. We send out our long and loud cry; who will respond to it?

FORE AND AFT.



THE SONG.

The Voice of Poetry: the Voice of the Sea.

The Sailor's Song.

TUNE—"My life is like the Summer Rose."

BY BENJAMIN.

Our cause is like a noble ship,
Beat by the lashing wave,
That threatens, with the wintry blast,
A deep and watery grave;
And yet that ship hath sometimes rest,
And sunshine smoothes the ocean's breast:
Its troubles cease—the blast doth flee—
Poor druckard, here is joy for thee.

You may be like a stranded bark,
Left by the friends you tried;
Your coat in rags—your money gone,
And debts on every side;
Sign but the Pledge, you'll float again;
With colors free from every stain,
You'll bravely cross Temptation's sea.
And Hope's bright star will shine on thee.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

ACTIVE SERVICE.—The frigate United States, while bearing the broad pendant of Com. Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, as Commander of the Pacific Squadron, between the 9th of January, 1842, and the 14th of December, 1843, (twenty-three months and six days) sailed 60,689 miles; she was four hundred and nineteen days at sea, and two hundred and eighty days in port; she visited and held friendly intercourse with the ports of eight independent nations; she was once at Madeira, once at Rio de Janeiro, four times at Valparaiso, four times at Callao, once at Coquimbo, twice at Monterey, twice at Oahu, once at Hawaii, once at Nuhiva, and once at Tahiti.

The longest stay she made in port, at any one time, was thirty-eight days at Mazatlan, Mexico, in the expectation of hearing from Washington in reference to the Monterey affair. Her longest passage from port to port was fifty-seven days,

from Mazatlan to Valparaiso, in making which 7,124 miles were run. In the passage from Oahu to Nuhiva, of forty-seven days, 8,036 miles were logged. Well done, the United States!

The value of imports into Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, during the year 1843, was \$223,380; of which in American vessels, \$158,106. Duties paid on the whole amount, \$6698.

A brig was launched in Bangor on the 10th ult., named for Dr. Hitchcock, a dentist of this city.

We learn from the Vicksburg Sentinel, that the captain of the steamboat Pearl, at South-erland, knocked one of her deck hands overboard, who was drowned. The Grand Jury found a true bill against the captain.

A gentleman calling on a sailor on a rainy evening, complained that his shoes, which were thin, had admitted the water. "I am surprised sir," said the other, "that your shoes should be leaky when you had both pumps a going."

LAUNCHED.—A fine full rigged barque, called the "Home," and built for Captain William Mason of Baltimore, was launched, the other afternoon, from the yard of Abrahams & Cooper.

A NEW SHIP.—A ship, owned by Messrs. Kingsland, of New York, is building at Ports-mouth. She is 1150 tons, 175 feet long, 37 feet wide, 23 feet 3 inches deep, and 8 inches dead rise, and is to be constructed of white oak timber, which has been docked two years.

STAND FROM UNDER!—It is stated in the Pensacola (Florida) Gazette, that recently, during a shower of rain, a young loggerhead Turtle fell on the deck of the U. S. steamer Poinsett, without receiving injury!

Babe, who was convicted of piracy and murder on board the schooner Sarah Lavinia, and who was to have been hanged on Friday next, has been respited by the President, till the 19th of July.

FISH STORY.—The New Haven Courier says, that 400,000 white-fish were lately drawn ashore at one haul in East Haven Harbor! This fish is sold to the farmers, for manure, at 50 cents a thousand.

Thomas Curtis, son of Mr. Philip Curtis, of New Haven, seamen on board the whale ship Benjamin Morgan, of New London, fell from aloft, one night out from that port, (Nov. 6th, 1843,) and was lost—the night was very dark, and the wind blowing so hard that a boat could not live.

Cunard Line of Steamers.—The Cambria, is the name of the new ship now on the stocks, to take the place of the ill-starred Columbia—it is reported, will be launched in June, and ready to take her place in the line in December.—The contract between the proprietors and the British Government, for the conveyance of the mails, semi-monthly, between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston, has been renewed for ten years.

Donations for the gratuitous circulation of the "SHEET ANCHOR" among Seamen, collected by Capt. T. V. SULLIVAN, General Agent.

In Worcester.—Rev. Alonzo Hill, Lyman W. Leland, Ichabod Washburn, Charles Davis, Miss Waldo, Lyman Bellows, Thomas Daniels, Henry Goulding, Willard Brown, Isaac Goddard, Jason Chapin, Otis Parker, Benja. Goddard, each \$1. Mrs. Stephen Henry, 50 cents.

In West Boylston.—Edward Phelps, \$1; Artemas Keyes, D. C. Muddock, Dea. Sam'l Brown, David Reed, each 50 cents.

In Springfield.—Capt. H. L. Bunker, Susan Pynchan, each \$1; Lucretia Bliss, 33 cents; J. W. Hale, Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, Capt. John Bunker, G. B. Morris, Edmund Palmer, Mrs. Esther Pynchan, E. Woodworth, a Friend, each \$1; O. B. Morris, Miss Margaret Emery, Mrs. Mary Dwight, each \$2; other donations, \$2 53.

In Cabotville.—Rufus Whittier, Capt. William Briggs, each \$1.

In Pittsfield.—James Kershaw, A. Center, T. Pomeroy, each \$1.

In Nashua, N. H.—L. W. Noyes, J. W. Welch, each \$3; Hartshorn & Ames, \$2; Edmund Parker, \$4; M. F. Dodge, Jr., Thomas G. Banks, Samuel Shepherd, Sam'l W. Abbott, David Baldwin, J. & E. Baldwin, L. C. Alexander, Elbridge Gould, Grace Combs, Sumner Morgan, John Cromby, Dr. Josiah Kittredge, Ed. A. Dana, a Friend, John F. Stevens, Seamen's Sewing Circle, each \$1; Franklin Munroe, Isaac Spaulding, Merrill & Kimball, each \$2; T. W. Gillis, \$5; Miss Adams, Miss Brown, 50 cents each.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In Thomaston, Me., Capt. JONATHAN SMALL to Mrs. BETSEY SMALL.

In New York, 4th ult., Capt. MATTHEW MADIGAN, to Miss MARY LORISON, of Chester, Eng.

In Baltimore, Md., 5d ult., Capt. JOSEPH EMERSON, of Thomaston, Me., to Mrs. MARY E. BRIGHT, of Hampton, Me.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In New York, Capt. ROSWELL TROWBRIDGE, of New London, Conn., aged 60 years.

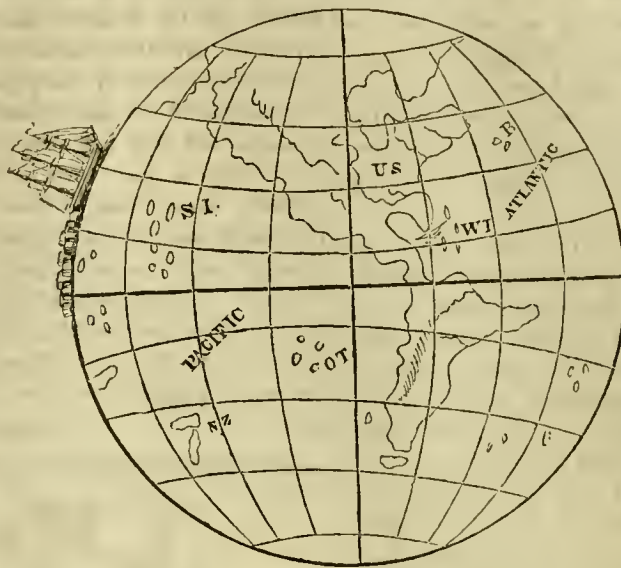
At Newton, Sussex Co., N. J., 14th ult., THOMAS O. ANDERSON, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, aged 60 years.

At the Island of Cuba, 10th ult., Commander J. D. WILLIAMSON, U. S. Navy.

At River Pungos, Coast of Africa, Jan. 13, Capt. JOHN SHIRLEY, late master of brig Northumberland.

At sea, on board brig Woodside, on the passage from Boston to Calcutta, of small pnx, July 10, FRANCIS ELLIS, of Plymouth, Mass., seaman; and August 3, Mr. THOMAS DAVIS, of Northumberland County, Va., 2d officer of said brig.

NO MARKET FOR RUM 'ROUND THE WORLD!



Seventy hogsheads of RUM were received at Honolulu, Dec. 11, by the *HEBER*, from Massachusetts, which had visited Mozambique, Madagascar, Sydney, New Zealand, and Tahiti, without being able to find a market. It was put up at auction at Honolulu, and only FIVE CASKS sold, and the 20th of December, the *HEBER* left with SIXTY-FIVE casks on board. Here she goes, towing her hogsheads round the world.

May she double Cape Horn with them, and find no market then! Should she bring them back to Boston, the Yankee teetotal tars stand ready to knock the heads in. So, look out, Land-sharks!

Mariners' Churches.—*New York.* Roosevelt Street; Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Fore Street, near Exchange Street.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Chaplain, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. E. Mudge.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

New Orleans. No. 14, Levee Street.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Onwego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Nebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. Quin, Jr., No. 13 North Bennett Street. MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.; Thomas J. Watkins, 67 Cherry Street.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street, Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Roberts, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

Boston Bethel Union.

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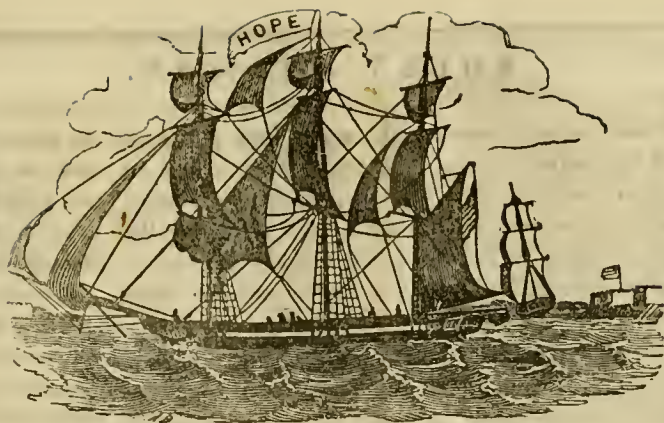
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PRINTING.

IN ITS PLAIN AND FANCY VARIETY,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE
SHEET ANCHOR OFFICE.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844.

No. 12.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not *sectarian*, devoted *exclusively* to THE CAUSE OF SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

The following sketch, by a sailor son of Rev. Mr. Bliss, of the Tract Society, will be found deeply interesting. We are happy to add that W. R. B. will continue to contribute to our columns.—ED.]

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Sailor! who cares for him?

A SKETCH. BY W. R. BLISS.

Who thinks of him, when the elements rage without, and the mournful howlings of the wind and the dismal patterings of the pitiless storm drives the wayfarer to shelter, dampens the mirth and gayety of the ball-room, and disturbs the happy enjoyment of the fireside circle; who, when the increasing fury of the storm arouses from slumber, and forbids all rest, thinks of the sailor exposed to all the madness of the gale, battling to overcome its rage, in his noble bark, which has been his only home for months or years, and which though often during his wanderings has bravely weathered many a tempest and many a gale; yet now almost within sight of his much looked-for, long wished-for port, he feels that her trusty planks are no longer faithful to their service, that no mortal skill can longer avail, that his sinking ship may ere long be his grave! Who then thinks of him in his distress? Who cares for him? Who hears his plaintive cry for succor, borne away by the winds as if in mockery of his sufferings? Who? One whose

powerful arm "can still the tempest's wrathful might," who calls himself the sailors' friend. He comes even when hope, "that last of misery's allies" has died within his breast. He makes that storm a calm. He bringeth them from their distress. Yes, the sailor has one powerful, mighty friend, one that cares and thinks for him. He keeps the tempest-tost mariner and hears his cry for help. And there is one other that thinks of him: her thousand cares are with him who has been for months upon the deep, and as she anxiously awaits him, into her mother's heart, long expecting, long hoping, long dreading, enters every gust and every blast that howls without. Ah! yes, there is one to whom these ragings bring thoughts and feelings for him who is the wild wind's sport, and the mother's prayer ascends, and not in vain, to Him who has acknowledged himself the sailor's friend.

What cause or object is there that should excite our feelings, or awaken our sympathies more than the cause of the sailor: and yet how few, how very few there are who ever feel for him or think of him in his distress, or offer succor in the hour of need! We pray fervently for the little band of missionaries who embark for foreign shores; we pray for their safety, their prosperity, and their welfare, and as they go to peril the dangers of the deep, and the temperature of foreign climes, our prayers go with them, and our supplications follow them. But who thinks of that noble crew, of that band of hardy sailors, who go to brave the same dangers and perils that the gospel may be borne to heathen lands? What prayer goes up to Israel's God for their safety, their prosperity, their welfare? What supplication follows them on their perilous track? Ah! 'tis well they have a friend who, when the storm rages loud, and the winds madly roar, till their souls melt because of trouble, stands by them.—He hears their cry for help, and brings assistance in the hour of peril.

We take up the daily sheet and read of shipwrecks and disasters, of ships that sailed from port and have never been heard from—

of floating fragments of wrecks—of the sailor washed from the yard-arm or pitched from the giddy mast-head into the boiling waters, where he sinks "unknelled, unconfined, and unknown"—of his death in foreign climes by burning fevers, or by the hands of barbarous savages—we hear of them perishing by hunger or cold—we find their whitened bones along the dreaded cannibal shores—they droop and drop in foreign hospitals and foreign prisons—we read of their distresses, lay the sheet by, and does an after thought of their needy condition enter our minds? Do we trouble ourselves or our purse for them afterwards?

The day had been lovely in the extreme, the breeze fresh from North West, and the sun just approaching the point where with shifting hues he bids his last adieu to day. We had just finished our supper, and were seated back from the table around the cabin, talking fondly of the home and friends to which the fair breeze was wafting us, when the officer of the deck announced something adrift off the weather bow. So eager were we for something new to vary the monotony of the day, that instantly all were on deck watching our rapid approach to the object which, as it arose and fell in the swell of the sea, betrayed a vessel *bottom up*! We luffed up and ran close alongside, but no living object was there in view, for the laughing waves were washing exultingly the bright copper bottom, with such a demoniac exultation as they sported wantonly around their prey, as to send a chill to every heart. Here was food for reflection; and for days afterwards did none make mention of the lost ship and the probable fate of her crew without feelings of awe and dread. The poor fellows have gone to their long home! How eagerly will expecting friends look, and watch, and hope for their return; but alas! how vain their hopes will ever prove! Little will they ever know of their fate, and for years will be brought to the remembrance of many, the never-heard-from ship at sea! How many a tender mother, an anxious widow, a broken family will mourn in sadness for the fate of

a lost son, husband or brother—the unheard of at sea. And yet such tales are told by almost every arrival—the ocean floats upon her treacherous bosom many such, of which we daily read. But whoever thinks of those poor fellows who in life and health bid adieu to home and home's endearing charms, to find a grave in those depths far, far below, beyond which the lead will sink no deeper, and the line returns slackened to the hand?

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

The Temperance Commodore.

But for our absence the following admirable article would have found a place in the Sheet Anchor several weeks ago. It is an extract from an address made by Commodore THOMAS AP CATESBY JONES, of the U. S. Navy, on the occasion of punishing six mutineers. All who read it—and we trust all will—cannot but say that it does honor to the heart and head of the temperance Commodore.—[Ed.]

Drunkenness in civil courts is always, and justly too, considered an aggravation rather than a palliation of the offence.

As in the present case, so in all others which occur in the Navy, five-sixths of the punishments inflicted can easily be traced to drunkenness; and not only is this true as regards the Navy, but the records of crime in civil life, almshouse reports, and the reports of lunatic hospitals, prove that a still greater proportion of their inmates, and of gallows executions are victims of rum.

How often does the sailor, when his ship is safely moored in port, look with a longing eye, and ardent desire towards the shore, and pant for a few hours of liberty? And why cannot he be indulged? Why cannot a quarter watch be mustered every evening to go on shore on liberty? Because they will not abstain from rum! Because they will not return punctually and soberly to their duty. Some get drunk and overstay their time, and when reason is restored, are afraid to return to their ships, and so, to a breach of liberty add the crime of desertion.

Thus it is that your officers, who are bound to keep their ships always in a state not to be surprised, and to avoid the mortifying spectacle which a drunken sailor always presents to their eyes, and to spare themselves the painful duty of degrading a noble man at the gangway, are obliged to deny you the liberty which, under other circumstances, they and I would most gladly allow. It has been said that a man-of-war is a state prison—if that be true, Rum is the jailor; destroy that, and the shipped man can be as free as the commissioned officer.

Would you desire such a state of things? You have only to will it, and it must be so. Your country has at last advanced one step

towards rescuing the sailor from perpetual degradation to which the too free use of ardent spirits has hitherto consigned him.—Congress has passed a law to regulate the Navy ration, by which whiskey is reduced one-half, and in lieu thereof, tea and coffee are to be issued.

Why did not Congress abolish whiskey from your ration altogether? Only because some rum-loving persons in authority libelled your patriotism and love of country, by saying that "American sailors would not enter the navy, without the allurements of whiskey." Are you willing to rest under the disgrace of such a charge? I trust not—I believe not—for one, *I* am not; for although my station in the Navy is far above the shipped man's, without him I could not be where I am. No battles are fought, no laurels are won without the common sailor, as he is called, does his part. As the officer gathers the laurels won by the blood and valor of the sailor, so too must he partake more or less of the reproach so often cast upon him.

Are you not willing to do something in the good work for yourselves? Believe me, when I tell you that liquor is a thief and a murderer, and is the greatest enemy mankind in general has to contend with, though to sailors he is more unrelenting than to any other class of men. On board ship he brings you to the gangway, and deprives you of that rational liberty which, under other circumstances, you might freely indulge in. On shore he takes possession of reason, while the harpy who administers the poison takes possession of your hard-earned wages.

Drunkenness unfits man for any of the duties for which he was created. He cannot be entrusted with the performance of any part requiring words or thoughts to execute it. It unfits him for the enjoyment of social or domestic happiness. In fine, it unfits him for every thing in life that is rational, honorable, profitable, or virtuous, and prepares him for disease, degradation, premature death;—nay, for the gangway, the prison, and the gallows.

Will you not then—I earnestly ask the question—lend a hand to conquer this greatest of enemies? There is not a man among you who would not cheerfully follow your officers to the cannon's mouth, though its unerring aim were directed to the stoutest hearts.

Are there many, are there any, among you, who will not enlist in this holiest of wars—war unrelenting, against the use of ardent spirits in the Navy of the United States?

Will any among you join me in a petition to Congress, to abolish whiskey from the Navy ration altogether, and not only from the ration, but from the cabin, the ward-room, and every other part of the ship, save only

the medical department? I do not wish to take you by surprise. Reflect upon this picture which I have endeavored though in much haste, to draw with the utmost fidelity, and then decide for yourselves.

Is it all well with you at present? If yea, you have nothing more to desire. But if not, strike at once at the root of the evil, remove the cause, and its effects must cease; and as the cause of all your troubles is drunkenness, let us remove that evil, and the anticipated good must and surely will follow.

THOS. AP C. JONES.

Commander in Chief of the Pacific Squadron.

Flag Ship UNITED STATES.
Mazatlan Bay, Feb. 13, 1844.

A Land Shark:

LOOK OUT FOR HIM, SHIPMATES!

The Editor of the Portland Washingtonian says: A gentleman in this city informs us that he was in Boston last week shipping a crew. While there, he was under the necessity of following one of his men into a house in Ann Street, kept by a sailor landlord.—Seeing another sailor idling there, he asked him if he did not want a voyage. "No," said the landlord, "he can't ship yet, for his money is not all gone." This landlord then made his boast that he had spent \$300, and had not been home three weeks. When paid off, he received \$390—he had got but \$90 left—and that would not be gone before next week; at the same time, he turned towards this sailor, and with much show of friendship spoke in exalted tones of his generosity and free-heartedness! This is the way the land sharks serve their customers!

All Hands Ahoy!

A beautiful temperance ship has lately been launched at the foot of Canal Street, New York, and has had her ensign flying at the mizzen-peak for the last three Sundays, from two o'clock in the afternoon till sunset. The commander is greatly in want of hands to man this pretty vessel, and he takes this opportunity of respectfully inviting *all* persons to sign the ship's articles; but in a particular manner he would earnestly request the attendance of distillers, rum-sellers, moderate drinkers, hard drinkers, and *confirmed* drunkards—so that they may hear and judge for themselves, which is the best: a miserable or a happy life. Those weather-beaten, neglected, hardy sons of the ocean, who have been drifting about in the rough sea of Intemperance, for years, without a rudder or a compass, are expected to be on deck, next Sunday, at two o'clock precisely, with their pieces loaded, and every thing ready to give battle to the tyrant. Come one—come all!

A WASHINGTONIAN.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

The following letters were written at sea by two seamen, and addressed to Mr. Room, keeper of the Sailor's Home, Philadelphia.—[Ed.]

For the Sheet Anchor.

Religion on the Ocean.

At Sea, November.

DEAR SIR:—With pleasure I pen these few lines hoping to find you all in good health as it leaves me at present; thanks be to that great Being, to whom alone thanks are due! Oh, that we may be enabled to live to him who gives us our being, who holds the mighty ocean in the hollow of his hand.

After leaving the wharf we came to at the Point House, having left our boat behind.—In the afternoon got the boat, and in the evening assembled in the cabin and held a meeting. Opened with prayer by the pilot, and a happy meeting it was. Oh! that it were the case with all vessels out of Philadelphia! May that happy day arrive when all seamen shall bow the knee to Him who alone is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Pray on for us; and may your prayers and ours ascend to God, our only hope and refuge. I am fully confident we shall have (should the Lord in mercy spare us,) a happy voyage; and may we live to tell all brother seamen the sweets of serving the Lord. O, that they may be led to turn to the Lord with all their hearts! We have been greatly detained through blustering winds, and thick weather.

My dear friends, pray for us that we may prove faithful, and we will pray for you; and may our prayers ascend to God, and prove effectual. I now conclude by giving my kind love to you all, friends. May the Lord bless you with every thing needful, both here and hereafter, is the sincere prayer of your

Humble servant,

JOHN MCNEILL.

DEAR FRIEND:—As Jack has left me room for a few words, I cannot but say something, though my heart is too full to give it utterance. You cannot imagine how I felt at parting with you, and all my dear friends; but I hope we shall have a happy voyage. We have meetings morning and night, in the cabin; and there, and in the fore-castle, do our prayers daily ascend to the throne of grace, that God may bless and prosper you, and the *Sailor's Home*. You must pray for us that we may prove faithful—that God may return us safe to you again—that we may tell our brother seamen of God's goodness and mercies; and prove to them that God is the same at sea as on land. Oh! I trust in God that the *Sailor's Home* may be as in times past; that songs of praise may be heard in its walls, and that many may, as we do, look

back to it as the birth place of their hopes in Christ! Give my best love to all my dear friends in Christ. Remember me to all in the house. All hands send you their thanks for your kindness. We are all well, and all send their love to you all. I will not forget the museum. And now farewell; and may God bless you, and prosper you, is the constant prayer of your sincere friend, and brother in Christ,

CHARLES B. POTTINGER.

The Bethel Missionary.

A Christian brother has been engaged a portion of the year, who has labored as a missionary at large among seamen, in New York. In prosecuting his work, he has visited one thousand nine hundred and fifty-three vessels, and distributed sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-one papers, and forty-five thousand one hundred and ninety-two pages of tracts. He has also visited many of the sailor boarding houses, labored personally with the inmates, and held religious meetings for seamen occasionally on the Sabbath. Those at all acquainted with the exposures of sailors on land, and the character of the influences to which they are exposed, will not doubt the propriety and expediency of this effort in their behalf. It is well known that this class of our fellow citizens are the accredited representatives of Christian nations, that they scatter either the streams of salvation, or the bitter waters of pollution and death, from shore to shore, in their wide wanderings over the globe, and, therefore, that every sailor must either be a travelling missionary of the Cross, or a missionary in the service of the prince of darkness. That this labor has done all that could be wished to elevate and redeem the poor sailor is not affirmed, but that it has effected some good, and been instrumental in the salvation of some precious souls, will doubtless appear at another day.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS REPORT.

April 30.—Found a number of sailors on board a schooner, all belonging to the *Sailor's Home*. They gladly received my tracts and papers, and immediately went to reading them. A sailor on board a brig appeared rather tender on the subject of religion, believing it to be the one thing desirable above all others, but was not quite ready to attend to it. How many there are of this class—that are almost persuaded to be Christians, but the fear of losing some worldly enjoyment keeps them from duty; and thus they go on procrastinating, yet intending some time to repent and turn to God, till death comes and finds them unprepared!

May 1.—Conversed with a sailor who said he once enjoyed religion, but when he went

to sea he fell in with bad company, and found it very difficult to live the life of a Christian. Consequently he lost all religious enjoyment, gave up secret prayer, and practised iniquity with his shipmates. I remonstrated with him for taking such a course, and entreated him to "repent, and do his first work." It is a common remark among sailors, that they would be glad to become Christians; but, they add as an excuse, that their circumstances are so unfavorable that it would be impossible for them to lead a consistent Christian life.

During the past month, have distributed 5640 pages of tracts, and 1280 papers, on board 37 ships, 8 barks, 24 brigs, 29 schooners, 7 sloops, 3 steamboats, and 2 canal boats.

Charles Jones—the Sailor Student.

His life had been on the ocean. Ten years he had been on the deep. For nine years he did not know that any on shore cared for the sailor's salvation; and when on one occasion he was invited to go to church, and heard the minister pray for their vessel, then about to sail, he thought that it was out of personal friendship to the captain.

At the age of twelve, he had gone on board ship, then comparatively an innocent boy; but at fourteen, he was drunken, profane and profligate. He had gone through many scenes of vice. But on board the brig *Billow*, as they were approaching the end of their voyage, one Sabbath morning, a shipmate threw out of his chest, two tracts, which he had received before leaving port. He picked them up, and as he read the "Swearer's Prayer," he was convinced of sin; he remembered with remorse his dreadful prayers, in which he had called on God to damn the ship, the crew, and his own soul; and at midnight he rose, and prayed for mercy. But afterwards temptations overcame him. He would drink, even while feeling that it was the cup of death. At length, however, when he was at Boston, he resolved to seek the *Sailor's Home*, and endeavor to break off from intemperance. He went there. He was invited to a meeting for prayer. He was led to repentance. He found peace in believing, and now he was ready to say to his brother sailors, "Come to Christ." Let me plead with you. I know your trials. Have you been in the fore-castle oppressed with fever? So have I! Have you seen thirty a week cut off by death in your ship? So have I! Have you seen shipmates dashed to pieces at your feet? So have I! Have you suffered at sea, and on land; have you gone down into the dens of vice; have you led the virtuous down deep into infamy? So have I! But I have found mercy. And I invite you all to come to Christ!—Come! Come!

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

Letter from Capt. A. V. Fraser.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Revenue Bureau, April 8, 1844.

SIR,—I have the honor to submit the annexed report, of the services performed, by such of the Revenue vessels, as were directed to cruise upon the coast during the past winter, for the relief of any distressed merchant vessels that might be fallen in with.—It will be perceived that notwithstanding the small size of the vessels, and the great severity of the weather, they have been kept constantly in motion from the 1st day of January until the 1st day of April, and have afforded prompt and very important aid to the commercial marine. Exposed, themselves, to all the dangers incidental to a continuance at sea upon our northern coast during the winter months, it is worthy of notice, that no accident of a serious character has befallen any one of the fleet, but that all are now actively engaged at their appropriate duties.

It may be proper here to remark, that the condition of the vessels stationed at Charleston and Mobile is such as to render it necessary to confine their operations in bays, and likewise that the withdrawal of the "Nautilus," (which vessel belongs to the coast survey,) from the Key West station, will, until the steamers now building shall be put into operation, leave the whole coast from Savannah to New Orleans, unguarded.

It may be anticipated that next winter a complete chain of communication will be opened along the whole line of sea-board, and that the facilities for guarding the revenue, as well as of affording relief to distressed vessels, will be greatly increased, by the substitution of steam in lieu of such as are unworthy.

The "Alert," at Eastport, under command of Capt. JOHN WHITCOMB, was directed to cruise at sea between Eastport and Mount Desert Rock, and boarded or spoke forty-seven vessels, supplied one with provisions, and assisted one which was stranded. The distance run by log, 2626 miles.

The "Morris," at Portland, under command of First Lieut. J. B. FULTON, cruised at sea between Penobscot Bay and Cape Ann, boarded and spoke one hundred and twenty vessels, and supplied several with men and provisions. The distance run by log, 1800 miles.

The "Hamilton," at Boston, Capt. JOSIAH STURGIS, cruised between Cape Ann and Chatham Lights, boarded and spoke two hundred and eighty vessels, and supplied twenty-one vessels with men and provisions. The distance run by log, 2054 miles.

The "Jackson," at Newport, Capt. THOMAS RUDOLPH, cruising within the waters of

the Vineyard Sound, between Holmes' Hole and Point Judith, for the relief of the coasting vessels, boarded and spoke sixty-one vessels, and supplied nine with men and provisions.

The "Madison," at New London, Capt. RICHARD EVANS, cruising within the waters of Long Island Sound, from Point Judith via Block Island to Gardiner's Bay, boarded and spoke forty-nine vessels, to whom assistance was offered.

The "Ewing," at New York, Capt. H. D. HUNTER, cruising at sea, between Montauk Point and Little Egg Harbor, boarded and spoke two hundred and fifty vessels, and afforded very important assistance to several, by quelling two mutinies on board merchant ships, as well as by timely supplies of men and provisions. Distance sailed by log, 4661 miles.

The "Forward," stationed at the mouth of the Delaware Bay, under command of First Lieut. JAMES H. ROACH, boarded and spoke eighty-six vessels, and assisted several which were in distress. Distance sailed, 1818 miles.

The "Wolcott," Capt. HENRY PRINCE, Jr. within the waters of Chesapeake Bay, between the Capes of Virginia and Baltimore, boarded and spoke one hundred and twenty vessels, and supplied five with men and provisions.

At the same time that very important relief has been afforded to vessels engaged in commerce, the legitimate duties of the Revenue vessels in guarding the revenue, have been strictly attended to, and the exertions made by the several commanders, officers, and crews, in seeking those who might require their aid and assistance, are deserving of the highest commendation.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER V. FRASER,
Captain U. S. Revenue Bureau.

Hon. J. C. SPENCER,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Sunday at Sea.

The following is an extract of a letter received in this city, dated "At Sea—on board the U. S. frigate Raritan, March 24, 1844."

"Let me give you a picture of our Sundays at sea, for they are among the most impressive scenes I have witnessed since I left home. I have just returned from service on deck, where were gathered nearly five hundred of us, to worship God on the deep waters, in the free and open air, the blue sky above, and the deep bass of the sounding sea below. It is an imposing and interesting sight. At the capstan, over which is thrown the flag of the Cross, stands the Chaplain. The officers are grouped together on the quarter deck, looking stately and war-like, in their uni-

forms; near them stand the musicians and choir of singers, who sang the chants and hymns most solemnly and sweetly. The sailors form a picturesque group, standing on each side of the vessel, with heads ever uncovered, dressed in snow-white trousers and shirts, relieved by blue collars—their youthful faces turned toward the Chaplain with interest and earnestness; among these are a few gray heads, old weather-beaten tars, who add still greater interest to the scene, contrasted with their young companions. We hear the Episcopal church service, and I assure you the impressive liturgy of that church loses nothing of its unequalled beauty and solemnity when read at sea.

"Sunday seems to be a happy day here. Every one looks cheerful, pleased, and well dressed. Thus far the weather has sympathized with us, the sky putting on its clearest blue, and the sun its brightest smiles, so that services have been performed on deck, uninterruptedly, every Sunday, since we left New York. This, we think, is our last Sabbath at sea, and I truly regret it."

To bring the Drowned to Life.

Immediately, as soon as the body is removed from the water, press the chest suddenly and forcibly, downward and backward, and instantly discontinue the pressure. Repeat this without interruption, until a pair of bellows can be procured. When obtained, introduce the nozzle well upon the base of the tongue. Surround the mouth with a towel or handkerchief, and close it. Direct a bystander to press firmly upon the projecting part of the neck (called Adam's apple,) and use the bellows actively. Then press upon the chest to expel the air from the lungs, to imitate natural breathing. Continue this, at least one hour, unless signs of natural breathing come on.

Wrap the body in blankets, place it near a fire, and do every thing to preserve the natural warmth, as well as to impart an artificial heat, if possible. Every thing, however, is secondary to inflating the lungs. Send for a medical man immediately.

Avoid all frictions until respiration shall be in some degree restored.

VALENTINE MOTT,
Surgeon Gen. of the Amer. Shipwreck Society.
New York, 1844.

"Who has no heart to feel for Jack?"
Thus the poor sailor cries:
I'm in the storm—the sails aback—
And hope within me dies.

"Who cares for thee, poor sailor? I"
Says Christ, "though billows roll."
Flee thou to Christ—and from on high
His grace shall save thy soul.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

The Sailor's Aunt.

Rev. JOHN DAVIS, of Schodack Landing, N. Y., relates a story of a sailor who was converted from the error of his way by a tract put in his hands by a pious aunt.

A missionary, when on his station in Asia, wrote a few "Advices" to the children of the Sabbath School of which he had formerly been a teacher, and sent them home. The Sabbath School Union, from a desire they might be useful to others, published them in the form of a Reward Book, for the benefit of their schools at large.

But a few years elapsed, when, in consequence of restrictions being laid on his efforts, and those of his missionary brethren, and obstacles to the prosecution of their missionary enterprise being put in their way, which the Board of Directors could not get removed, the missions were relinquished, and he and his fellow missionaries were recalled.

The day after his arrival at home, he was invited to attend the funeral obsequies of an aged Christian lady, in whose company he had spent many pleasant and profitable hours previous to his going abroad. It was at this funeral that he met the subject of the present narrative, and heard from his own lips the facts herein narrated.

While waiting in the house of mourning, a young and ruddy seaman walked in and took a seat by his side. He appeared much dejected, and absorbed in thought, and his whole appearance and demeanor were very different from that of any other seaman he had before observed. His dress was neat, clean, and rich, yet that of a full-blooded seamen from "stem to stern;" what a brother tar would have styled his "full go-ashores."

The missionary observing a small book ready to drop from his jacket pocket, informed him of it. He thanked the missionary, took it in his hand and said, "Sir, that little book has been the means, I hope, of saving my precious soul; and that sainted aunt, pointing to the corpse, was she who gave it me. O! sir, if you do not know nor love the blessed Saviour, do let me lend it you. It has been a blessing to my soul; and, I hope, to the souls of other seamen, to whom I have read it or given it in loan. Do, sir, accept a reading of it; it may do you good forever. My name is —, on board the ship —; you can return it me when you have read it." The missionary took it in his hand, but what was his surprise when he found it his own "Advices" to the children of his former Sabbath School. He handed it back, informing the sailor that he had already seen it.

As soon as the company moved off to the grave, the missionary stepped up to him and said, "Excuse, my friend, the freedom I take; I hope that I too love the Saviour, and should, therefore, feel exceedingly gratified by hearing a little of your history before and since you possessed that little book."

"That little book" he carried with him to sea, read it, was reformed by it, and thus describes its effect on his shipmates.

Then I could open my mouth for God.— The fear of man was removed from me; yea, the "reproach of Christ" I esteemed an honor. I pitied my shipmates, and, being delivered from their fear, no longer shunned to declare to them their guilt and danger, as sinners against God, though for my pains they reproached and jeered me. But I loved their souls, and prayed and longed to see them penitent at the Saviour's feet. I was now neither ashamed nor afraid to confess the change, which, by the grace of God, was effected on my mind. I therefore no more stowed myself away to read and pray unobserved, but sitting on the lid of my chest, I read the little book, and before turning in to rest, knelt down and prayed aloud for myself and them, as I then could. They were broken prayers, sir, but sincere. This I began at the first to do, and this I have continued doing, and by God helping me, this I purpose to do as long as I live. But O! sir, could you have but listened to and witnessed the scenes which attended my first attempts to pray, how you would have felt! They would laugh, groan, sing, curse and swear; jump, thump, and make all kinds of sounds and noises that my words might not be heard.— These acts of impiety did not, however, long continue, but gradually died away. Conviction of sin began to fasten upon the minds of some, and they, with others, listened from day to day with attention and interest to what was read, and knelt in prayer at the mercy-seat; and before we reached our destined port, one and another of them frequently came desiring that I would pray with and for them. And, sir, if I may judge by all that they felt, by all that they did, and still do, I have reason to believe that this "little book" was likewise blessed to the conversion of several of my shipmates.

How much good may not other Christian ladies do, who follow the example of the sailor's aunt!

The Sailor's Appeal.

Oh! woman! when the sailor's cry
Comes booming o'er the lonesome wave,
When worn and stiff he sinks to die,
Where no kind hand is near to save;

Wilt thou not lift to God the prayer
Which mercy hears from souls forgiven?
Wilt thou not summon Faith to bear
The sailor's sinking soul to heaven?

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

From the Dayspring.

A Missionary Ship.

THE GOOD CHILDREN.

In 1838, the London Missionary Society purchased a vessel, and sent it to the South Pacific, to assist the missionaries. The martyred Williams sailed in her, with other laborers destined to the same field. She returned to England last year, and it was thought very important to obtain a new and larger vessel. "But how can the necessary sum be raised?" As the Society was burdened with a heavy debt, and it was not easy to answer this question. Can the little readers of the Dayspring guess how this money was collected?

The Directors of the Society made an appeal to *children*; and now they have received thirty thousand dollars, enough to buy a good ship, and send her to sea all ready for her work. She was to sail from England the first of June; perhaps it will be on the very day that you will get the Dayspring for June. This shows how much children can accomplish in a good cause. Thirty thousand dollars! All contributed by children!

It has been delightful to see how much interest they have taken in raising this money. Two little boys, who had half-a-crown each, and another who had a shilling, were determined to give their little all towards buying the Missionary Ship. One was told that he had better give part to the ship, and part for something else. But he replied, "I am glad I have so much to give; perhaps I may have more money when there is something else so well worth giving to." The younger brother said, "I will give my half-crown too." The other little boy, not knowing what the others would do, said, "O what a good thing it is my aunt has given me a shilling for a Christmas box; I will give that and my penny too." He was asked whether it would not be better for him to reserve sixpence to spend in the holidays. He replied, "No, for I should only spend it about some trifle that would not do me much good; and I love to do as much as I can to buy the dear missionaries a ship to travel over the great waters, that they may preach the gospel to the poor heathen." A little girl, extremely poor, whose parents had had no work for some time, came, and said, "Teacher, here's a penny for the Missionary Ship." On being told that she was too poor to give it, she replied, "I have earned it myself."

What an encouragement the history of this Missionary Ship should be to all good children. By putting their pence, and shillings, and dollars together, they can raise a great sum for the poor heathen!

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844.

✂ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

The sixteenth anniversary of this Society, attended by a large and crowded audience, and deeply interesting from the beginning to the close of the exercises, was held in Park Street church, Wednesday, May 29, at ten o'clock, A. M., SAMUEL MEANS, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair. Rev. Mr. SWEETSER, of Worcester, opened the meeting with prayer, and Rev. D. M. LORD, the Society's Secretary, and one of the seamen's preachers, in this city, read the Report.

The facts in the Report are of a cheering character. Several seamen have been converted. They have especially exhibited the influence of a pious mother's love.

The Monthly Concert for seamen, at the mariner's church, Purchase Street, has been kept up with unabated interest. The Sabbath School and Bible Classes are prosperous. More persons are instructed in this way during the year than belong to some entire congregations.

Bibles, religious books and tracts have been well distributed. The Suffolk Bank of Savings for seamen, on Tremont Street, has proved a great blessing to our brethren of the deep. The present capital is \$400,000.

The Sailor's Home, in Purchase Street, has been successful. During the last year, 630 boarders were received, and of these, 22 were shipwrecked boys, without father or mother, or any person on earth to provide for them. They received in all 71 weeks gratuitous board, and were furnished on their departure, with clothing, and other means of comfort. The Home has its morning and evening prayers, and its weekly prayer meetings; and thus have hundreds been brought under the influence of religion.

But a larger and better house is needed. Circulars have been sent out to 400 churches asking aid for its erection; yet few have rendered it. The managers are resolved to persevere, if possible, until the thing is done. At least \$10,000 more are needed. It is

proposed to release Mr. LORD from his labors here for a season, and send him out to raise funds for this object.

The receipts of the Society the past year have fallen several hundred dollars below the expenses.

Rev. J. C. WEBSTER, of Hopkinton, Ms., formerly seamen's chaplain at Cronstadt, moved the acceptance of the Report in a short but excellent speech. The greatness of the seamen's cause—the importance of consecrating marine talent to God—the perils of the sailor—the sacrifices he had himself made in the work—were forcibly exhibited by Mr. WEBSTER. We wish our sea-faring friends had more such advocates.

The resolution was seconded by Rev. J. C. WOODBRIDGE, of Boston. Capt. ELLIOTT, of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed with a true sailor's speech. It was every word of it to the point, and told powerfully on the audience. His Christian experience was related in a manner that moved every heart. May Heaven preserve and bless his life!

W. B. REYNOLDS, Esq., Rev. Mr. SAWTELL, late of Havre, and Rev. Dr. PARKER, of Philadelphia, spoke with great success. Their appeals, their facts, arguments and entreaties we trust will never be forgotten.

The following truly beautiful Hymn was composed for the occasion by our friend, Mr. TAPPAN. We think it one of his best:

THE CHURCH AT SEA.

By REV. W. B. TAPPAN.

Few mercy drops to-day are ours,
In tears acknowledge we;
No cloud comes up surcharged with showers;
The Church has gone to sea.
Her radiant presence not alone,
Engrossing land may keep;
With morning's wing the Dove has flown,
Behold her on the deep!

Religion, that had sown our soil
With pearls of dazzling light,
Turns from her unrequited toil,
And leaves us to the night.
Met coldly here—the glorious form
To weary Ocean flies,—
And points, beyond its frequent storm,
To quiet in the skies.

The airs that sing among the shrouds
Are her inviting bell;
The voices of the warring clouds
Her diapason swell.
No wealthy Virtues crowd her gates,
Nor Pomp, confessing sins;
But mercy for the Sailor waits,
And Love the Sailor wins.

'Tis well she there uplifts her dome,
And her foundation dips
In floods—her Lord, who had no home,
Taught often from the ships;
To show us that his gospel free
As winds and waves should go,
To all of poor and rich degree,
The mighty and the low.

And that Salvation's blessed Star
Its mellow light may fling,
As well on him astride the spar,
As on the sworded king;

And tribute from the watery world
The Son of God must draw—
Its ships display his Cross unfurled,
Its isles receive his law.

Throughout the whole meeting the deepest feeling of interest was manifest. We cannot but regard it as an indication of a growing regard for the cause of the noble sailor.

Distribution Committee.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as a Committee in the work of distributing the "SHEET ANCHOR" gratuitously among seamen:

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.
MOSES GRANT, Esq., Cambridge Street.
REV. SETH BLISS, Tract Depository, Cornhill.
" W. B. TAPPAN, American S. S. Union Depository, Cornhill.
BENJAMIN ABRAMAMS, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.
DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

Funds for this object are respectfully solicited. Capt. T. V. SULLIVAN, General Agent, is duly authorized to make collections.

STEAM BOAT DISASTERS—By WARREN LAZELL, Worcester. This is a book of real merit, containing true accounts of recent shipwrecks, fires at sea, &c. We commend it most cordially to our readers, as one of the best works of the kind in circulation.

We shall allude to it again, and make extracts from its pages. Copies may be obtained in Boston, at REYNOLDS', 20 Cornhill.

✂ The suggestions in the following article are well worthy the attention of our readers.—ED.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Morals and Religion among Whalemén.

Extracts from a letter written by a sailor on board a whale ship, to a seamen's chaplain in this country, dated

AT SEA, PACIFIC OCEAN, 1843.

Our captain was a pious *Friend*; our third mate also was a pious young man; with these exceptions, our crew was made up, like most crews of whale ships, of every kind of character; and for a short time out, we had the usual quantity of swearing, &c. But all hands were soon given to understand, in the first place, that the captain did not like any immorality; and as this did not produce the desired effect, they were told it was very disagreeable to him, and he would not have it on board his ship. As officers and all were included in this prohibition, in a few months swearing was nearly done.

Next came TEMPERANCE; and although the devil growled badly, God helped the right side, and all but about three have signed a real, true Washingtonian pledge. In connection with intemperance, LICENTIOUSNESS was also discussed, and its suppression powerfully urged, with the happiest results.

It follows, of course, that men neither intemperate or licentious, will not spend so much of their money as others, and this is one of the happy results of a decidedly moral commander. But the most important effect has been that it has placed us in a situation to receive religious instruction by means of religious books and papers; and God saw fit to impress upon the hearts of some of us the great truths of the gospel in such a manner, that we were constrained to seek for salvation through Jesus Christ. Nine have professed to take Christ as their Master and portion, and there are others that I think have serious feelings. For five months past we have held prayer meetings on board, at first in the steerage, and none came but those who were serious; then the captain gave us permission, or rather invited us into the cabin on Sabbath evenings, which is generally well filled.

All being gathered in silence, and a sufficient time given to withdraw attention from worldly matters: a chapter or more is read in the Bible, and this answers for the opening exercise instead of singing. Then all are at liberty to speak, or pray, or attend to any duty they may have to do for God until *eight bells*,* when we retire to our respective places on deck, or go below, as the case may be.

ZEBULON.

* Eight o'clock, P. M., the time of setting the night watches.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

Captain Edward R. Shubrick.

The untimely death of this gallant officer on his passage from Rio Janeiro to Cadiz, in March last, has already been mentioned in the public prints. The following proceedings show the estimation in which he was held by the officers of the gallant frigate *Columbia*, commanded by him at the time of his decease.

[COPY.]

U. S. FRIGATE "COLUMBIA,"

At Sea, March 15, 1844,

Lat. 27° 18' N., Long. 37° 17' W. }

At a meeting of the officers held this day, in the cabin, for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of their late lamented Captain, EDWARD R. SHUBRICK, Lieut. J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH was called to the chair; and on motion, Lieut. GREEN, Dr. ADDISON, Mr. HARE, and Mr. ALLEN, were appointed a committee to report such resolutions as the melancholy occasion demanded; and in a short time the following were introduced and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we deeply lament the death of Capt. EDWARD R. SHUBRICK, whose high moral and intellectual qualities, united with a remarkably amiable disposition, gained for him the respect and love of all under his command, and by this melancholy event, the country has been deprived of a high toned gentleman, and a brave and gallant defender, and the Navy of one of its most able and accomplished officers.

Resolved, That not only in his character as an officer, but in that of a warm, single-hearted and generous friend, his memory will be cherished by us with feelings of the deepest attachment and regard.

Resolved, That we, the officers, of the U. S. frigate "*Columbia*," who knew him so well, and were associated with him so long, feel called upon in a peculiar manner, to deplore his untimely end.

Resolved, That in this afflictive dispensation of Providence, we truly sympathize with his bereaved family, and commend them, for consolation, to that Being, who alone can "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

Resolved, That as a token of our sorrow, and high respect we entertain for the memory of the deceased, we wear crape on the left arm, and sword hilts, for ninety days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the widow of the late Captain EDWARD R. SHUBRICK—to the Editors of the "*Army and Navy Chronicle*," and the "*Charleston Courier*," with a request to the latter to publish the same, in their respective Journals.

J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH,

Lt. commanding U. S. frigate "*Columbia*," Chairman.
S. R. ADDISON, Assistant Surgeon, Secretary.

P. Carasales, Chaplain; Solomon Sharp, Surgeon; J. A. Bates, Purser; C. H. Stevens; J. T. Bartlett, Midshipman; H. N. Crabb, do.; Arthur S. Otis, do.; A. A. Peterson, do.; James Ferguson, Sailmaker; Jonathan M. Ballard, Master's Mate; Wm. R. Chisole, do.; J. T. Green, Lieut.; Samuel Larkin, do.; Charles Cuillen Barton, do.; Thos. B. Barrett, do.; Henry L. Chipman, do.; Edward F. Beale, do.; J. Zeilin, Lieut. Marines; M. Yarnall, Prof. of Mathematics; W. King Bridge, Acting Master. Midshipmen Jas. S. Thornton, John T. Walker, J. Van Ness Philip, T. Bransford Shubrick, D. A. McDermut, John Gale, F. G. Dallas, N. H. Vanzandt, G. H. Hare, Alfred Bailey, Syl. J. Bliss, J. H. Nones.—V. R. Hall, Boatswain; Samuel Allen, Gunner; Charles Budman, Carpenter.

Silliman's Journal notices, as one of the greatest curiosities in New England, the "Floating Island" at Oldtown, near the Rev. Mr. Withington's church.

Imports of *Sperm and Whale Oil*, and *Whale-bone*, into the United States, for the week ending June 3:

<i>New Bedford.</i>	<i>Sperm.</i>	<i>Whale.</i>	<i>Bone.</i>
Ship Julian,	3000	250	27,000
" New Bedford,	1850		
" Majestic,	350	2650	2,400
" Sally Ann,	100	1600	12,800
Bark Milwood,	150	1650	12,000
<i>Mattapoisett.</i>			
Brig Mattapoisett,	50	70	
<i>Westport.</i>			
Bart President,	230	120	
<i>Sag Harbor.</i>			
Ship Hamilton,	350	2050	18,000
<i>New London.</i>			
Bark Commodore Perry,		1800	14,400
<i>Stonington.</i>			
Bark United States,	110	1800	
<i>New York.</i>			
Ship William and Eliza,	800	682	31,643

QUITE A FLEET.—The Portland Advertiser of the 30th ult., says: 257 vessels were seen in the offing yesterday morning, from the Observatory, bound out east and west, having been detained in our harbor for several days by head winds and foggy weather.

Bad books are like piratical craft, sailing under false colors in every sea, and delighting in the wreck and conquest of every thing precious.

A SLAVER TAKEN.—We noticed a few days ago the fact that the crew of the British brig *Alert* had been beaten off by a slaver, under American colors. It seems that the U. S. brig *Porpoise* has come across the vessel and has her in charge.

PROPELLER EUDORA.—This beautiful boat is rigged with three masts, and is about 260 tons burthen. She made her passage from Providence to Newport in two hours, about the average run of the King Philip. The *Eudora* was built in New York, and is intended to ply between Fall River and that city. She has handsomely furnished accommodations for passengers, and is commanded by Capt. Wm. Brown, of Fall River, well known as a competent pilot and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Quickest trip ever made on the Mississippi.—The J. M. White reached this port yesterday, says the St. Louis Democrat of May 9th, from New Orleans, before 5 P. M., in 3 days 23 hours and 9 minutes, from wharf to wharf.

Navigating the Yellow Stone.—The American Fur Company have built an elegant steamboat, of light draught of water, and sent her up the Yellow Stone with supplies for their Rocky Mountain traders. It is expected she will be able to ascend the river two or three thousand miles above St. Louis.

The FLYING FISH, a 12 gun brig, which was launched at Pembroke, Eng., a short time since, is one of those vessels ordered by the Admiralty, for the purpose of ascertaining the qualifications of different models. The competitors are Sir W. Symonds, Mr. Blake, the Students of Naval Architecture, Mr. Lang, and Mr. White, the celebrated builder at Cowes. They are to form an experimental squadron, and to be ready for trial early in the summer.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of JAMES YORK, of Exeter, N. H., 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, by trade a stone cutter; went to sea in a whale ship from New Bedford, in 1830. Address Mrs. MARY YORK, Exeter, N. H.

Also, of JOSEPH LOCK SHAW, of the same place, 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, and by trade a currier; went to sea in a whale ship, in December, 1832. Address Mrs. SARAH SHAW, Exeter, N. H.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Information has been received from the Consul at Naples, that the Military Mole, in that harbor, has been prolonged so far that its foundations cross the direct line which vessels have been in the habit of taking from the great entrance (bocca grande,) of Capri, to the Light-house on the Mole; and they should be careful to avoid the new obstacle thus created.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

The schooner *Clara Fisher*, of Holmes' Hole, fell in with, Feb. 12, lat. 32° 31', long. 65° 30', the wreck of a herm. brig, with both masts gone, and full of water; decks painted yellow, one white streak; made out the first five letters of her name to be CASMA.

Bark *Pembroke*, of New London, spoke Feb. 1, had lost Allen Pendleton, of New London. He fell from aloft, striking the rail of the vessel and thence into the sea, and was drowned.

Thomas Noyes, son of Capt. Noyes, of L. I., one of the crew of the Union Line packet ship *Charleston*, fell overboard from a vessel when off Cape Fear, on the 16th ult., and was drowned.

VESSEL BURNED.—The schooner *Industry*, Capt. Morrison, of and for Halifax for New York, took fire off Gay Head, on the 25th ult., in the hold. The crew and passengers lost every thing but what they stood in, and were fortunate in reaching the Bark Sand Seaton.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

At Edgemoor, Me., Mr. BENJAMIN HUTCHINGS to Miss MARY BURNHAM, of E.

At St. Mary's Florida, Capt. JOSEPH FRANCIS to Miss SUSAN ELLMS.

At St. Augustine, Flor. Mr. JOSEPH BATES, mate of schr. Bunyan, to Miss ANGELINE S. MARTINE.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Newbury, after a short illness, Capt. GEORGE DISNEY, aged 83 years.

In Stockbridge, Capt. ROSWELL PALMER, aged 79 years; he was one of the last survivors of the "Jersey Prison Ship."

In New Brunswick, N. J., March 23, ABRAHAM S. TEN ERICK, Captain U. S. N. aged 53 years.

At Mansannilla, Cuba, Mr. GEORGE O. TRASK, of Beverly, aged 21 years.

On board whale ship Elizabeth, of Salem, July, 1843, IVORY HUTCHINS, of Saco, Me., aged 18 years.

GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. SILAS BAILEY. GEORGE L. COBURN.

" DANIEL WISE.

Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

Savings Banks for Seamen.—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street; Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Fore Street, near Exchange Street.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Chaplain, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. E. Mudge.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pileh.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

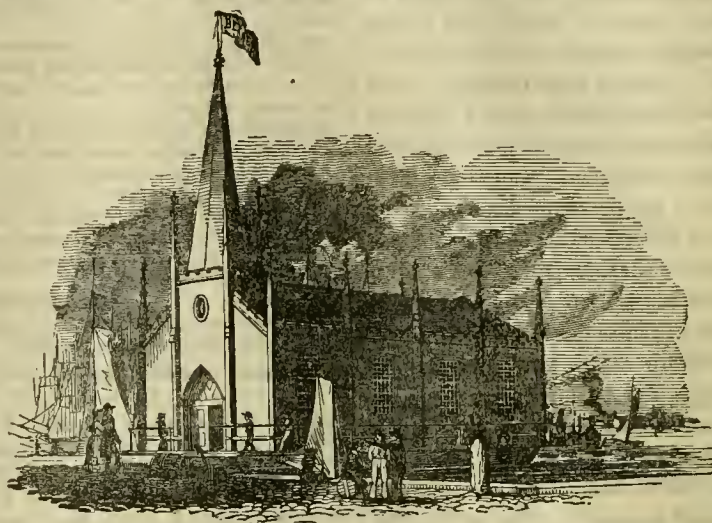
Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

New Orleans. No. 14, Levee Street.

FLOATING CHAPEL, NEW YORK.



THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, FOR SEAMEN
PERMANENTLY MOORED AT THE FOOT OF PIKE STREET, CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Built on a deck of 76 by 36 feet, covering two boats of 80 tons each, and 10 feet apart, being 70 feet long and 30 wide. The exterior and interior are both Gothic. It is kept afloat near the wharf, at the foot of Pike Street, is easily entered, and protected from vessels by large chained logs. Sitings are provided for 500 persons. The pastor, Rev. B. C. C. PARKER, is a gentleman well calculated for his important post.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rockells, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.
Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.; Thomas J. Watkins, 67 Cherry Street.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

Boarding for American Mates in Havre, France. Mrs. Phene and Son, No. 20, Quai Lombardie; Mrs. Latham, No. 44, Quai Lambarde.

A Temperance Boarding-House for Seamen and others, is kept by Thomas Goodman, No. 20, Great Howard Street, Liverpool.

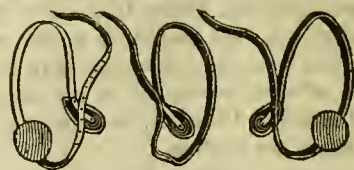
PORTABLE WRITING DESKS.

ROSE-WOOD and MAHOGANY DESKS, large sizes, plain, brass mounted and strapped, of extra strength, and particularly designed for Shipmasters and Sea use.

Also, ROSE-WOOD and MAHOGANY DESKS, of 12, 14, 16, and 18 inches in length, plain and inlaid, for Ladies or Gentlemen's use, comprising at all times, the largest and best assortment in the city.

Also, leather covered NEPLUS DESKS, or PORTMANTEAU; Roll up and Portfolio WRITING CASES, for travelling purposes; DRESSING CASES; POCKET BOOKS and WALLETTS; TABLETS and MEMORANDUM BOOKS; MARSH'S MANIFOLD LETTER WRITERS; STATIONERY; SCHOOL and BLANK BOOKS, of every description, comprising almost every variety of articles in the line— at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices.

Shipmasters, Seamen, and all others, in want, are respectfully invited to call at MARSH'S Paper and Stationery Warehouse, No. 77 Washington Street, Joy's Building. Sm May 15.



JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES at his old Stand, No. 305, Washington Street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, (up stairs.)

Also, DR. CHAPIN'S SUPPORTERS, for Prolapsus Uteri; TRUSSES, for Prolapsus Ani; SUSPENSORY BAGS, KNEE CAPS, BACK BOARDS, STEELED SHOES, for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and made to answer, oftentimes, as well as new. The Subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Dr. Fletcher's Truss, and Marsh's Truss, Dr. Hull's Truss, and Thompson's Ratchet Truss, and the Shaker's Rocking Trusses, may be had at this Establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of Dr. Chapin's Supporters, or Trusses, will be waited upon by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years experience in the business.

JAMES F. FOSTER.

May 4.

PRINTING,

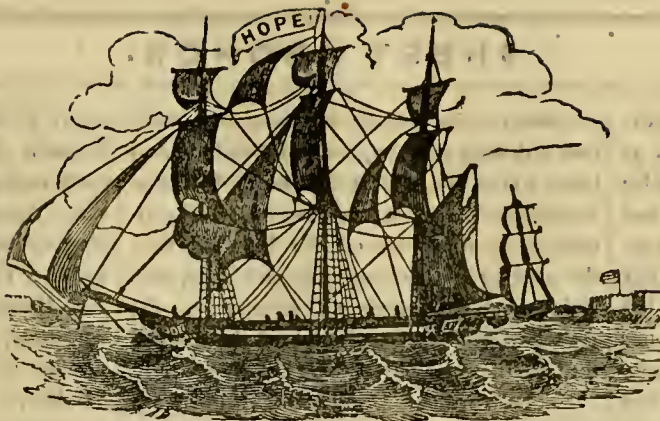
IN ITS PLAIN AND FANCY VARIETY,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE

SHEET ANCHOR OFFICE.

E. Morrell

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844. No. 13.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

For the Sheet Anchor.

A Sabbath Day upon the Deep.

BY W. R. B.

Who has not felt and admired the loveliness of a summer Sabbath in the country, when every thing seems slumbering in the calm quiet of "immortal beauty," and all nature assumes its best attire? The gentle breeze, sighing through fragrant foliage, alive with the warblings of feathered songsters. The air, loaded with delicious odors, from verdant meadows and blooming gardens. The cattle leisurely browsing upon the hill-side, or seeking the cool shade of overspreading branches, are stretched upon the sward in the enjoyment of their only day of rest. Who has not felt and acknowledged the influence of such a day? But a Sabbath upon the deep—alone, upon mid ocean, thousands of miles from the sound of the church-going bell, has charms and influences far above a day of rest on shore.

I never shall forget the Sabbath that we were becalmed off the Western Islands. It was animated nature's grand gala-day; and though no array of vine-clad hills, or teaming meadows, met the gaze, still there was the immensity, the grandeur, the magnificence of the gently heaving, ever undulating bosom of the fathomless sea, sparkling with frolic ripples, dancing in the brilliant rays of the Sabbath sun—all alive with its vast

number of inhabitants, from the tiny, fairy-craft of the graceful nautilus, just fanning along before the imperceptible airs, to the huge and ponderous leviathan, sending on high, in crimson or silver jets, his humble tribute of adoration—dolphins, porpoises, albacores, bonnettas, and representatives from most all species of the funny tribe, who had come up to spout and gambol upon the surface of the water, as if in obeisance to the great Power that appointed the observance of a day of rest. The air afloat with land birds of different song and plumage, whom the loveliness of the day had allured so far from shore, and the atmosphere savoring of something agreeable, which tells that Corvo and Flores, whose outlines are perceptible in the Southern horizon, are not so distant as the deceitful expanse of water would indicate. If one admires nature as seen on a summer's day on shore, what would be the feelings of admiration and adoration awakened in the enjoyment of such a day as this upon the deep; and though the privileges of the sanctuary are denied us, yet we find much to lead us to wonder and adore in what is spread above us and around us on this Sabbath day upon the deep.

The noble ship herself, seems to acknowledge the propriety of the day; and, restrained in her homeward flight, rolls listlessly upon the sleeping surface, impatiently shaking her idly flapping wings, as she yields to the graceful heavings of the sea, like a restrained courser, eager to flee, yet acknowledging the supremacy of the power that holds him in check. The men, also, are restrained from labor, and appear on deck, "watch and watch," neatly clad in their blue jackets, checked shirts, and duck pants, a carelessly knotted black silk 'kerchief, and a white bleached cinnet hat, with the indispensable fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye—some with their books—some with the "Sheet Anchor" or "Sailors' Magazine," seated on the windlass ends, intently reading, or, in admiration, leaning over the bows, drinking in the beauties of this most lovely Sabbath day upon the deep.

Touching Sea Scene.

Dr. PARKER, in his interesting book, "Invitations to True Happiness," gives a beautiful illustration of fervent gratitude for Divine forbearance, so justly due from the hearts of all men, yet felt by comparatively so few who are permitted to live on by its exercise, year after year in impenitence.

During a sea voyage, a few years since, I was conversing with the mate of the vessel on this topic, when he concurred in the view presented, and observed that it called to mind one of the most thrilling scenes he had ever beheld. With this he related the following story:

"I was at sea, on the broad Atlantic, as we now are. It was just such a bright, moonlight night as this, and the sea was quite as rough. The captain had turned in, and I was upon watch, when suddenly there was a cry of 'a man overboard.' To go out in a boat was exceedingly dangerous. I could hardly make up my mind to command the hands to expose themselves. I volunteered to go myself, if two more would accompany me. Two generous fellows came forward, and in a moment the boat was lowered, and we were tossed upon a most frightful sea.

"As we rose upon a mountain wave, we discovered the man upon a distant billow. We heard his cry, and responded, 'Coming.' As we descended into the trough of the sea, we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the wave, we again saw him, and distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and pulled with all our strength. At the top of each successive wave, we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement. As often in the trough of the sea we almost abandoned the hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never made, but for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink with exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat, he was helpless and speechless. Our minds now turned

to the ship. She had rounded to. But exhausted as we were, the distance between us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat, and consigned us all to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely upon the deck. We were all exhausted, but the rescued man could neither speak nor walk; yet he had a full sense of his condition. He clasped our feet, and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back to avoid him, he followed us, looking up at one moment with smiles and tears, and then patting our wet foot-prints with his hand, he kissed them with an eager fondness. I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy, he would have been perfectly subdued by our kindness. The man was a passenger. During the whole remaining part of the voyage, he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached port he loaded us with presents."

But, my friend, Christ has seen you exposed to a more fearful peril, and has made an infinitely greater sacrifice for your rescue. He saw you sinking in the billows of eternal death. He did not merely venture into extreme danger to save you; he has actually suffered for you the most cruel death. Yet you have never embraced his feet, nor given any proper testimony of gratitude. What estimate ought you to place upon your depravity, when such goodness has for so long a time failed to subdue it?

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

The Drunken Sea.

SELECTED AND ADAPTED FOR THE SHEET ANCHOR.

It is supposed, by all temperate drinkers, and such as are *not* genuine teetotallers, that nothing can exceed the beauty of the Drunken Sea, from the beach of Port Sobriety, in the State of Soberland, where you take shipping as far as Point Just Enough. Whether this supposition be correct or otherwise, the following extracts from the *Log Book* of an old and experienced navigator, will help to determine.

"The current of the Drunken Sea is always towards Point Just Enough, and the passage is so smooth and easy that it not unfrequently happens that the voyager finds himself close upon the Point almost before he is aware that he has left Soberland.

"The voyage is usually performed in boats made out of cider casks or beer barrels, wine pipes or spirit puncheons. It is astonishing what excellent sailing-boats these vessels make. Those which are used by the rich

are much more elegant, easy and commodious, although perhaps, not faster sailers than those which are used by the poor. Notwithstanding the expense which is necessarily attendant upon sailing on the Drunken Sea, the number of persons, rich and poor, who sail upon it, exceeds all calculation; the rich paying the expense out of their superfluities, the poor out of their necessities.

"The voyage to Point Just Enough becomes more and more agreeable, the nearer you approach the Point. The air becomes still more delicious, and a corresponding change takes place in the passengers themselves; their pulse beats quicker and stronger—their breath acquires a peculiar odor, not unlike that of the sea upon which they sail; their eyes become brighter and softer, and sometimes even seem to sparkle; they feel increased strength, and courage, and readiness for action for a short time; their ideas succeed each other with greater rapidity and vivacity, and are a little less obedient to the will: they become less serious, less disposed to deliberate, less inclined to prayer, or any other solemn religious duty, less scrupulous about right and wrong, more inclined to quarrel.

"All the voyagers to Point Just Enough, agree in the account which they give of their passage across Pleasant Bay, and of the agreeable sensations experienced on approaching the Point; but they disagree very much in their statements respecting the Point itself. Some say that it lies farther off, others that it is near; some that it lies more to the north, others to the east. These conflicting statements may perhaps be reconciled on the supposition that Point Just Enough is situated on a floating island which shifts its position from time to time. Indeed, many sober people have said that it might with more propriety have been called Point No Point. However this may be, the visitors to Point Just Enough all agree in stating that it is quite impossible to come to anchor near it, the water being so deep that no anchor will take ground.

"For these reasons all skillful sailors, the moment they arrive at Point Just Enough, instead of vainly attempting to come to anchor or to land, tack about and steer back again, across Pleasant Bay for Port Sobriety; thus avoiding the danger of being thrown upon Topsy Island, lying no great distance to leeward. The voyage homeward from Point Just Enough is much less agreeable than the voyage outward; the air loses its balminess, and the landscape its brilliant colors; the current and wind being against you, make it necessary to tack, and thus render the passage tedious. There are few who do not experience, as they return, some bad effect, which is succeeded by a strong

desire for another trip to Point Just Enough. Pleasant Bay is therefore covered, from early morning until a late hour at night, with boats, conveying passengers of all ranks and descriptions to Point Just Enough and back again. The longitude and latitude of Point Just Enough never having been exactly ascertained, geographers have found it very difficult to assign the precise limits of Pleasant Bay. It is worthy of remark, that of the countless multitude who daily sail upon Pleasant Bay, there is not one who can be persuaded that it forms a part of the Drunken Sea.

"As might be expected, many of those who leave the State of Soberland, with the intention of going no farther than Point Just Enough, do yet, when they arrive at that point, extend their voyage to Topsy Island. Topsy Island is said to have been discovered by Noah, a famous navigator, who planted grape vines upon it. It was afterwards sacred to Bacchus, whose temple is there. It has been visited by Alexander the Great, and other illustrious men of ancient and modern times, many of whose names are carved upon the barks of the vines and trees. Its daily visitors sometimes sing a song, two of the verses run thus:

"The sea, the sea, the Drunken Sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round.
It plays with the soul, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled monster lies.

"I'm on the sea, the Drunken Sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With heaven above and hell below,
And ruin wheresoe'er I go,
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter, what matter, I should ride and sleep."

"Over against Topsy Island, on the mainland, and about a league beyond Point Just Enough, is the Port of Paphos. Many of the boats touch here as they return from the island. Malaria and *delirium tremens* are prevalent in this part. Off Topsy Island, on the side farthest from Paphos, are three sunken rocks, called the Horrors. The visitors to Topsy Island are frequently dashed on these rocks by an eddy or whirlpool which surrounds them; those that happen to fall in with a Washingtonian Life Boat, and *stick to it*, are finally saved. On the same side of Topsy Island as the Horrors, but a little farther out in the Drunken Sea, are the Liver Sands. These are the more dangerous, because the precise point where they begin or where they end, cannot be determined.

"It is remarkable, that those who sail on the Drunken Sea, in boats made of spirit puncheons, more frequently strike upon the Horrors, or run aground upon the Liver Sands, than those who sail in wine-pipes or beer-barrels. For some distance all around the Horrors, and on the Liver Sands, the sea

is dark and rough, the winds loud and boisterous, and the sky overcast with clouds, which not unfrequently overshadow a great part of Topsy Island. When you pass this island, and advance farther into the Drunken Sea, the water becomes still darker and rougher, the winds still more loud and boisterous, and the clouds which overspread the sky more black and lowering. Continuing to proceed, you enter into a dense fog, called Fatuous Fog, which reaches from the water quite to the clouds, and shuts in the view in every direction. Beyond Fatuous Fog, and forming the extreme limit of the Drunken Sea, there is a range of very high mountains, called the Dark Mountain of No Hope. At the foot of these mountains the sea beats with inconceivable fury, throwing up, from time to time, human bones and fragments of wrecked and foundered vessels. Shipmates, let us see to it that we leave off totally all navigation of the alcoholic sea—remembering that Death and Hell are its only ports. Let us all stick to the “cold water craft,” for it will carry us steady, sober, and safe, o’er life’s tempestuous ocean; and should we be so fortunate as to obtain berths on board of the good ship Zion—obey all the commands of our Master, and do our duty—we shall finally arrive in the delightful port of heaven.

NAUTICLER.

Temperance among Officers.

“It is obvious, that so far as example is concerned, little can be expected from any efforts to reform sailors in our public ships, unless the reformation begin with the officers. Though sailors are not supplied with spirits on board, yet they will contrive to obtain them whenever they go on shore; and so long as they are so degraded in character as to be insensible to the degradation of drunkenness, no punishment, however severe, will deter them. Their ingenuity in concealment will far exceed that of their officers to detect them. They must therefore be reformed by example, in aid of prohibitions. After the government shall have done its duty by withholding spirits, and thus cutting off one great source of mischief, the work must be aided by other modes of elevating the character of the sailor. Among these modes must be a discouragement of intemperance among officers. How can a sailor be raised above the degradation of intemperance? How can he be taught to regard it as unworthy of a rational being, when he sees examples of it in those whom he is required by the laws both to respect and obey? He might well question the justice of pronouncing that a degrading vice in himself, which was not considered as entailing any degradation upon his superiors; and oftentimes, when going to be flogged for intoxication, he might say to the officer by

whose order the punishment is to be inflicted, *with what justice can you punish me, for a vice which I owe to your example?*”

Southern Paper.

Drawback on Spirits.

A correspondent informs us that one effect of abolishing the drawback on spirits distilled from molasses, and one which was not anticipated, is the exportation of Southern and Western Whiskey in the place of New England Rum. Two vessels are now taking in whiskey at Salem for foreign ports, which, were it not for the act abolishing the drawback, would take New England rum.

We hope that the time will soon arrive when no merchant who has any respect for himself or regard for his fellow creatures, will allow his vessel to become the carrier of a commodity, which engenders so much misery as ardent spirit. Indeed, it requires, at this time, a species of independence, of no enviable character, to engage in the traffic of ardent spirit, either at retail or wholesale.

Boston Merc. Journal.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

The Sailor Reclaimed.

To Mr. SAMUEL ROOM, Philadelphia.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Permit me to address you in the fear and love of God. I hope these few lines will be acceptable.—They find me enjoying spiritual and personal blessings. I hope they will find you and all your friends in the love of Christ, and serving God. I left you at Philadelphia, bound to Salem, in the brig America, Capt. Treadwell. We arrived safe at Boston, and I have been one voyage to St. Domingo. I feel to praise the Lord for those tracts you gave me, they were very useful. I feel very grateful to you for them. The Lord is doing powerful work all around us. I hope soon he will visit us, in truth and power. At New Bedford, Hartford, and Providence, there are great conversions; and it appears to be a season of reformation. I want to feel more desire in my own heart. I want to be raised to a better sphere of usefulness.

Please give my love to your wife, and my fellow shipmates, and all of your and their friends. Tell those who are in impenitence to flee to Christ, and seek their soul’s salvation; and those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, encourage them in duty. I trust you are on good terms with your Saviour: neglecting no duty, however small. Now I request the prayers of all God’s people, that I may be faithful, and meet you all in heaven.

From your beloved brother in the Lord,

G. B. S.

The Teetotaler Under Weigh!

Among a great variety of other interesting facts, Rev. JOHN MARSH, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, states the following:

Four thousand seamen have, during the year, united with the New York Mariner’s Society, 16,000 in the whole. In the port of Charleston, 1200 have, during the winter, signed the pledge. Among sailors on the lakes, and boatmen on the Erie canal, temperance is nearly triumphant. At Boston, about 1000 seamen and officers in the navy, have signed the pledge. At Charleston, nearly all on board the revenue cutter. Our ships of war in foreign ports do honor to temperance. At Bombay, the English residents said the Brandywine should change her name, inasmuch as her officers drank neither brandy nor wine. Commodore Jones has nobly cheered on the Hawaiians in the Pacific, in their temperance movements, and invited all officers and seamen in the navy to petition Congress to abolish the spirit ration.

Numerous petitions have been presented from our sea-ports on this subject, and it has been strongly recommended by the Secretary of the navy.

From the New York Crystal Fountain.

Jack Haulyard.

TONE—Rory O’More.

The good ship Sobriety drew near the shore,
Her crew all in health and with money galore;
When the captain, a dauntless and noble true blue,
Called aft all the hands, and thus spoke to the crew:
Brave shipmates, lookout for the seller of rum,
Who will soon be aboard to welcome us home;
He’ll come with such smiles, and he’ll look so genteel,
And a thousand nice comforts to us he’ll reveal,
That his wife and his children may feast on our gain,
While ours must content them with weeping and pain;
With a lie on his lip and our gold in his eye,
Till he gets all our earnings—then bids us good bye.

The captain had hardly got through with his tale,
When in bolts old Groggy, all under full sail,
And he calls out, “Jack Haulyard, man, how do you do?
Tom Starboard! Jim Forebrace, and pray how are you?
Old messmates, I’m glad that you all look so well!
My wife will rejoice for to see you, and tell
Of all that has happened since you went away,
And left us so sorry, now two years last May.
Come, come boys, make haste and let’s off d’ye see,
For this night we shall have a most glorious spree:
And I tell you, I’m almost half jealous, by Jove!
For my wife, why I know not, did send you her love.”

“Avast there,” says Haulyard, “your tricks I well know,
Do you think by your smooth words to take us in tow,
And steer us in darkness through brandy and gin,
Till all our bright shiners you safely can pin?
Then give us the street as you did William Bell,
Having robbed him of all, (I remember it well.)
And made him a drunkard, you show’d him the door,
So homeless, so friendless, so wretched and poor?
Begone, Master Groggy! do, pray, get ashore,
For we all signed the pledge, and I’ll tell you what’s more,
Our money is safe, and wherever we roam,
We’ll stick to the pledge, and we’ll board at the Home!”

Sailor’s Home, June 10.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Where are the Pilots?

The men who peril their own lives to save the lives of others! where are they in the great moral movements in behalf of seamen? Probably no class of men of equal number have done so much for suffering humanity as pilots, and we cannot do without them here.

There are many pilots in Boston occupying a position the most favorable for helping along the seamen's cause; what are they doing for it? And the pilots of New York, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and other ports in the United States, what are they all doing for it?

We were once bound up the North Sea, and encountered a heavy gale from the West, in the chops of the English Channel. By the time we reached the Straits of Dover, we were under a close reefed topsail, lying to, waiting for a pilot. It blew fearfully; the sun was just setting, and we dreaded the consequences of night overtaking us without a pilot, and anxiously looked in the direction of the shore, hoping that one would come to our relief.

At length, a *Deal* boat was seen standing out towards us. They came as near as they dared, and made several attempts to reach us, but failed, for the sea run high, and there was danger of the boat staving alongside.—We began to fear that we should get no pilot, when they made signal for a rope. Taking some topgallant steering-sail geer, and making fast a buoy to it, we paid overboard several fathoms, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them seize hold of it in the boat. Our astonishment and admiration were complete, when, in a brief moment afterward, the noble pilot, with the rope fast to his person, made signal for us to haul in, and then jumped into the raging sea.

It was a sublime spectacle, and fearful as sublime. With careful haste, and almost breathless anxiety, we hauled in upon that rope—who shall describe our feelings as we did so? But enough—we got him alongside; a half dozen of us jumped into the channels, to be first to lay hold upon him, and by God's blessing he was saved. With one bound, he reached the quarter-deck, and stood at the captain's side; and now with a desperate effort clearing his throat of the salt water that was choking him, he uttered with fearful distinctness the terrific words, "Goodwin Sands—Goodwin Sands," and pointed with a convulsive trembling of his whole frame, to the dashing, foaming breakers close under our lee. At the hazard of carrying away our masts, we made sail on the

ship, and in a few hours were safe at anchor.

We see by the foregoing, what pilots CAN do in an *emergency*: for ourselves, we have confidence in them, for we have summered and wintered them—and know them to be good men and true. Convince them that duty is involved in an enterprise, and they will be faithful as the needle to the pole.

Whether the enterprise in behalf of seamen which we now invite our brethren—the pilots of Boston—to enter upon, involves duty or not, we leave them to determine.

The case stands thus: The friends of seamen in Boston and vicinity, have provided Mariner's Chapels, and Chaplains, Sailor's Homes and a Saving Bank—have instituted a Marine Temperance Society, and other kindred agencies, and all for the social, moral and spiritual improvement of seamen; but our shipmates do not, all of them, reap the full benefits of these benevolent institutions, and for two principle reasons:

The first is—they enter this port as *strangers*, and know not of their existence.

The second is—that direct efforts are put forth to prevent, if possible, their knowing any thing of them, except it may be to prejudice their minds against them.

This is the business of the *rum-selling* landlord, or, as he is called, the *landshark*, who is ever among the first to go on board the inward-bound vessel, armed with his liquor bottle, and bent on Jack's destruction. The business of the landshark is well understood—it is to speak against every thing intended for the sailor's good, deceive Jack into the belief of his being his best friend, get him drunk, and keep him so until his money is all gone. The consequences of the above course have been witnessed in too many instances by the pilots of this port on board of outward-bound vessels, to require any statement of them here.

In conclusion—we appeal to the pilots of Boston, and would say to them, brethren, you know our condition as well as we do ourselves—and we ask, can you not do us good? We propose three ways in which you may attempt it, if you shall think it duty.

First. Forbid a rum-selling sailor landlord to come on board an inward-bound vessel, while under your command.

Second. Use your influence with the officers on board to take the same course after you shall have left the vessel.

Third. Take sides with the sailor and his real friends at all times, against the common enemy, the rum-selling sailor landlord.

Here is an *emergency*, one in which you alone can act. We know your high resolve; your strength of purpose, your desperate courage—your magnanimity and self-denial! and we can confidently appeal to these, and every other attribute of your generous na-

tures, and beseech you to come on board and lend us a hand to get our shipmates into port. Come, if you will, and be sure of the blessing of all on board. FORE AND AFT.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Exposure of Seamen.

The seaman's country is emphatically the *world*. Like his favorite element, by which he is wafted over the troubled waters, he has no stationary "resting-place." He roams alike undaunted where Nature puts on her modest frown, where tempests roar, and contending elements exhaust their fury, and where nought but smiles are lavished upon the placid bosom of the mighty deep. Disregarding the wise arrangements of that Providence, that has given to every creature an appropriate climate, he braves the ever varying vicissitudes of distant climes, and feasts upon the wonders of creation. Now he guides his bark among the icebergs of the North, where perpetual frosts glisten in the chilly sunbeams, and all is locked in the firm, unrelenting embrace of sterile winter; and anon he glides over the gentle waters of the tropics, borne on by refreshing breezes, which are ever perfumed with the fragrance of perennial flowers and delicious fruits.—He basks beneath the sunny skies of Italy, wanders over the luxuriant vales of Spain, or banquets on the romantic scenery of Switzerland as his inclinations may dictate. New and imposing features are ever passing in review, and would that their insinuating snares were less fascinating, and their conquests less frequent. Influences, as diversified as the physical aspects are constantly exerted, either giving a higher tone to the expanding capacities of the soul, strengthening virtuous impulses and imparting more vivid discriminations or *polluting* the very fountain of every pure and ennobling emotion, and rendering more and more obtuse the moral sensibilities of a misguided wanderer.

On the mighty ocean, whose restless waters bear no impress of the thousand ships that have flowed its foaming bosom, the howling winds may rage, and the wild tornado assail his frail bark—while creaking spars, parting cordage, and dangling canvass betoken a watery grave, far, far from the loved ones of earth, yet a hurricane more furious and deadly beats upon him, even in our own ports! The ravenous landlord decoys his unsuspecting prey by false pretences, insinuating address, and perchance, with the intoxicating cup, and ere he is aware, he is wrecked in a den of infamy. The work of ruin is as sudden as certain. The monster, if victory is uncertain, summons to his aid abandoned satellites, from whom the last vestige of a sense of propriety, disgusted, has fled, and soon the work of destruction is complete.—

Stripped of all his resources—not sparing even a decent costume—he is turned penniless into the street—his character gone—a feeling of self-degradation weighing him to the earth, or perhaps more frequently driven again to sea—robbed of his “advance,” to seek relief and better friends in a damp and crowded fore-castle.

This sad picture is no freak of the fancy; too many can attest to its dread realities. Nor are such scenes the offspring of a barbarous age. New England, the “garden of America,” nay of the world, in the nineteenth century, has participated in such outrages upon the generous and noble hearted sailor. “O! shame, where is thy blush!”—and humanity where is thy humanity?

In foreign ports, if possible, a sadder spectacle is presented to view. Temptations, extensive and fearful are ever drawing their deceptive folds around the mariner. In far too many the authority of moral obligations is but nominally acknowledged, and the restraints of virtuous principle but feebly felt. To say nothing of revellings, injustice and gaming, with all of their accompanying evils, there is licentiousness, at which humanity recoils with horror! That part of our race to whom we look for a softer nature, a more delicate refinement, and a more chaste tone of feeling, are the principal partakers. The natural modesty of their nature is thrown off, and the natural impulses of delicacy is disregarded. The unwary are soon ensnared by the apparent charms of personal attractions, and soon their fair (?) charms have accomplished their lustful designs. Such are the influences with which our young men come in contact, rendered far more difficult to resist from the fact that females are the principal authors! The once virtuous youth, thus ensnared, ruined, with a poignant sense of self-degradation, deserts the happy scenes of his childhood, to pursue a career of guilt and shame. While such is the lot of many of our young men, how strong should be moral principles; how necessary early religious instruction. Happy indeed if all were made acquainted with such things ere they are ingulphed in ruin.

J. H. H.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
“Sailor! there's HOPE for thee.”

The Sinking Boat.

From “Afloat and Ashore.”

We pulled like giants. Three several times the water slapped into us, rendering the boat more and more heavy; but captain Robbins told us to pull on, every moment being precious. As I did not look round—*could* not well, indeed—I saw no more of

the ship until I got a sudden glimpse of her dark hull, within a hundred feet of us, surging ahead in the manner in which vessels at sea seem to take sudden starts that carry them forward at twice their former apparent speed. Captain Robbins had begun to hail, the instant he thought himself near enough, or at the distance of a hundred yards; but what was the human voice amid the music of the winds striking the various cords, and I may add *chords*, in the mazes of a square-rigged vessel's hamper, accompanied by the bass of the roaring ocean! Heavens! what a feeling of despair was that, when the novel thought suggested itself almost simultaneously to our minds, that we should not make ourselves heard! I say simultaneously, for at the same instant the whole five of us set up a common, desperate shout to alarm those who were so near us, and who might easily save us from the most dreadful of all deaths—starvation at sea. I presume the fearful manner in which we struggled at the oars diminished the effect of our voices, while the effort to raise a noise lessened our power with the oars. We were already to the leeward of the ship, though nearly in her wake, and our only chance now was to overtake her. The captain called out to us to pull for life or death, and pull we did. So frantic were our efforts, that I really think we should have succeeded, had not a sea come on board us and filled us to the thwarts. There remained no alternative but to keep dead away, and to bail for our lives.

I confess I felt scalding tears gush down my cheeks, as I gazed at the dark mass of the ship just before it was swallowed up in the gloom. This soon occurred, and then, I make no doubt, every man in the boat considered himself as hopelessly lost. We continued to bail, notwithstanding; and, using hats, gourds, pots and pails, soon cleared the boat, though it was done with no other seeming object than to avert immediate death. I heard one of the Cape May men pray. The name of his wife mingled with his petitions to God. As for poor captain Robbins, who had so recently been in another scene of equal danger in a boat, he remained silent, seemingly submissive to the decrees of Providence.

In this state we must have drifted a league dead before the wind, the Cape May men keeping their eyes on the light, which was just sinking below the horizon, while the rest of us were gazing seaward in ominous expectation of what awaited us in that direction, when the hail of “Boat ahoy!” sounded like the last trumpet in our ears. A schooner was passing our track, keeping a little off, and got so near as to allow us to be seen, though, owing to a remark about the light which drew all eyes to windward, not a soul of us saw her. It was too late to avert

the blow, for the hail had hardly reached us, when the schooner's cut-water came down upon our little craft, and buried it in the sea as if it had been lead. At such moments men do not think, but act. I caught at a bob-stay, and missed it. As I went down into the water, my hand fell upon some object to which I clung, and, the schooner rising at the next instant, I was grasped by the hair by one of the vessel's men. I had hold of one of the Cape May men's legs. Released from my weight, this man was soon in the vessel's head, and he helped to save me.—When we got in-board, and mustered our party, it was found that all had been saved but captain Robbins. The schooner wore round, and actually passed over the wreck of the boat a second time; but our old commander was never heard of more!

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The Young Sailor-Friend.

We copy the following from a book called “the Unique,” written by a benevolent friend of the sailor. We should be glad to see it in the hands of every advocate of seamen and Christianity in the land:

George Delton was a young man, and had been a member of a Presbyterian church in the city of ———, three years. He was an eminently growing Christian, and had far surpassed, in gifts and graces, many of his brethren who were much older in years, and who for a much larger period had been professors of religion. While he felt interested in every good cause, the moral condition of seamen more especially called forth his sympathies and efforts. He spent much time on the wharves, not as an idler or loiterer, but for the purpose of conversing with the sailor about his soul. Many are the hours that he has spent in the cabin and in the fore-castle, on his knees, praying for the mariner. Probably he has spent more money to purchase tracts, and Testaments, and Bibles for seamen, which he would give with his own hand, than any other man of his age in the whole country. He has the satisfaction of knowing that through his efforts many of the sons of the ocean have been persuaded to join the temperance society; have been reclaimed from the paths of the destroyer; have laid up money which before they threw away, and have abandoned every vicious habit. More than this, he has reason to rejoice in the fact that God has honored him as the instrument of leading some of these brave and hardy men to the Saviour of sinners; and they, now, instead of being a curse among the people wherever they go, are ready, as faithful Christians, to proclaim the words of salvation in every port whither the winds of heaven may waft them.

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Increase of the Sheet Anchor.

We trust it is with feelings of devout gratitude to God, that we again acknowledge His gracious smiles on our paper. The increase of its circulation, for several months past, has been very encouraging. We now print 4500 copies, with additions, on an average, of 200 a month. It is our aim to reach 6000 the present year, and eventually 20,000.

The more extensive our circulation, with God's blessing, the more good we can accomplish. We already send to different missionary stations, foreign chaplaincies, and ships of war abroad. At this moment the Sheet Anchor is perhaps being read on board vessels and at ports in the most distant quarters of the globe. A young sailor-friend now sitting by us, expresses the great pleasure he felt on first seeing the paper while afloat in the Mediterranean. May it thus be borne by the hands of our brother sailors to every clime on earth!

A WORD TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Now is a good time to pay up arrears. The last number completes the half year of the second volume. Will our friends overhaul the log book of their memories a little? We suspect some will find they are a trifle out of their reckoning. If our observations do not deceive us, several hundreds of our readers owe us a dollar each. Square the yards, good friends—square the yards!

New Bethel in Boston.

Another meeting for seamen, under the control of members of the Free Will Baptist denomination, was commenced in Boston a few Sabbaths since. The chapel is over the Quincy Market, near old Fanenil Hall, and is a neat, commodious, airy room. It was well filled on the day of its dedication to the good cause of the sailor, and numerous audiences have attended since. The venerable Elder JOHN BUZZEL, one of the fathers in the ministry of his church, officiated in the ded-

icatory services, assisted by Elder J. M. BUZZEL, his son, and J. W. HOLMAN, of this city. The following appropriate hymn was sung on the occasion:

THE SAILOR'S BETHEL.

BY ELDER J. W. HOLMAN.

O God of our salvation!
On whom we love to call,
We come from every nation,
To worship in this hall.
And while we wait before Thee,
And lift our voice in praise,
Hear! O thou God of glory!
The Anthems that we raise.

Our hearts are full of gladness;
For lo! the day has come,
When brethren, long in sadness,
Have found a joyful home:
When strangers, long neglected,
Within thy courts appear.
And seamen, unprotected,
May find a welcome here.

O God! thy light is beaming
Above the noon-day sun!
And tears of joy are streaming,
O'er conquests Thou hast won!
Benighted seamen craving
The light the gospel brings;
And Bethel flags are waving
"Aloft," like angel's wings.

Here then the weary stranger,
May come and pray, and sing,
And seamen saved from danger,
Their wives and children bring;
And when the winds are howling
On kindred, "far at sea,"
Our hearts with love still glowing,
O God, we'll lift to Thee.

And when life's "voyage" is ended,
And all its storms are o'er,
And Zion's "crew" are landed,
On Canaan's peaceful "shore,"
O then, may ransomed millions,
From graves 'neath ocean's foam,
Embrace their wives and children
In their eternal home.

Elder J. M. BUZZEL has the pastoral care of this new enterprize of mercy. In a note to us, he says, "Our meetings are quite interesting. We are praying for a revival of God's work, and the salvation of souls, and confidently hope to see the desire of our hearts in the return of many blood-bought souls to Christ, who shall follow Him as their 'Captain,' until they reach the heavenly port."

Trip to Maine.

We had the pleasure of making a flying visit to our sister State a few days since, and return much pleased with the country, and the prospects of the sailor's cause. We visited Portland, Bangor, Frankfort and Bath. Our stay in each place was short, but we met many friends of the sailor. At Portland the prospects for the erection of a new and more convenient chapel are improving. Rev. Mr. BOURNE, the chaplain there, is laboring assiduously in his good work. The increasing circulation of the Sheet Anchor in Maine and elsewhere, we intend shall render him "some service." He will write for us as often as possible, and we hope other friends of seamen in Maine will do the same.

At Bangor, we had a large meeting. This port is fairly entitled to a chapel, and we shall do all in our power to erect one there. At times nearly 200 vessels are in Bangor, some of them bound to distant lands.

The moral improvement of their crews is a matter of great moment. Temperance has already done much for some of them, but Christianity can do more for them all. We hope to hear good tidings often from Bangor.

In Bath there are several active friends of the cause. Rev. Mr. NORR, formerly chaplain at Buffalo, is pastor of one of the churches. He is doing what he can to advance the great work. His correspondence will be valuable. We addressed the State Congregational Conference, at this place, and learned that another plea had been made for the sailor before we arrived. The seaman's cause has many firm friends in this Conference, and throughout the "Polar Star State." May they all be up and doing; for Oh! how rapidly are the poor sailors plunging into the dread ocean of eternity!

Our tour was rendered the more pleasant by the kind attentions of the gentlemen connected with the steamers "Charter Oak" and "Huntress." Persons travelling East, may with the utmost confidence bestow on them their patronage.

Marine Painting.

We call the special attention of our subscribers to the following card. The gentleman named is one of the Managers of the Bethel Union. Specimens of his painting may be seen in the Commercial Street Chapel, and in our private office, at the house of Dr. J. CULLEN AYER, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets. We should be glad to have our friends, and especially officers of vessels, call and examine these paintings. Mr. Drew certainly has skill in his beautiful calling, and, what is better, a warm heart for the sailor.

A CARD.

The Subscriber has been, for several years, engaged in Marine Painting, and during that time has painted a large number of vessels, of different descriptions, for ship-owners, ship-masters, and others of this city.

Particular attention is paid to painting true Likenesses of Ships, Barques, Steamers, Pilot and Pleasure Boats. Also, Shipwrecks, Storms, &c., correctly painted.

Orders from abroad faithfully executed.

C. DREW, 18 Court Street, Boston.

Correspondence.

Articles from Elder J. M. BUZZEL, W. R. BLISS, Rev. C. W. ROCKWELL, Rev. C. STEWART, and others, will be forthcoming in future numbers. Rev. Mr. KENNEY, formerly chaplain at Key West, will continue his favors. His letter was mislaid during our absence, or it should have been inserted entire. A communication from the friends in Providence, R. I., inviting the proposed Seamen's Chaplains' Convention there, is deferred until we can hear from Baltimore. A previous understanding had been given that the meetings would be held in the Monumental City.

Mr. GEORGE L. CORBURN, a sailor-agent for the Sheet Anchor, writes from New Haven, Conn., desiring to be remembered to his friends among the sons of the ocean. He cheers them on to "rally," as he says, "under that banner, whose waving folds proclaim peace and happiness to the long neglected tar. May God in mercy protect the sailor from those who have so long feasted upon them—who stand at the gangways, ready to pounce on the sterling sons of Neptune."

Rev. J. S. REYNOLDS, of Poplar Grove, Va., formerly a sailor, writes to his friend, Capt. GELSTON, of New York, that his labors are blessed of God. He says, "I am now entirely in the Lord's work, and He is prospering it all around. Since I left my school, I have been enabled to travel near 1500 miles, preach 125 sermons, attend 11 prayer meetings, make 10 temperance addresses, visit 80 families, baptize 38 willing converts, and see a number of my spiritual children gathered into the churches. Pray for me, my honored brother, that I may be kept humble, and useful." Such is the spirit of a converted sailor. May Heaven send many more into the world!

New York Female Bethel Union.

The anniversary of this institution, which sustains the new Bethel on the corner of Cherry and Pike Streets, was celebrated in New York last week. We shall insert the particulars in our next number. The chapel is progressing well. Preparations are made for building. Collections and subscriptions will not fail to accomplish the object. Our friends in New York are thus setting a good example before Bostonians. Let it be improved.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.—We have been shown a letter from Capt. Richardson, stating that the "Sheet Anchor" is more eagerly sought after than any paper received at the New York Sailor's Home.

Verbal testimonies of a similar character are frequently saluting our ears.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.
MOSES GRANT, Esq., Cambridge Street.

REV. SETH BLISS, Tract Depository, Cornhill.
" W. B. TAPPAN, American S. S. Union Depository, Cornhill.

DEA. T. THWING, City Missionary, 96 Washington St.
BENJAMIN ABRAHAMS, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.

REV. J. M. BUZZEL, Chaplain of the new Seamen's Bethel, over Quincy Market.

REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Haver and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,
General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

FINE ARTS IN THE U. S. NAVY.—A painting, by Lieut. Flagg, of the U. S. Navy, of a scene in the island of Madagascar, had been placed in the exhibition of the Academy in Rio de Janeiro, (South America,) and was attracting a good deal of attention. The emperor and empress each took a fancy to it, as well on account of the novelty of the scene represented, as of the manner of its execution; and the former evinced the sincerity of his commendations by expressing a wish to purchase it for his gallery at the palace of San Christoval. This being communicated to the artist, he declined receiving any remuneration for the picture, except the honor which the emperor would do him by accepting it. It was accordingly presented and accepted; and the emperor, through his high chamberlain, returned his acknowledgments to Mr. Flagg in a highly complimentary letter.

Of 380 men and boys, comprising the crew of the United States frigate Cumberland, now on the Mediterranean station, less than 20 draw their spirit rations.

THE SANDWICH ISLAND COMMISSIONERS, Messrs. Hallileo & Richards, visited and were received on board the ship of war North Carolina, and at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, with a national salute, and every other attention due to their high character as the representatives of an independent nation.

THE IRON STEAM CUTTER for the Revenue service on this station, is now in a state of forwardness at South Boston, and is well worth looking at, being the first vessel of the kind built in this section of the country. We hope to see her launched soon, and in command of the indefatigable Capt. STURGIS.

A sailor, said to belong to the United States sloop of war John Adams, by the name of Zebulon Andrews, was drowned, a few days since, in the dock, south side of Lewis' wharf. Physicians were called, but he was found to be past recovery. While attending the man, Dr. Ayer had his pocket picked of a pocket case of surgical instruments.

The brig Georgiana, in going down the harbor, ran over a boat belonging to the United States ship Ohio, in which five apprentices were dragging for a stanchion; one of them, we regret to learn, named William A. Strong, was so severely injured that he died soon after he was taken aboard the ship.

DIFFERENCE OF LONGITUDE DETERMINED BY MORSE'S TELEGRAPH.—Among the wonderful developments of the new Telegraph, says the National Intelligencer, one has just come to light which will be regarded in the world of science as deeply interesting. Professor Morse suggested to the distinguished Arago, in 1839, that the Electro Magnetic Telegraph would be the means of determining the difference of longitude between places with an accuracy hitherto unattained.

Report of the United States Marine Hospital, Chelsea.

For the quarter ending June 30, 1844.

Sick or disabled seamen in Hospital, April 1, . . .	23
Received during the quarter,	131
Discharged, cured or relieved,	115
Died,	2
Remaining, March 31st,	39
	154

Names of Deceased.

Augustus F. Kruger, aged 27, born in Volna, Prussia.
George Stevens, " 47, " in New York City.

J. BACON, Steward,

Chelsea, June 30, 1844.

The great gun, manufacturing under the supervision of Capt. Stockton, for the Princeton, will be finished by August.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of JAMES YORK, of Exeter, N. H., 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, by trade a stone cutter; went to sea in a whale ship from New Bedford, in 1830. Address Mrs. MARY YORK, Exeter, N. H.

Also, of JOSEPH LOCK SHAW, of the same place, 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, and by trade a currier; went to sea in a whale ship, in December, 1832. Address Mrs. SARAH SHAW, Exeter, N. H.

Also, of JAMES STAR, of Burlington, Vt., medium stature, dark complexion and black hair, by trade a shoe maker; went a whaling from New Bedford, in 1835. Direct information to Mrs. JANE STAR, Plainfield, Conn.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

ROCKS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.—J. B. Williams, Esq. United States Consul at the Bay of Islands, has furnished the following to the New Bedford Mercury:

Having obtained accurate information of three dangerous rocks in the juxtaposition with the Curtis Islands, in the South Pacific ocean, I deem it my duty to publish in as concise and succinct a form as may be, conveniently, for the benefit of mariners. The position of these dangers lies directly in the track of ships cruising for sperm whales; in the parallels of latitude of 31° 14' S., and the longitude of 17° 8' W., bearing E. N. E. by compass from the French Rock, about 45 miles distant; said to be 12 feet water on it; but no breakers were discerned.

The second rock was discovered in the latitude of 31° 17' S., and in the longitude of 17° 9' W., bearing W. N. W. from the French Rock, 10 miles distant; just a wash with the surface of the sea; and breaks high in boisterous weather.

The third danger was observed in the latitude of 31° 20' S., and in the longitude of 17° 23' E., bearing W. from the French Rock, about 133 miles distant, and heavy breakers were discerned when the surface is roughened by the wind.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Letters received at Holmes' Hole, from Capt. Merry, of ship Macon, of that port, dated Isle of France, March 16, reports the loss of that vessel on the 22d of February last; having been driven from her anchors in a hurricane, on to a reef off Fort George, while lying in the outer roads, harbor of Isle of France. Vessel a total loss; her oil was mostly saved.

The ship Albion, Capt. Jenney, of Fairhaven, on the 14th of March, lat. 43° 30' S., long. 50° 20' E., spoke ship Nimrod, Rogers, of Sag Harbor, and Captain K. being sick, Capt. Jenney went on board. When returning, saw whales, one of which he struck; the boat was stove, and Capt. J. lost. He was not seen after the boat was stove, and probably was injured by the whale, and sunk immediately.

Bark tonia, of Eastport, Parritt, from New York for Laguayra, was lost on the Roques, about 22d April last. The greater part of the cargo would be saved, although in a damaged state. Vessel insured. The schr. Tacon had been chartered to proceed to the wreck and take her cargo to Laguayra.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In the city of New York, 26th ult., His Excellency JOHN TYLER, President of the United States, to Miss JULIA, daughter of the late DAVID GARDINER, Esq.

In Auburn, N. Y., Hon. CHARLES J. FOLGER, of Geneva, to Miss SUSAN R., daughter of the late Capt. CHS. B. WORTH, of Nantucket.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Paxton, Mrs. MARY L., wife of Capt. FREEMAN ELLIS, formerly of Plymouth, aged 39 years.

In Norfolk, Va., Capt. LIFE HOLDEN, a native of Massachusetts, aged 60 years.

At Cape Elizabeth, Capt. EBEN. WEBSTER, aged 68.

In Halifax, Capt. EBENEZER FULLER, aged 61 years.

At Ascension, Nov. 29, while on the passage from the Coast of Africa to Brazil, Capt. WALTER B. WHITING, master of schooner Boston, of Salem.

In Calcutta, on board ship Dorchester, in Oct. last, of cholera, Mr. J. EVANS, 2d mate, and OTIS THRASHER, seaman, of Taunton, Mass.

GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. SILAS BAILEY. GEORGE L. COBURN.
" DANIEL WISE.

Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

Savings Banks for Seamen.—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street; Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Fore Street, near Exchange Street.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor.

Boston Bethel Union. Rev. Charles W. Denison, Chaplain, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. E. Mudge.

Providence. R. L. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark. N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

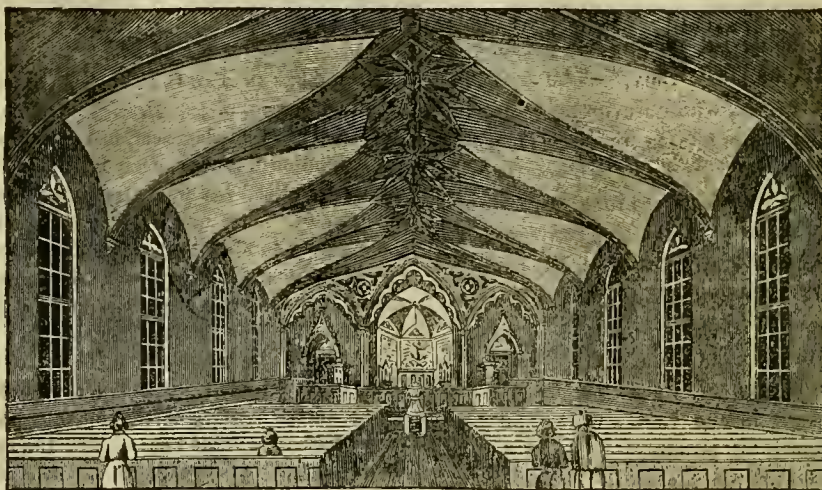
Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Vates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

New Orleans. No. 14, Levee Street.

NEW YORK FLOATING CHAPEL.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, FOR SEAMEN.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me. Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.; Thomas J. Watkins, 67 Cherry Street.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcorn.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertsnn, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

Boarding for American Mates in Havre, France. Mrs. Phene and Son, No. 20, Quai Lombardie; Mrs. Latham, No. 44, Quai Lombardie.

A Temperance Boarding-House for Seamen and others, is kept by Thomas Goodman, No. 20, Great Howard Street, Liverpool.

Chaplains for Seamen in Foreign Ports.

Oahu, Honolulu.—Rev. Samuel C. Damon.

Havre, France.—Rev. F. E. Adams.

Lahuna, Sandwich Islands.—The Am. Missionaries.

Singapore.—The American Missionaries.

Cronstadt.—Rev. ———

Sydney, New South Wales.—Rev. M. T. Adam.

Sailor's Magazine.—The Sailor's Magazine is published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their Office, No. 71, Wall Street, New York, and is devoted to the improvement of the social and moral condition of seamen. It is issued monthly; contains thirty-two pages octavo. Price \$1 50, a year, payable in advance.

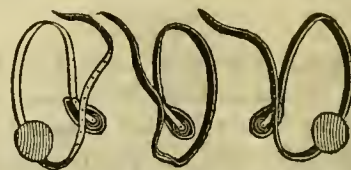
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Also, **ROSE-WOOD and MAHOGANY DESKS,** of 12, 14, 16, and 18 inches in length, plain and inlaid, for Ladies or Gentlemen's use, comprising at all times, the largest and best assortment in the city.

Also, leather covered **NEPLUS DESKS,** or **PORTMAN-TEAU;** Roll up and Portfolio **WRITING CASES,** for travelling purposes; **DRESSING CASES;** **POCKET BOOKS** and **WALLETS;** **TABLETS** and **MEMORANDUM BOOKS;** **MARSH'S MANIFOLD LETTER WRITERS;** **STATIONERY;** **SCHOOL and BLANK BOOKS,** of every description, comprising almost every variety of articles in the line—at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices.

Shipmasters, Seamen, and all others, in want, are respectfully invited to call at **MARSH'S** Paper and Stationery Warehouse, No. 77 Washington Street, Joy's Building.
3m May 18.



JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved **TRUSSES** at his old Stand, No. 305, Washington Street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, (up stairs.)

Also, **DR. CHAPIN'S SUPPORTERS,** for Prolapsus Uteri; **TRUSSES,** for Prolapsus Ani; **SUSPENSORY BAGS,** **KNEE CAPS,** **BACK BOARDS,** **STEELED SHOES,** for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and made to answer, oftentimes, as well as new. The Subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Dr. Fletcher's Truss, and **Marsh's Truss,** **Dr. Hull's Truss,** and **Thompson's Ratchett Truss,** and the **Shaker's Rocking Trusses,** may be had at this Establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of **Dr. Chapin's Supporters,** or **Trusses,** will be waited upon by his wife, **Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER,** who has had ten years experience in the business.

JAMES F. FOSTER.

May 4.

PRINTING,

IN ITS PLAIN AND FANCY VARIETY,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE

SHEET ANCHOR OFFICE.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844. No. 14.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not *sectarian*, devoted exclusively to the CAUSE OF SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Another good article from our new sailor correspondent.

"Hope on—Hope ever!"

A SKETCH OF THE SEA—By W. R. BLISS.

"You'd better turn out and prepare for the worst!" Thus spoke the skipper of a well found brig, but one week out from Boston, and lying to under bare poles in a winter's gale on our coast. We were passengers; and the storm which had been raging with unmitigated fury for the past three days, had confined us to our cabin and berths, wet, cold and uncomfortable from the severity of the weather, and the constant influx of salt water oozing through the deck-lights and ceilings upon us. The companion way closed after the captain as he left us for the deck, and what a rush of thoughts and emotions darted across our minds as he departed!—"Prepare for the worst!" His well-tryed nautical skill he now felt was outrivalled; and he knew that all within his power had been effected to weather the gale. But he felt it to have been uselessly expended, for unless the weather should soon assume a more favorable aspect, he felt that we were gone! we were lost! It was my first time upon the deep, and how I felt as I heard those words, no tongue can tell. Here, upon the angry ocean, within a short distance from home and friends, who little dreamt of our peril—

here we were summoned to "prepare for the worst!" Here, away from all mortal aid—alone—companionless—we might find a grave! How distinctly the past—the long-forgotten past—came to view! How clearly all our spent lives, their transactions, their events appeared and stared before us! How I remembered my parting adieu to friends on shore—the last hearty shake of the hand—the gaily-spoken farewell!

Again the companion-way opened, and the captain entered, his oiled trowsers and water proof coat dripping with the water which tried hard to penetrate them—laying down an axe upon the floor, and removing his "sou'wester," he seated himself by the table over which swung the lantern, vibrating to and fro with the rollings and plungings of the vessel.

"It blows hard! terribly hard! and we shall have to cut away, if it don't lull soon!"

Shut up as we were in our little cabin, we could easily and distinctly realize the truth of his assertion. The groaning beams and bulk-heads—the shrill piping and screaming of the fierce winds playing among the tautened rigging—the constant dismal clanking of the pumps and the cries, "Does she suck yet?" "No, sir!" all too plainly told that indeed it did blow hard.

On what a brittle thread hangs human life! It only wanted one more such sea as that which struck us last, to send us down, down into eternity, with none to tell our fate! It only wanted one favorable omen in the heavens to tell us "HOPE ON!" There we sat, calmly awaiting our destiny, yet hoping; dreading to cut away the masts, thinking the gale might soon abate, and then we should feel the loss of them much—fearing to carry them, lest they should unawares plunge themselves over the side and become entangled upon us. Oh, how it blew! The maddened winds sending the boiling spray high upon the yards and rigging, and there congealing till no rope or block could be worked—the men, weary and exhausted, laboring hard at the pumps, many of them frosted, and all of them wet and chilled through, no

fire, no food, no dry clothing, nothing to cheer, nothing to relieve or console them—nothing, but HOPE! Oh! how far hope goes in misery's last extremity! We hoped it would soon moderate, and we had reason, since for the last three days and nights the fury of the gale had known no cessation or abatement.

"But hark, it lulls!"—how joyful was every heart and every countenance! The pump-brakes flew more merrily—the men bent to the stroke with more of life and energy—it was the kindling up of HOPE! It lulled, it was for a moment only, and again broke upon us the wild deafening roar and rage of the furious elements. They had only retired together in greater fury, and the demoniac rage with which they again broke upon us almost extinguished hope's flickering spark.

"Clear away the main hatches!" shouted the captain, as he reached the deck; and like tigers to their prey so rushed the men to the hatch bars as he spoke; and soon floated to leeward the bales and boxes which had lain beneath them. Once more it lulled! The hatches were put on. It was a little longer than the last, and more moderately broke the gale again. Yet it was as much as our noble craft could stagger under, for her creaking timbers too plainly told the struggle she contended. It moderated! all was anxiety—hope—doubt. Again the danger was eminent. Those fearful lulls at first so welcome, now so treacherous, swinging us off and on in the trough of the sea, where with tremendous lurches our over-strained bark would plunge her head under the mountain masses of waves, and rising from their fearful embrace deluged with seas that swept, as they rolled aft, water casks, spare yards, hen coops, and every thing lashed, into the lee scuppers, and like baubles tossed them over her side.

"Clear away the main-topsail rigging, and get that close reefed main-topsail on her!"

Cheerily flew the men aloft to the topsail yard, and soon was spread the close reefed sail, under which we ran—now stooping low—

now soaring high—as we flew on the crests of the surges which arose around and chased behind in the vain endeavors to engulf and overwhelm us in our flying course. On we flew, and after us closely followed the disappointed billows, breaking and combing fearfully and majestically under our stern.—It continued to moderate, the fore tack was boarded, and sail after sail was again sheeted home, as the force of the wind decreased. At daylight the next morning, we were once more to our course, with a fair breeze and thankful hearts for our providential deliverance from so impending a destruction as that which awaited us but yesterday.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Letter from a Teetotal Mate.

Brig EMERALD, Gray's Wharf, }
BOSTON, June 2, 1844. }

MR. DENISON,

Respected Sir,—I am at present residing at the Mariner's House, and have called several times at your counting room, but have not been able to meet with you. Annexed you will find a few lines which I have copied from one of my old log books now in possession of Mrs. JOHN HOAR, lady of the proprietor of the Providence Seamen's Home. The circumstances under which they were written, were simply these: having been detained by an adverse wind, some two years since in Narraganset bay, we determined to invite several of the ladies from the neighboring shore to a temperance tea party on board the brig, upon the afternoon of one of the days we were there detained: and among the company was a young lady to whom they were addressed, but without her knowledge then or now; they were simply annexed in the log book, after noting the proceedings of the day. Should you deem them worthy of an insertion in your valuable little sheet, please notice that they are from a boarder at the Providence Seamen's Home, now residing at the Mariner's House of this city.

Adieu, adieu, a fond adieu,

The first, the last, between us broken;
Offspring of friendship yet so new,
I almost blush to find it spoken.

This sad adieu springs from a heart
That owns the deepest thrill of feeling;
Unknown to cold deceit or art,
Affection every throes revealing.

Alas, alas, we part so soon,
I just can say that I have met thee;
I cannot claim affection's boon,
Nor yet through life can I forget thee.

All time's untravelled trackless sea,
O'er which life's bark so frail is fleet,
Holds not in all its caves for me,
A joy more pure than our brief meeting.

PYTHIAS.

I also find, seven months after, noted upon the same log book, the first return of the brig since the tea party, that in passing up the bay with a fine breeze, when some distance below the point of land where most of the ladies and gentlemen resided who composed the party, her signal was recognized, and several welcomed our return by waving their handkerchiefs and hats; the shore being bold, the water tall, and a strong free wind, we passed within a few yards of the promontory upon which they and the light house stood. In conclusion of the log of that day is the following lines, to the tune of *Araby's Daughter*.

All hail! all hail to thee, W—, fair daughter,
Thou art beauteous to look upon, comely to see;
Not the star-fish that sparkles beneath the blue water,
Can vie with the light of them eyes' brilliancy.

The stranger who visits your bright happy dwelling,
Must freely his tribute of gratitude pay;
Show forth your bright virtues with life's latest feeling,
Those virtues resplendent as Sol's brightest ray.

Thou art dear to my heart as its innermost fibre,
Each pulse of my bosom will throb thy dear name;
Thy face is translucent, a bright polished mirror,
An index of heaven, that reignest within.

Your smiles will make easy my life's weary voyage,
And shed a mild halo o'er death's closing scene;
Will gild and illumine the uncertain passage
Of my spirit's frail bark on Eternity's stream.

There are a considerable number of pieces contained in these "old log books," upon various subjects, but mostly upon temperance, growing out of the incidents of every day, and noted at the time. Should you deem them worthy of publication, I will continue to send them from the Home at Providence occasionally. Your ob't serv't,

JAMES ELDER, of Ind.

For the Sheet Anchor.

A Temperance Tar in New Orleans.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir, having been in Mobile a short time since, I had the pleasure of attending several temperance meetings in company with several ship masters and other seamen; and I feel proud when I inform you that the speakers in all of them were seamen, members of temperance societies in New York and Boston. Among them were ship-masters and the sailor before the mast. At the anniversary meeting of the Mobile Temperance Society, I am sorry to say, there was not a landsman found to speak a word in favor of the good cause; but the sailor was there and we had three excellent speeches from them. Two of them were masters, the other a sailor before the mast, a native of Boston, who spoke very well and gave the landsmen some sharp rubs, as did the others also. Indeed, I think that the sailors are likely to do a great deal of good in that country; they are carrying the war into the enemy's camp.—Whole ships' crews going to these meetings

from the captain down, determined to carry the cause of temperance on in spite of the many obstacles thrown in their way. Not only temperance, but religion is carrying its healthful influence into these far-off places by the sailors instrumentality.

I was in a Bethel meeting for prayer, where there might have been twenty sailors present, when a Rev. gentleman said he would like to know how many there were of the sons of the ocean who loved Jesus; and there were ten who rose instantly and confessed, and owned their blessed Saviour as their strong hold and sure defence. These things I write to let you know what good you are doing, you, and the rest of God's people, who are interested for seamen.—Every one you send out from Boston—a sober, religious man—is a missionary both of religion and temperance.

Go on, then, my dear sir, and you may depend that you will do much good. May God bless you, and all the members of the temperance societies. Yours, sincerely,

WM. BLACKSTONE,

A member of the Boston Marine Temp. Soc'y.
Rev. C. W. DENISON.

Dr. Elliott.

The Editor of the New York Organ speaks in the following terms of a celebrated lecturer. We have invited him to visit Boston.

We went to the Mariner's Church, (Roosevelt Street,) on Tuesday evening last, for the purpose of listening to an address from this gentleman, whose fame has gone abroad as the great, original, terror to the rumselling gentry; and we can assure our readers that we were not disappointed. The result of his labors on this occasion was an addition to the pledge of forty names. He also addressed a meeting at the "Seamen's Home," on Wednesday evening, when 78 signatures were obtained. The Doctor is a native of the "Buckeye" State, but now resides in Albany. He has been instrumental in doing much good, and always acts upon the principle, (to use his own language,) of never calling soap *sugar*. He has a style peculiar to himself;—at one moment, a universal burst of laughter will shake the walls of the building, and in a twinkling, all will be as still as death—such perfect sway does he exercise over the feelings of his auditory. He is truly an original speaker.

The Temperance Ship.

The Methodist preacher at New Salem, N. H., writes as follows, to the Editor of Zion's Herald:

It is known to some of your readers that the past conference year the Temperance Ship got into a hard gale of stormy passion. Some few of the crew fearing, probably, lest they should get completely shipwrecked in the storm, watched their opportunity, leaped

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

The Sailor's Home.

☞ The able editor of the New York Baptist Advocate makes the following remarks on a late visit he made to the Home, in Cherry Street.

Our visit to this establishment, afforded all the gratification which the order and good management observed on former occasions, led us to anticipate. Captain Richardson, the gentleman who has charge of it, and his excellent lady, appear to be well versed in the character of seamen, and to understand the methods of pleasing the sons of the ocean, at the same time that they exercise over them a salutary restraining influence.

There is one peculiar trait of which they evidently take advantage. The sailor is generally regarded as boisterous and uncontrollable when his pockets are filled with cash, and he is removed from the observation of the officers of his vessel. Yet who hears of a tar disturbing public worship, or any meeting of landsmen respectably conducted? In truth, the seaman has a nice discernment of order, and whenever he is brought under its influence, all the training of his profession disposes him immediately to yield. In scenes of riot and disorder, he may be most riotous and disorderly; but let him be transferred to those of peace and order, and he is another man. It becomes his delight to assist in maintaining that order, especially if he feels that this is expected of him, and that he is regarded as capable of dignified conduct.

To make this plain to those who have not been accustomed very critically to observe the character and conduct of this class of men, and to trace the principles which influence them; let any one recal the fact, which all who have been at sea must have noticed, that a sailor takes the cue of his conduct for a voyage, from the first hour on board. He most readily discerns the difference between a lax and a strict discipline; a scene of careless disorder, or a systematized plan of operations; and, except when very far overcome with liquor, readily conforms himself to the existing state of things.

At the Sailor's Home, the principles alluded to constitute the controlling spirit of the establishment. All things are conducted in order, and the fact strikes the sailor at the very moment of entrance. The aspect of the building, and its accommodations, at once exert a favorable influence over his imagination. He esteems himself the more, because thought worthy of so much attention, and his first impulse is to show himself equal to the elevated position in which he is thus placed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Another Letter from the Swedish Sailor.

Gottenburg, the 10th of April, 1844.
TO CAPT. E. RICHARDSON.

HIGHLY RESPECTED SIR,—

Praised be the Lord, who gives us the victory, through Jesus Christ his Son! O how good it is to have hope in God through Jesus Christ!

I have seen the stately steppings of the Lord, in my travels, the winter past; and O, how impossible it is for me to praise the Lord, or to describe the wonders of his grace! Heaven alone will be the place, and eternity the time where all the wonderous love and power of God will be somewhat told. Surely, no one has more reason for humiliation before God than I; whether I look at my own unfaithfulness, short-comings, and unfitness for his work; or at the undescribable mercy and love wherewithall he compasses me. O that I kold, as I ought, bewail my sins—lay deep in the dust before him who died for sinners—that I might be able to prase him more by word and hart, and deed. I Rejoice to know that You, and all the people of God in America are praying for me. Yes, my brother, many also in Sweden have at last began to pray for you in return, and for the spread of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ among all nations.

I have, this past winter, heard the fathfull Prayers for the heathen, and seen the poor widow cast in her mites. I have myself gathered 64 R. among the poor peasants in the contri last winter for the missionary cause. The Lord is awakening an inkresing desire in the harts of both ministers and People, to save souls both at home and abroad; and although we in Swedland are wary Poor, So that many gifts for the cause are as yet small, still the fire is kindled, and, Glory to God! the work will go forward. Pray for me, that unto me may be granted grace and knowlege, to akt with prudanse, and wisdom, as well as fathfully. We must expekt persecution, however Prudently we will act, in this wold of wickedness. Yet the Lord kan speak to the raging Sea, and hold the winds, that he may seal his elekt. We have great expektations of liberty for the concianse under the king, wo has lately acended the unaited trones of Scandinavia, and most on this account is it that I have concluded not to wisit America before I ferst have seen what the Lord is pleased to Do in Swedland. If it shold be persecution, oca-tioned thro' the government, it will be oca-tion for both me and others to flee to Amer-ika. In the mean time I find it my Duti to stay as long as the Lord pleases to use me as an unworthy means in his hand for the Souls which he has givin me, or almost of them wold be as sheeps without a shepherd, in the medst of wolfs.

overboard, and made their way to another ship of the line; not that they proved traitors to the good cause, but probably took the ship to which they fled to be a swift sailer, and a stronger ship, and thought they should be more safe there. What kind of a voyage they have had, I cannot tell. I leave them to give their own account of it, and return to the old ship, to finish up the history of the rest of the crew, who were resolved to remain on board, sink or swim. To be short, then, we would say, they lived through the storm, and rode safe into harbor. We thought best to make some repairs before we put out again. We did so,—strengthened our pledge (the hull of the ship) so as to exclude the *sale*, as well as the *use* of intoxicating liquors, for in this respect it was before deficient. We found ourselves in a bad fix in consequence of this deficiency; for while the ship lay at anchor in the port, one of the crew went on shore and set up a rum shop near by, and we had no rule that would take hold of him so long as he did not drink himself. But the Almighty, in an awful manner, put a stop to his career. I may, in a future communication, give some account to your readers of the dreadful judgments of God upon this man, but at present I forbear to say further than that he is gone to the spirit land, leaving, in his own hand-writing, a most humble confession to the ship's company of the evil he had done, and a dying warning to his family, enough to melt the hardest heart, entreating them to have nothing to do with any intoxicating thing.

We close up the history of this ship to the present, by saying, we have put her out to sea again, and she now sails well. Another temperance ship—a very swift sailer—has been built during the past winter in the Dock (a place called by that name within the limits of my charge). Many of the people of this place have been greatly noted for their intemperate habits. The good work of reform commenced among the drunkards themselves in a very singular manner. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Most every one—men, women, and children—have gone on board the new temperance ship; have sworn allegiance to her law—which is total abstinence from all intoxicating drink. They now have a very harmonious, pleasant crew of about 175; they hold a temperance meeting every week, and have done so for about three months, most of the time.

BROTHER SAILOR!

Would you be free from wo and atrife?
Then, shipmates! lead a sober life,
Would you give joy to those you love?
Then over board old Atchy shove!
Would you at last be glad in death?
With rum taint not your dying breath.

Yes, brother sailor! it is just so. Ask your own heart if it isn't, and the answer will be yea. So says JACK TEETOTALLEN.

The Rev. Mr. Klaynsmith, in his kindness, translated the report for me. I should like very much to get a good English Dictionary. I lak for that, I am so deficient in the English language. But I hope to improve.

There is now great business going on in Gottenburg. A great Number of Seamen are in port. A blessed time for sowing the seed of life! May the Lord strengthen and lead me.

The Lord has been pleased to allow me the honour of imprisonment a few Days, for the testimony of Jesus. I need not tell You that I never had a happier time than the 4 days I was in Prison. O! how good it is to have given the heart wholly to Jesus! Then it matters not what befalls the body.

"While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

The Lord has pleased to take away my father, aged 68. I cherish the hope that the Lord has plucked him as a brand from the burning. My younger brother is at the present on the brink of eternity thro' sickness; but praise the Lord! if so, he appears to be Ready. I was in a family the other day where the mother and her daughter and son confessed that until they heard unworthy me in a neighboring willige speak of Jesus, they had lived without any concern for their souls. Both the mother and her daughters were changed in their hearts. This happened 4 years ago. Two months after one of the girls died. On her sickbed she spoke of Jesus, exhorted her parents and relations to turn unto the Lord. Her last words were, "I am clean, thro' the blood of Jesus; I am going to him. O! that man would praise the Lord for his wonders among the children of man—may the Lord bless you and all the dear Peppell of God, to whom, and especially to those Respected and beloved brothers in Christ that know me, please to give my warmest Love and greatest respects—I Never can forget you, in my feeble Prayers; O! may You ever remember at a throne of grace you're most unworthy

Brother in Christ,

FREDREK O. NELSON.

P. S. April the 29.

Praiseth be the Lord! Without your Christian efforts the poor Swedish Sailor would as yet be without a compass to guide him over the Sea of life, or a beakon to warn him for the rocks and Sholes of Sin and ruin! But alas! how feeble is Not Your unworthy agent—how unfit to answer your benevolent purpose! Still he tries to do what he can in his feeble way thro' the grace of him who said: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Surely, if the Lord were not my strength and shield, I would long ago

have been crushed down by the way of responsibility that is upon me. But, glory to God! he gives grace according to our day. In the day time I visit alternately the wassels and boarding houses, distributing tracts, selling Bibles and speaking with the People as I pass along, about Repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In the afternoon and evenings I have of late had constant calls at my abode, of Seamen and others who have enquired what they must do to be saved. Glory be to God! his word does not return void. Your Labors of Love, and works of faith are not in vain. Brethering! may the Lord Bless you, and cause you to be more abundant in Your efforts to give the gospel and the Bible to the Sailors—even till the abundance of the Sea shall be converted unto God! Sailors here are beginning to feel that they Not only have Souls, but that Somebody cares for them. Last Sunday we had a Prayermeeting. We were seven, together with a few other Christians from the city, who joined in prayer; and we found that the Lord was amongst us. Seamen and their wives are seen to unite to walk the Narrow road. Captains of wassels with several of their crews are also to be seen in Gottenburg as the followers of him who is meek and lowly of heart, and have thro' him (Christ) found peace to their souls.

To God be all the Glory.

F. O. N.

We have preserved nearly all of the Swedish sailor's phrases and spelling, as more calculated to be remembered by our readers. His letters are like the writer—filled with a rich seasoning of heavenly grace.

It is a source of regret that he is to defer his visit to this country.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

Letter from Elder J. M. Buzzel.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Boston, June 25th, 1844.

BR. DENISON:—

Although a stranger, permit me to say, through the columns of your valuable paper, that I feel myself related to you, in a threefold sense, viz: as a brother in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, as a herald of the free and unbounded grace and mercy of God, manifested to a dying world—and as co-laborer in the common cause of humanity and universal benevolence; more especially as heartily engaged for the salvation of the long neglected class of our fellow-men (though by no means the less important class) the seamen.

It has apparently been the prevailing opinion in Christendom, that the sailor was an

out-cast from society, lost and beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace, destined to move only in his own peculiar limited circle, wear away his life in sin, debauchery and wretchedness, until death should terminate his mortal existence, living and dying, in all human probability, unreformed and unsaved. Under the influence of this opinion how many parents, who appreciating the worth of the soul, and the potency of the means of grace, of which seamen are usually deprived—have been unwilling to consent that their sons should become seafaring men, supposing, that by so doing, they must give them up as lost, spiritually if not temporally! But I rejoice that a brighter day has dawned upon the sons of the ocean. The calm and subduing voice of Him, who amid the fury of the raging tempest, said "Peace be still," and whose power was evinced by the instantaneous quiet of the ocean's wave, and the silence of its roar, has been heard by those "That go down to the sea in ships; that do business in great waters;" and many of those who "have seen the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," hearing his peaceful voice, have listened, believed and adored him as their Saviour and God. Much has already been done to reform or improve the morals, promote the happiness, and save the souls of the noble spirited seamen. Notwithstanding so little time has elapsed since the first efforts were made directly in behalf of this class of our fellow-men, much yet remains to be done. The work of reform among the seamen has but just commenced. An effectual door is now opened, and, to me, the prospect of success, in this glorious enterprise, is very encouraging.

The subject of temperance is identified with our enterprise. Our success, under God, in saving the souls of our fellow-seamen, will be in proportion to the extent which temperance principles prevail among them. They are a class of people who have been particularly exposed to this great evil, and from childhood or youth they have imbibed habits of intemperance.

It is now conceded by all, that men's heads must be free from the excitement of alcohol in order that their hearts may be brought under the sanctifying influences of divine grace. Hence the plain duty of every philanthropist, who would be an efficient laborer in moral reform, and in saving souls is marked out. The banner of temperance must be every where unfurled. The hydra-headed monster must be decapitated, the principle of total abstinence be perseveringly promulgated, and enforced by a strict adherence to them by the friends of the cause—the haunts of intemperance broken up, and the poor insulted sailor, who has long been the victim of the merciless rum-sellers, be snatched as a brand from the burning, set

free, restored to sanity, health and his God. This being done, and the most formidable barrier to our success will be removed, and the sublime truths of the blessed gospel will be readily embraced, and those unhappy seamen who now leave our ports for foreign shores, under the stupefying effects of alcohol, scarcely knowing whither they go, will go and return, like men, temperate and sane, sustained on their voyage, not by the deceptive stimulus of alcohol, but by the calming influences of the religion of Jesus,—at peace with God and ever ready to embark for glory.

I am happy to witness the efforts which the friends of seamen are making in regard to this subject. Much has been done already to roll back the black tide of intemperance, and many have, we trust, been saved from the drunkard's fate. Your wharf meetings seem peculiarly calculated to promote the interests of the cause.

Many of those persons, whom you most desire to be present at temperance meetings, and who seem to avoid attending other temperance meetings at halls, &c., detained by awe or shame, will assemble on the wharves at your temperance meetings, and who, I humbly trust, will yet realise the amount of evil they are daily producing, and considering the tremendous weight of guilt which will hang upon their souls forever, unless they repent and abandon their unhallowed traffic. My humble influence shall be felt on the side of temperance while I live. My soul is fired with zeal for the salvation of the noble and generous hearted seamen. I have consecrated soul, body and spirit to the service of God, and shall labor to save them from ruin.

Let me say in conclusion, that the prospects for our new Bethel meeting, are very encouraging. Our beautiful airy hall is nearly filled on the Sabbath.

Yours for the seamen,

JAMES M. BUZZELL.

P. S. I ought, in justice to my feelings, say something in behalf of your paper. It is just the paper needed, as an auxilliary, in carrying forward the enterprise to which it is judiciously devoted. Although I am now publisher of another religious paper, and interest would prompt me to extend its circulation, still I shall feel interested in extending the circulation of the "Sheet Anchor," as all seamen, and others interested for their welfare, should have a paper especially devoted to their cause.

J. M. B.

☞ We had the pleasure of addressing a temperance meeting in Elder BUZZELL's chapel last Sunday evening. The audience was large, and deeply interested in the cause of the sailor.

Let such houses of worship be multiplied.—There is room for them—and more—and we rejoice that the good work is progressing so as to require them.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

☞ The friends of the sailor will all be encouraged by the following. It is a new proof of what Christian ladies are doing for the neglected mariner.

"Blest be that voice now heard afar
O'er the dark, rolling sea."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Sixth Annual Report

Of the LADIES' SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
Saxonville, Mass.

Another year has passed, and on this our sixth Anniversary occasion, we would look back and review the past, and in presenting this our Annual Report, feel that we have great reason for gratitude for the good degree of interest that has been manifested by the members of this Society, in their uniform and constant attendance on all its meetings.

Six years since a few individuals who felt a deep interest in the cause of seamen, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to the character and condition of the sailor, and what might be done for his benefit.

The number of those who compose this Society have increased, and the interest felt has been a growing and permanent one.—Something has been done from year to year to assist in providing religious instruction, and other means of improvement and elevation to those who have formerly been left to wander abroad without any to care for their souls.

Although it is not our privilege to report any particular facts as the immediate fruits of our efforts and prayers, it is encouraging to learn, as we often do, that God is doing wonders among this interesting portion of our fellow men, and of the influence of religious instruction communicated by means of those who are associated together for the benefit of sailors.

Forty-nine dollars have been forwarded by this society to the American Seamen's Friend Society, twenty dollars of which was to constitute a life membership, and twenty-five dollars to procure a library for seamen, which was placed on board of a ship, and which, we trust, has been followed by the prayers of many a Christian heart that its good influence may be felt by all who may have access to it. Twenty dollars were appropriated to assist in building a chapel at Havre. Twenty dollars have also been forwarded to the Seamen's Friend Society at Boston, to constitute a life membership of that Society.

Let us in view of the cheering intelligence which we are from time to time receiving, and of the command "cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it again after

many days," persevere in our efforts and prayers that the abundance of the sea may be converted to God; and may he so bless our labors that we may all meet at last, together, with many sons of the ocean who have been saved through our instrumentality, in heaven.

ELIZA J. H. RIPLEY, Sec'y.

Saxonville, Mass. 1844.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

Different kinds of Ships.

In "Three Months at Sea," the following conversation takes place between a father and his little son:

"Papa," said Philip, "I am sure I should be much puzzled to remember the names of all the different kinds of ships, and what they are each like; for when we were in the Thames, I noticed such a great variety!"

"I am not going to give you a long list of names, Philip, for I shall only mention a few of the most common, and those which are easily distinguished. But I must tell you, that the word *ship* is not a proper term to be applied to all sorts of vessels; it should only be used when speaking of one with *three masts*. First, then, there is the cutter, the smallest of all decked vessels: it has one mast, and one large, irregular-sided sail —" . "Like a trapezium, papa, with four unequal sides?"

"Yes, Philip; I am glad you remembered that. These cutters are generally very fast sailers, and are employed in pursuing smugglers. One inconvenience attending them is, that, owing to the press of sail which they carry, they *heel-to* so much, as the sailors would say, that they are gunwale under water, and sometimes part of the deck as well; but the hatchways are tightly fastened down, to keep the water out of the cabin, and the men do not mind wetting themselves."

"Papa, will you tell me what you mean by the gunwale?" asked Philip.

"It is the edge of the vessel; and the hatchways, I suppose you know, are the coverings of the cabins."

"O, yes; I have often heard the sailors use that word. But go on, if you please."

"The sloop is a larger vessel than the cutter, though it has but one mast; they are rigged in various ways. The schooner, and the brig, or brigantine, are two-masted vessels; but the brig is generally the larger. The name of brigantine is often given to a light, flat, open vessel, with ten or fifteen oars on each side, carrying sails, and capable of containing one hundred men. The rowers are soldiers, who keep their muskets under the benches, ready for immediate use. They are much used by the pirates, or *brigands*,

who infest the Mediterranean, and from them the name of *brigantine* was derived.—A ship, as I have told you before, has three masts."

"Yes!" cried Philip, in a tone of exultation, "like our good and gallant *ship* the Lotus, which flies along over the waves with her tall and towering masts, and her white sails spread to the wind."

"Bravo, my boy!" exclaimed the captain, who had been for some time striding up and down the deck, apparently in deep thought, from which Philip's animated words had roused him. "Bravo, my boy! So you admire my ship, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Philip; and he blushed at having thus called the captain's attention to himself.

"Well, I hope she will bear you safely across the ocean, that's all; 'tis a good ship that brings us safe to land, you know," said the captain, pursuing his walk.

"Then," continued Mr. Grey, "are all the various kinds of war vessels, from the small, light cutter, to the great man-of-war, in which is displayed all the skill and ingenuity of man."

"First-rate line-of-battle ships carry from one hundred to one hundred and twenty guns; they have three decks or floors. On the lowest of these are placed the largest guns, which are called forty-two pounders, because that is the weight of the balls which they carry. On the middle deck are the twenty-four pounders, and twelve and six pounders are placed on the upper decks.

"These very large vessels require about eight hundred and fifty men to manage them, including officers, marines and sailors.

"A second-rate ship carries ninety guns, and a third-rate from sixty-four to eighty.—These are all called ships of the line, because, during an engagement, they form the *line* of battle.

"All under this size are called frigates; they are usually placed in the rear, or behind the ships of the line, during the fight, where they wait to receive the admiral's orders.—They are built for quick sailing, and carry from twenty to fifty guns."

"Thank you papa, for your descriptions, which I hope to remember."

Language of the Ships.

"O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope in the gale!
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
See, she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds;
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away and away!"

SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

All Hands, Ahoy!

We had a word with old subscribers in our last number about overhauling their log books. Presuming that they have done it, we send the Sheet Anchor out this voyage with a pretty full cargo of bills. They are consigned, in good order and well-conditioned, to the friends of the sailor. We expect to hear forthwith from the consignees.

Agents and others will observe, by looking at the end of each bill, that post masters are authorized, by law, to remit money for mail subscribers free of expense. No one need wait, therefore, for any other opportunity.—Send at once, at our risk.

All hands, ahoy! then. Which agent and subscriber shall we have the pleasure of hearing from first?

Seamens' Chaplains' Convention.

By invitation of the Managers of the Baltimore Union Bethel Society, a Convention of preachers to seamen, and the friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in that city, on Wednesday, October 30th, at 10, A. M.

The objects of the Convention are the following:

1. To make the preachers to seamen better acquainted with each other.
2. To urge the claims of the seamen's cause on the attention of the American people.
3. To aid in establishing new Bethel stations—in protecting the Sabbath from profanation—in sustaining and commencing good boarding houses for seamen—in promoting piety, temperance, and useful knowledge among our sea-faring fellow citizens in this country and throughout the world.

Preachers to seamen, of all denominations, societies devoted to the cause of the sailor, and the friends of that cause every where,

are invited to represent themselves and be represented in the Convention.

The Sailor's Magazine, and other papers friendly to the objects proposed, will please copy this notice, and continue it until the time of meeting.

Rev. Enoch Mudge.

This venerable preacher to seamen has retired from the chaplaincy at New Bedford.—His farewell discourse was preached to a large congregation in Rev. Mr. JACKSON'S church.

Father MUDGE is succeeded by Rev. MOSES HOWE. May the blessing of the sailor's God be upon them both!

The following appropriate hymn was sung at the late anniversary of the N. York B. Female Bethel Union. Extracts from the able report of the Society are in type, and will appear in the next Sheet Anchor:

The Sailor's Cry.

By Mrs. C. H. PUTNAM.

TUNE—"From Greenland's icy mountains."

From many a noble vessel
That plows the mountain wave;
From many a throng'd fore-castle,
Where crowds the reckless brave;
From many a gallant whaler
That lies a hopeless wreck;
Where clings the dying sailor
To spar, or mast, or deck;—

From darker scenes of evil
That meet him on the shore;
Where vice and ruin revel
At many an open door—
The seamen's cry is sounding
Loudly in every ear;
The Christian landsmen rousing
To bring salvation near.

Shall we who dwell securely,
At ease upon the land,
And taste the blessings freely
That rise on every hand.
Shall we forget the sailor
Who plows for us the deep,
And for the landsman's favor
Their anxious vigils keep?

Shall we, who feast so richly
On Zion's choicest stores;
For whom so full and freely
She opens all her doors;
Withhold in cruel hardness,
The help we might extend,
And to his spirit's sadness,
The news of peace not send?

Shall Scotland's fearless daughter
The stormy ocean brave
When kindly nature taught her
The sailor's life to save;
While Zion's daughters suffer
His precious soul to sink,
And move nought to deliver
From ruin's fearful brink?

Oh! for the Spirit's fire
To warm each christian heart;
A gracious zeal inspire,
And love divine impart!
Then shall the song of gladness
From Bethel temples rise;
And hearts which mourned in sadness,
Send praises to the skies.

New York, June 17, 1844.



THE SONG.

The Voice of Poetry: the Voice of the Sea.

Lesson of the Sea.

Go down unto the sea,
Where white winged navies ride,
Whose mighty pulses heave so free,
In strong, mysterious tide:
Within whose coral cells,
Where sunless forests creep,
So many a wandering child of earth
Hath laid him down to sleep.

Go forth unto the sea,
And at the break of morn,
Teach its young waves the words of prayer
Before the day is born—
And when the night grows dim,
Beguile the billows wild,
With the holy hush of thine evening hymn,
As the mother lulls her child.

Go—bow thee to the sea—
When the booming breakers roar,
And a meek-hearted listener be,
To all their fearful lore—
And learn, where tempests lower,
Their lesson from the wave—
“One voice alone can curb our power,
One arm alone can save.”

Go—homeward, from the sea—
When its trial hour is past,
With deeper trust in Him who rules
The billow and the blast—
And when the charms of earth
Around thy bosom creep,
Forget not, in thy time of mirth,
The wisdom of the deep.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE HUDSON, advertised to be sold in New York, on Saturday last, was bought in by the government for \$5000. \$4500 was bid by a gentleman from Hudson, who designed to keep her as a relic, moored off the city of his residence.

COMPARATIVE PAY IN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVY.—

Per annum.	British Navy.	American do.
Captain, second rate,	\$3,350	\$3,500
Captain, fourth rate,	2,393	2,500
Commanders,	1,447	2,300
Lieutenants, 7 years,	951	1,800
Lieutenants,	874	1,800
Mates,	312	750
Midsipmen,	149 76	700
Gunners, &c., average,	490	680
Seamen, ration included,	106	144

THE WESTERN HARBOR BILL, containing an appropriation of \$20,000, for continuing the works in the harbor of Oswego, has received the signature of the president, and become a law.

PORT OF BOSTON.—Arrivals and Clearances during the month of June:

Arrivals.—14 ships, 30 barks, 145 brigs, 611 schooners, 21 sloops; total 821. Foreign, 9 ships, 16 barks, 64 brigs, and 147 schooners; total 236. Coastwise, 5 ships, 14 barks, 81 brigs, 464 schrs. and 21 sloops; total 575.

Of the above, 4 barks, 14 brigs, 124 schooners, were British; 1 brig Sicilian; 1 bark Prussia; 1 brig Dutch; 1 brig Hamburg; and the remainder American.

Clearances.—25 ships, 37 barks, 120 brigs, 299 schooners, 9 sloops; total 490. Foreign, 6 ships, 21 barks, 39 brigs, and 135 schooners; total 201. Coastwise, 19 ships, 16 barks, 81 brigs, 164 schrs. and 9 sloops; total 289.

Of the above, 5 barks, 12 brigs, 127 schooners were British; 1 brig Prussian; and the remainder American.

The United States Revenue Cutter *Hamilton*, Capt. Sturgis, has recently undergone extensive repairs and alterations in her hull, and had her rigging re-fitted. She is as swift as an arrow, and as neat as a pin.

Our friend Capt. Sturgis receives the following “life” from the New Bedford Mercury:

JOSIAH STURGIS, Esq., U. S. Revenue Service, formerly in the revenue service on this station, now in command of the *Hamilton*, at Boston, arrived here by the Railroad yesterday morning, and was greeted with hearty welcome by his numerous friends at every step during his brief visit, until the departure of the afternoon train. The captain has apparently thrown off at least some half a score of years since his former residence among us, and instead of the veteran appearance to which his long and honorable service has entitled him, might well be mistaken as perhaps the junior officer in commission.

The establishment of Simon Willard, Jr., in Congress Street, has furnished an elegant chronometer, made at Paris, by Motel, a celebrated artisan. It is a present to Captain H. W. Peabody, who formerly commanded the ship *Constitution*, belonging to W. V. Kent, of this city, from Insurance offices in Paris and Havre—and is a testimony of their respect for his character. Accompanying the chronometer were one thousand dollars. To each of his officers who were present with him on this occasion, the Insurance Offices gave a valuable sextant and circle, of superior workmanship.

Shortest Passage from California.—The ship *California*, Capt. Arther, which arrived at Boston on Sunday, the 30th ult., sailed from San Diego, March 6, thus accomplishing the voyage in one hundred and fifteen days. The shortest previous passage was that of the brig *Pilgrim*, Capt. Faucan, in 118 days.

Dr. Devan and lady, missionaries of the Baptist church, sailed week before last from New York, in the bark *Valparaiso*, for Canton. Interesting religious exercises were held on board the ship by Rev. Dr. Cone and others. Mrs. Devan is the daughter of David Hale, Esq., of the Journal of Commerce.

A DEED WORTHY OF RECORD.—As the steamer Worcester was nearing the wharf at New London, on Saturday, a poor woman, one of the deck passengers, accidentally stepped from the gangway and fell overboard, when Hezekiah Story, the second mate of the Worcester, without hesitation plunged in and succeeded in keeping her above water for some minutes, until both were rescued from their perilous situation.

The number of arrivals at Philadelphia from foreign ports this year, up to the present time, is 203, bringing 2,274 passengers—of whom more than half have arrived the present month.

MASSACRE.—We learn from the New Bedford Mercury, that an arrival at that port brings intelligence that the British frigate *Cleopatra* having got ashore on a reef on the coast of Madagascar, one of her boats, with an officer and thirteen men, sent to carry out a stream anchor, was attacked by the natives, and eight of them were killed, including the lieutenant.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

DOVER, JUNE 19, 1844.

Safety Beacon for the Goodwin Sands.—This day the Trinity Buoy steam yacht towed off to its station on the Goodwin Sands, a stupendous safety beacon. The beacon is intended not only to be a guide to mariners, but also a place of refuge for the crews of vessels cast away on the fatal Goodwin.

The Collector of Edgartown advertises that the Light Ship on Tuckernuck Shoal will be removed for repairs on the 15th of August.

MEMORANDA.

MISSING VESSEL.—Brig *Mary*, of Portland, Allen G. York, master, sailed from Cienfuegos, about May 19, for Boston, since which time nothing has been heard of her. The following is a list of her crew as registered at Portland, April 4, the date of her clearance for Cuba, viz:—Lewis Gordon, mate, of Portland, aged 23; James Cole, of Saco, 41; George Soule of Freeport, 23; Josiah Hussey, of Nantucket, 26; Jesse Fritz, of New Orleans, 20; Antonin Cook, of Nantz, France, 24; Peter Blydea, colored, of Salem, 42. Capt. York's wife was a passenger.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Brig *Washington*, at New York, June 13, lat. 48° 50', long. 38° 26', passed a brig with no masts standing, having on her stern “Prince Albert, P. A. B., Halifax;” abandoned, appeared to have been in that situation but a few days.

Fell overboard and was drowned, 7th ult., from ship *Ambassador*, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, Richard Wallace, seaman, of Boston.

THE WRECK OF THE GRAMPUS.—Captain Taber, of the whaling ship *Montpelier*, which arrived at New Bedford on Wednesday, reports that on the 26th of June, the Bermuda Islands bearing W. N. W. distant five leagues, he fell in with a vessel bottom up, or nearly so, having the appearance of a 20 gun schooner, foremast gone, mainmast and bowsprit remaining, apparently nearly new. Her copper appeared good; part of the false keel and port shutters gone; and had apparently been in that situation five or six months. The wreck was doubtless that of the U. S. schooner *Grampus*, which was last heard from, we believe, off the Bermudas.

Brig *Tuscar*, Lovell, hence for New Orleans, while in tow up the Mississippi, 2d, inst., struck a snag a short distance below the English Turn. The brig was soon after found to be in a sinking condition, and run into the bank, where she sunk to her decks. The snag made a hole in her bottom, to what extent cannot be ascertained, but from her present situation, it is supposed she may be raised without receiving material damage.

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.



The above is a view of the plantation of Mr. MAZZARA, at the Bonin Islands. For a more particular description, see a very interesting book published by J. V. PIERCE, 32 Cornhill, Boston, called the "Voice of Adventure."



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, Mr. GEORGE W. WOOLVERTON, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss SARAH S. TAYLOR, of Boston.
In Tisbury, Mr. FRANCIS NYE, Jr., to Miss MARY P. daughter of Capt. CHARLES DOWNES.
In Kittery, Me., Capt. WILLIAM MITCHELL to Miss SARAH SEAWARDS.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink,
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last tramp shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, 2d inst., Miss MARIA CORILLARD, aged 25 years.

At Baker's Island, 9th inst., Mr. JAMES L. MARTIN, branch pilot of the port of Salem, aged 31 years.

In Marshfield, 3d inst. Capt. JACOB SMITH, well known as a ship master of the old school.

In Middleborough, Capt. HUMPHREY ALDEN, aged 62 years.

In Hartford, Conn., 14th ult., Capt. ALBERT FRANCIS, aged 35 years, of steam schooner Seneca.

On board whale ship Elizabeth, of Salem, in July, 1843, IVORY HUTCHINS, of Saco, Me., aged 18 years.

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.
TRAVELLING AGENTS.
REV. SILAS BAILEY. GEORGE L. COBURN.
" DANIEL WISE.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.
REV. E. T. TAYLOR, North Square Bethel.
REV. D. M. LORD, Purchase Street Bethel.
REV. J. M. BUZZEL, Chaplain of the new Seamen's Bethel, over Quincy Market.

MOSES GRANT, Esq., Cambridge Street.
REV. SETH BLISS, Tract Depository, Cornhill.

" W. B. TAPPAN, American S. S. Union Depository, Cornhill.

DEA. T. THWING, City Missionary, 96 Washington St.

BENJAMIN ABRAHAMS, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.

REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,
General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street; Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets. Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River. Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.
Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Fore Street, near Exchange Street.
Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square. Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. M. Buzzell, over Quincy Market.
Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.
New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.
Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.
Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.
Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.
Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.
Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.
Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Osnego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rockets, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSEMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.; Thomas J. Watkins, 67 Cherry Street.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

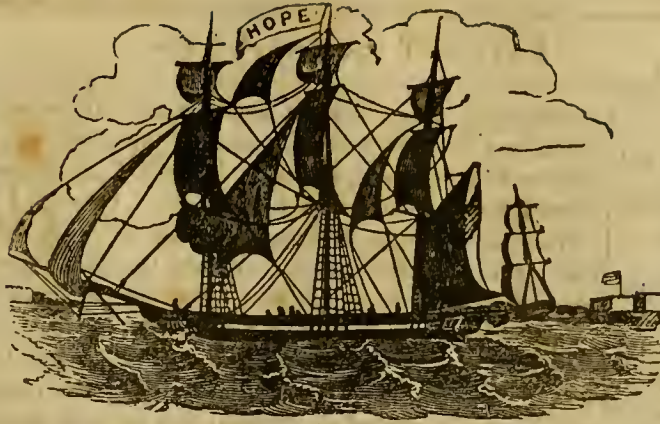
Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcorn.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844. No. 16.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to
HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the
same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

Log of a Sailor.

BY W. R. BLISS.

But the gale still increased, and I went on deck to view the magnificently grand and imposing spectacle of old ocean lashed to madness. It was an ominously dark night, but notwithstanding, could be distinctly seen, through the grim obscurity, the flashes of the breaking, foam-crested waves—the huge massive billows, like mountains, tremendously swelling and towering high, then tumbling, foaming, roaring, flashing under our beam, scattering their cold glittering spray upon the decks, just as their fall upon us seemed inevitable; and then bearing us on high that we might look down into the deep gulfs and chasms yawning and boiling beneath us.—The shrill startling shrieks of the blast playing among the rigging; the sharp slatting of small ropes against the spars and shrouds; the hoarse, portentous howlings of the wind, and the fierce patterings and furious drivings of the snow and sleet; the heavy groanings and sad creakings of the beams and bulkheads; the constant dismal clanking of the pumps; together with the whole appearance of the maddened expanse above and around, all conspired to present a scene of terrific grandeur and sublimity, no where equalled.

As daylight broke on *Monday morning*, no indications of an abatement of the gale appeared, but the wind became more furious and unsteady—sometimes blowing as if it would carry us away in air, then dying off in such sudden lulls, as to roll us up to windward, where we were most dangerously exposed to the seas which swept on board, deluging the decks with brine, and threatening to tear us in pieces. All night the storm continued without cessation, and a night of fearful anxiety was that which succeeded.

Tuesday morning came, and yet no abatement. We had now become so lumbered up with ice, on decks and aloft, that it would have been almost impossible to work the ship. The fire had been several times washed out of the galley, and many of the cooking utensils also. At noon we shipped a tremendous sea, that burst out the bulwarks on the lee side, and taking up four large casks of water, that were strongly lashed to the deck, after toying them about in the scuppers, tossed them over the rail as though they had been empty bubbles. Another sea striking us aft washed away the stern boat, and others as daring, did more or less damage. Tuesday night closed upon us, and left us as it had found us, with no appearance of abatement in the gale. It was a sleepless night, and as I lay in my damp berth, following the rollings and plungings of the ship, I was constantly aroused from the stupor and drowsiness that I could not drive away, by the eager inquiries of the master, as the officer of the watch came in regularly to report. "Does it moderate yet?" and his disheartening response, "No, sir, it blows harder than ever!" Then, how vividly came thoughts of home and friends; how little could they dream of our situation, as we lay that night, tossed about like a freighted egg-shell, at the sole mercy of the winds and waves.

Wednesday morning—how thankful were all that the fury of the gale had begun to diminish. The men were sent aloft to clear the ice from the running rigging in order to get the ship before the wind as soon as pos-

sible, and we were soon flying under the "goose-wing" of the foresail, at a fearful rate, with an angry sea fretting and tumbling in wild confusion after us. Night coming on and the wind again freshening, we once more hove to with the close reefed trysail, under which the little brig lay like a storm bird, gracefully yielding to the swelling seas and shaking herself grandly as she arose from the embrace of one more affectionate than the others.

Thursday morning. We again run before the gale into the gulf stream, (which had been to the southward of us,) where the warm temperature of the atmosphere quickly freed us from the vast quantity of ice by which we had been encumbered. Gradually the force of the wind diminished, and gradually was reef after reef turned out, and before night topgallant sails sheeted home.

Friday morning beheld a most grateful company, thankful for their preservation from the danger they had escaped, and for the fair wind that now filled every sail. Such was my first initiation into the dominions of old Neptune, and made an impression on my mind that I shall not be likely to forget. Our cook and steward, a representative of the ebony race, suffered severely from the cold. He is a very superstitious fellow, and when called with all hands to the pumps during the height of the gale, fell upon his knees on the deck and commenced wailing and moaning in a most melancholy manner—nor would he stir from his position till taken by force and thrust into the cabin, where his lamentations were soon silenced by the passengers—and, complaining of a pain in his fingers, he stole into his berth below.

Saturday morning. One week at sea; and when I look back and think of how much we have seen and gone through in that space, it spreads itself into many weeks. Investigations are made as to the extent of damage to the ship. She is found to have been very much strained, and begins to leak badly, and we have before us the Atlantic, to cross in a vessel leaking from three to five hundred strokes an hour.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Temperance on the Atlantic.

The New York Organ publishes a letter from Samuel Syms, a reformed man who has gone to England to visit his friends. He states that when six days out from New York, on board the ship Ashburton, he was called on to address a temperance meeting, and that nine persons signed the pledge. "One gentleman from New York signed, and then threw his brandy overboard." Two meetings were subsequently held, and four more signatures obtained. Mr. Syms says, "The remainder of the passage was any thing but pleasant, I can assure you; for the rum-selling gentlemen from New York, and their drinking companions, used every means in their power to annoy me, but I paid no attention to them, and they were looked upon with contempt by nine out of ten on board."

A European Temperance Ship.

The first whaler ever equipped at the free city of Hamburg, left that port sometime in May last, for the South Seas. This vessel, called the Anseat, measures about 650 tons. All of the crew had entered into a formal engagement to abstain, during the entire voyage, from every species of spirituous liquors, on condition of receiving two rations a day of coffee. A very small quantity of brandy and wine was taken on board, to be administered only as a medicine, and in pursuance of express directions from the physician.

It seems that temperance is of paramount importance on board of whaling ships, for it is proved by reliable statistics, that nine-tenths of the disasters that have befallen Danish and Swedish whalers, have resulted from the use of spirituous liquors by their crews.

Follies of Drunkenness.

An exchange tells the following laughable anecdotes. We have laughed over them till our sides ached:—Some writer tells the story of a drunken crew of sailors, who, hearing the winds roar in the house in which they happened to be carousing, became so fully persuaded that they were on board a ship and in danger of shipwreck, that they threw all the furniture out of the windows, under the idea that they were lightening the ship.

A drunken man has been known to whip a post, because it would not get out of his way; and an old gentleman of eighty, when intoxicated, mistook a lamp-post for a lady, and addressed it in the impassionate language of love. We once heard of a very respectable gentleman, who occasionally got fuddled, and

in staggering along towards home in the night, was brought to a full stop by the shadow of a sign post, which he firmly believed it impossible to get over.

The New Orleans Picayune mentions a case of equal extravagance. A chap the other night, who had caught the largest kind of a "turkey," while visiting the different bar-rooms, fancied himself one of Ericsson's patent propellers, and went down and jumped into the Mississippi to ascertain how he would work.

Swallowing the Evidence.

An anecdote is related of Judge Peters, of Philadelphia, which is altogether "too good to be lost."

Here it is: Complaint was made to the judge, in behalf of a crew of a vessel who had made a voyage to some port in Russia, that they had been furnished with bad provisions. While the counsel for the seamen was arguing the cause, one of them stepped forward and drawing from his pocket a piece of bread the color of brown soap, presented it to his honor as a specimen of their fare. To those accustomed to fine wheaten loaves, it appeared disgusting indeed, and the bystanders, one and all, cried shame! to fill men's stomachs with such unwholesome aliment. The judge applied the bread to his nose, and finding nothing in it offensive to his olfactory nerves, was tempted to taste it; he nibbled a little piece, it tasted well, and he took a large bite. The counsel proceeded at much length, though the dinner hour was fast approaching; and as he rounded the periods, the judge nibbled around the black biscuit until no more remained. At this moment the sailor stepped up, and with a countenance in which was depicted real distress, said, "why, you have eaten my best witness." Said the lawyer, "I have been remarking that the judge has been *swallowing the evidence* as well as the *law*." "Never mind," replied his honor, as if awakened from a dream, "I am better able to digest your cause." So saying, he rose, and ordering the libel to be dismissed, went home to dinner.

A Terrific Scene.

A letter published in the Boston Mercantile Journal, written on board the U. S. ship Saratoga, relates the following terrible incident:

I have now a very sad, a horrible thing to relate—an accident which happened about two hours ago. The captain's gig was just rounding to by our quarter, when the coxswain, by straining upon the tiller too hard, broke it, and he fell overboard. At the cry of "man overboard!" I jumped on deck, and saw him rise and swim toward the ship. In a few seconds more he suddenly disappeared

under water—the fins and tail of a huge shark were raised above, and splashing for a few moments only, left the surface again clear. I saw nothing but a crimson stain of blood, and a hat floating at a short distance. Not a cry was uttered, it was so sudden.—Again the splashing of the shark occurred—another was seen to seize the hat—the boats were leaping about for the torn pieces of the poor sailor. The captain and many others were spectators of the whole dreadful scene, and yet we could render no assistance.

Such is the fate of many a mariner, when assailed by the sharks of the sea. But what shall we say of his sufferings by the sharks of the land? The sea-shark can only kill the body. The land-shark kills both body and soul. The sea-shark uses his jaws on his victim. The land-shark uses the glass of rum. Shipmates! which is the worst? Look out for both of them, we say.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

Books for the Sea.

At the last meeting of the American Seamen's Friend Society, Rev Mr. ROGERS, of Boston, offered and supported the following resolution:

Resolved, That the church of Christ is bound to furnish the sailor with a Christian literature.

To be always receiving, he remarked, and never making returns, accords neither with the dictates of nature, or of grace. We have ever been receiving at the hands of sailors what has added to our comfort and given us superior sources of improvement and enjoyment; and yet for this we have rendered but a meagre return. It is time that we adopted a more just and liberal policy. In support of his resolution he urged two considerations. 1. They are capable of being effected by literature. 2. They can be religiously affected by a Christian literature.

What is literature, he inquired, but the history of man, his feelings and opinions spread out on paper? If now man has the power of affecting man, then the *literature* that man originates, has the power of affecting man. And sailors have their literature. It is true he is not acquainted with the names and works of Johnson, Cowper, and Irving; but in his library will be found the "Pirate's Own Book," "Remarkable Shipwrecks," and volumes of that description. He has his poets and his songs, not indeed from the banks of Helicon, nor chastened by the refining influence of Christian virtue; but it is the poetry of lust, of war, and of dissipation. And the sailor is greatly affected by the influence which this kind of literature exerts upon him, and his whole character and experience reveals the power of that influence. If then he can be thus affected by

such a literature, it is reasonable to suppose that he can be religiously affected by a Christian literature. Let us try the experiment.—Send Baxter, and Doddridge, and Bunyan, to sea; their triumph on sea shall equal, if not exceed their success on the land. He illustrated this by a somewhat minute reference to the mutineers of the “Bounty,” who, having risen on their officers, took possession of the ship, and finally landed on Pitcairn’s Island, where, from the influence of jealousies, they soon reduced their number to four. Of this crew, was John Adams, who, although numbered among the mutineers, soon formed the design of governing his community on principles and rules, which he found in a solitary Bible, which the providence of God had unexpectedly preserved among them. His attempts were successful; his little company soon yielded to the influence of that sacred book; they became chaste, temperate and virtuous; and what is more wonderful still, as we hope, truly pious. So that when many years after, that island was visited by some English ships, it was found to be a praying community. Whence this change? he inquired. From the influence of the Christian literature of the Bible.—Here the speaker produced quite a sensation in the audience, by showing them the identical Bible that had produced all this change. “The gilt of its leaves is worn,” he said; “the salt water has soiled its pages, and the worms have made inroads on its cover; it has girdled the globe in its voyages, but yet it contains within itself the power of God, and the wisdom of God, to the promotion of man’s best interests both for time and eternity.”

☞ The following, from Rev. E. NOYES, formerly a missionary in the East, now preaching to a congregation in one of the Halls of Marlboro’ Chapel, is a true description of the valuable institution at Chelsea. The other Hospitals are doubtless equally deserving.

ED. S. ANCHOR.

To the Editor of the Morning Star.

Seamen’s Hospital, Chelsea.

When you come to Boston, and have time to cross the river to Chelsea, you had better visit the Seamen’s Hospital. You will find a large stone building occupying an elevated and pleasant site, and commanding a fine prospect of the harbor and the city. The rooms are capacious, airy, neat and commodious.

When I was there, there were forty patients present, but I was told by the physician who conducted me through the different apartments, that in the fall they not unfrequently have fifty. The institution is supported by a tax of 20 cents per month, paid by each American seaman, and ordinarily this has constituted a fund sufficiently large to meet all demands; so, strictly speaking, this is not a benevolent institution, though much credit certainly belongs to its originators and

those who assume the responsibility of its management.

The diseases that those present were suffering under, were such as fractured bones, occasioned by falls, fever, and venereal disease. About one third were afflicted with the loathsome disorder last mentioned. The physician told me he thought no greater proportion of sailors had that complaint, than there were of other patients in the city. How clearly God has shown his displeasure with the sin of lasciviousness by causing it to bring with itself its own signal punishment!

All were very cheerful, and willing to converse. Three hardy old tars, whose weather beaten looks and iron-cast features indicated many a rough siege, had been in the navy during the war, and had served under Commodore Decatur. They gave long and interesting accounts of the engagements they had been in. One of them had frequently visited Calcutta and Bombay.

One who had followed the sea 20 years, and who had for many months suffered all but death with a broken thigh, which he did not have set till two or three months after the accident happened, thought he should like to make just one more voyage after he had recovered.

I was told that such were their social habits that they could not bear to be in separate apartments, though ever so sick. Almost every one was supplied with a Bible, though but few professed religion. One aged colored man said he had been a professor of religion twelve years, and was then in the enjoyment of it. May the day soon come when a deeper interest will be felt in the condition of that class of men who supply us with a great variety of the comforts of life. While seated at our tables, enjoying luxuries brought from some foreign port, let us think of the poor sailor.

To what are we to attribute this and kindred institutions, but to the benign influence of Christianity?

E. NOYES.

Report of Bethel Missionary.

WHO CARES FOR THE SAILOR?

June 10th. While I have been engaged distributing tracts, and conversing with sailors, I have occasionally found one who said that the Sailor’s Home was not a good place for seamen—that all they wanted was to get the sailor’s money, and if he had none they would turn him away, &c. I have always understood all this, and know that those who have so represented it did not like good order, and temperance, and the like. But the great majority speak very highly of the Home, and other temperance houses, and always go to them when they come to port.

As I was going along near the Home, a few Sabbath mornings ago, I saw something

which I consider characteristic of that place and as it is in point, I will relate it: While walking along I saw a sailor lying on the side walk, so much intoxicated, that he could not stand nor walk; he was ragged, and filthy, and had a wound on his foot. Directly, two well dressed sailors came out of the Home to go to church. When they saw the prostrate sailor, they did not, like the Pharisee and Publican, pass by on the other side, but, Samaritan like, *immediately picked him up and carried him in*, where he would undoubtedly have good care taken of him, perhaps would be induced to sign the pledge, and become a respectable man, as multitudes have done. Now, who cares for the sailor? Those who take from them the last cent for rum, and then turn them into the street to starve, or those who pick them up, when they are thus turned out, and feed, and clothe, and shelter them?

19th. To-day supplied the Valparaiso, bound to Canton, with tracts and papers. I was not aware that she was going to carry out missionaries till I came in sight of the ship, when I saw ladies and gentlemen going on board, and inquiring the cause, I found that two missionaries, Dr. DEVAN and his wife, were about to embark for China, and their friends had assembled to bid them a final farewell. The exercises on board were very solemn and interesting, and many tears were shed on the occasion.

THE LOG BOOK.

“A Map of busy life.”

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Gospel Ship, No. 2.

In the last number of the Sheet Anchor there was a description given of the Gospel Ship. It was shown to be a safe retreat for the shipwrecked mariner. The sailor is again invited to examine her COMMANDER, her properties, her life-boat and her crew. Those who are about to ship on board of this ship, must be all totalabstinence men, and have the pledge of the king’s seal; this is the ship’s banner, waving over the ocean. Those who have shipped speak in the highest terms of the “Zion.” She is now ready for sea, and bound for the port of eternal rest. She has weathered many a tempestuous storm, and landed many a weather-beaten soul on the shores of a blissful immortality. Her beckoning flag is waving on high; the shipping papers and chart are with hundreds of the sons of the ocean, who are welcoming you on board. Her fare is all good. She is a temperance ship; and no profanity, envy, guile, malice, rage or passion will mar her peace. See! she is now spreading her canvass to the breezes of heaven.

Shipmates! make haste to come on board. There is not a moment to be lost. Come under the great Captain of your salvation. Why linger, shipmates? Come home! Your frail bark has sprang a leak, and is fast sinking. You must perish unless you give up your old tottering ship and listen to your shipmates aboard the "Zion." There is a thick cloud over your heads which threatens your destruction. It echoes from mount Sinai; the fierce lightnings and peals of thunder from that law will dash you to pieces. Come home, to mount Zion, to the general assembly and church of the first born, gathered from all nations; come to mount Calvary, to the sweet accents of love and pardon for the guilty. Come home, brother sailors! Why will ye die? ye wanderers of the ocean! Come home to your father! come home. The bethel flag will guide you in the path of peace and safety. The watchman upon the walls of Zion is proclaiming the way of salvation, through Jesus Christ; he is pointing you to the ship Zion. Brother sailor! come home, lest the spirit cease to strive. L. H.

Appeal for the Sailor.

By REV. E. F. CUTTER.

The sailor appeals to our hearts, and enlist our sympathies, in behalf of our children and the rising race generally. So should the cause which I plead with at least an equal power, for at what time of life could tenderness and sympathy be more seasonably bestowed, than when they leave the Sabbath School, the family hearth, and all the restraining and moulding influences of home? Why is there so much sympathy felt for a child at home: and why is that sympathy all dried up when that child becomes a sailor? My aim is to bring back this child, now a wanderer suffering many deprivations, to a contact with these sympathies. There is something inconsistent and inexplicable in the cold indifference which has but too commonly been manifested towards this class of our fellow beings. Somehow or other, men,—good men, too—discover no benevolent anxiety, and are ready to encounter little pains, to see that they are provided with means of instruction, and guarded by right moral influences. They suffer them to be put under the care of captains who have no moral principle. They send them off without the Bible and such means of moral and religious knowledge and impressions, as might do something to supply the lack of privileges which home affords. As to those in other spheres of employment, it is not so. Why should such partiality exist? The young go not out thus into the world to labor in other employments. His home should be furnished with all possible facilities for instruction, and the means of moral and religious impression.

Again, the sea was likened to a burial-place, though it bore no monuments on its surface. But if it were possible to cover the great and wide sea with monumental stones, one for each of the human victims which it entombed, what a burial-place should we perceive it to be! How many millions of relics or mementoes of departed friends and fellow men would it exhibit! We look on an enclosure for the dead and its grave-stones with sensibility, often with a tear for the memory of some that lie there. Where does all this tenderness flee when we look on the ocean? There is the same relation between man and the sea, as there is between man and the dry land; and the same influences must be employed to save him on both. The sailor is one with us, and must not be robbed of his common portion. It had been said of Bonaparte, that though so terrible on land, he was comparatively powerless at sea. He could hardly advance a yard on the water, before he was entirely unmanned. The sea is still to become the theatre of great moral achievements, the passage way to victory for the soldiers of the cross. He had thought, when he had looked out upon the sea, and observed how those who traverse it communicate with all nations, he could easily perceive that they have a power, which if perverted, is as much to be dreaded, as would be the physical power, if they possessed it, of swelling its billows till they should overflow and desolate the surrounding land, and cause every living thing to die. Let us do all we can to save such persons from perversion.

Prevention of Duelling in the British Navy.

The following order has been added to the Admiralty instructions for the government of the British Navy:

1. Every officer serving on board any ship or vessel of her Majesty's fleet is hereby positively ordered neither to send nor accept a challenge to fight a duel with any other person of the fleet.
2. Every officer of the fleet on becoming privy to any intention of other officers to fight a duel, or having reason to believe that such is likely to occur, owing to circumstances that have come under his observation or knowledge, is hereby ordered to take every measure within his power to prevent such duel, having recourse, if necessary, to captain or commanding officer.
3. Every officer of the fleet is hereby ordered in no manner or degree to evince dissatisfaction with, or to upbraid another officer for refusing or not sending a challenge, and all officers are strictly enjoined neither to reject, nor advise the rejection of a reasonable proposition for the honorable adjustment of differences that may have unhappily occurred.
4. Any officer of the fleet who may be called on to act as second, or friend to an

officer intending to fight a duel, is to consider it to be his imperative duty, and he is hereby ordered, strenuously to exert himself to effect an adjustment between the adverse parties, on terms consistent with the honor of each, and, should he fail, owing to the determination of the offended parties not to accept honorable terms of accommodation, he must refer to the second paragraph of this order.

As obedience to orders is the essential and governing principles of the naval service, those officers may rest assured of the support and approbation of the Admiralty, who, having had the misfortune of giving offence to, or having injured or insulted others, shall frankly explain, apologise, or offer redress for the same, or who, having had the misfortune of receiving offence, injury, or insult from another, shall cordially accept frank explanation, or apology, when redress is refused to be made or accepted, shall submit the matter to be dealt with by the captain or commanding officer of the ship or fleet; and every officer who shall act as herein before directed, and, consequently, refuse to accept a challenge, will be deemed to have acted honorably, and to have evinced a requisite obedience not only to this order, but also to the pleasure of the Queen.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

Report of the Ladies' Bethel Association of Providence.

In presenting the records of the past year, we are reminded that this is the Tenth Anniversary of this Society, since it assumed the name of the Ladies' Bethel Association. During that period, what multitudes of those who have gone down to the sea, are buried beneath its waters, and are forever beyond the reach of benevolent effort!

Yet, within that comparatively brief space, what an amount of success has almost everywhere attended this great enterprise! Though small, indeed, may be our share in the accomplishment of this result, it is our privilege to ascribe it, with devout gratitude, to Him, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, and to derive from it to-day renewed encouragement to persevering effort.

It may be recollected, that previous to the date of the last report, it had been found necessary to alter our plan in regard to the "Seamen's Home," and an arrangement had been made with the proprietor, by which we were relieved of all pecuniary responsibility, except the rent; while, at the same time, we retained within our own control all our former means of moral and religious influence.

We have one of that number now with us, who is truly a devoted christian. Thousands of pages of tracts have been distributed, and many a sailor has been supplied with the Holy Scriptures.

We have made a business to reason with those under our care, upon temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come. Forty have signed the pledge of total abstinence within six months.

Our Proprietor here speaks particularly of one of this class, who from intemperance and dissipation had become exceedingly degraded, and destitute even of wearing apparel, except the worthless garments he had on. Remaining steadfast, however, in his purpose of reform, he so far gained respectability, that after one short voyage, he became the second officer in a good vessel, and was finally restored to his friends in New York, from whom his vices had long separated him.

The whole number of boarders received during the year, is three hundred and ninety.

It will be seen that the number of boarders exceeds that of any former year, while the temperance list, from having gradually increased from year to year, has now rapidly enlarged.

As a natural result, they are more inclined to attend public worship, and, we may hope, more susceptible of its benign influence.

The Board are happy to state, that the debts which, at the close of last year, occasioned them some anxiety, were early in the summer very unexpectedly discharged. The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, so favorably known as the Financial Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, visited this city for the purpose of obtaining funds for that Institution, and, being informed of our embarrassment, consented to share whatever he might obtain here with us.

This providential supply was most gratefully received.

It is now just six years since the first house occupied as a Seamen's Home in this city, was solemnly dedicated to that purpose.

During that time, nearly two thousand seamen have been its inmates; and although our funds have never been sufficient to allow us a chapel for religious services, a weekly evening prayer-meeting, and worship on Sunday mornings, have been sustained at all suitable times, at the Home, under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Douglas, whose valuable labors in other departments of Christian benevolence, are well known and justly appreciated.

It is pleasant to reflect, that as the moral condition of seamen shall improve, their physical privations will be greatly diminished. Habits of sobriety and economy will succeed those of dissipation and improvidence; and they will not only be enabled to procure more of the comforts compatible with their situation, but they will be better prepared to en-

counter the dangers of their calling, and to resist the diseases of deadly climates. That there is a decided improvement in their general character as a class, must be evident to every one at all acquainted with the subject. It may be inferred too, by the Marine publications now in circulation. One has but to observe the character of the periodicals themselves, to be convinced of the fact.

It will probably be allowed by those most competent to judge, that "The Sailor's Magazine," published by the Seamen's Friend Society, N. York, and the "Sheet Anchor," edited by Rev. Mr. Denison, of Boston, are (notwithstanding their titles) as elevated in point of moral tone and literary merit, as any periodicals of their class which are designed to promote the interests of other objects.

We should indeed greatly dishonor them by a comparison with a large proportion of such as find their way into fashionable circles, and are intended for the polite and the refined.

It appears by these publications, that the advance of the temperance reform in the Navy is becoming more and more apparent. Some of its officers have been promoted to the honor of President of a Temperance Society; others have taken upon themselves the honor of presenting Bethel flags, &c., thus using their immense influence on the side of morality and religion.

These tokens for good, however cheering as they are, furnish not the only or the strongest motive for further efforts in behalf of seamen. We believe the Gospel of Christ to be as well adapted to them, as to any other class of the fallen family of man. That they are as susceptible of its transforming and purifying influences, the thousands who now profess and adorn it would seem to answer.

We have only to say, that, in the prosecution of our very limited designs, we still rely on the liberality of an enlightened community—a large proportion of whose wealthy citizens, through the successful but perilous toils of the sailor, are now in the possession of affluence; with all its means of education and refinement, its sanctuaries, and, we may add, its repositories for the dead.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The Voyage.

"Against the law! against the law!" said a little girl, "I don't like that 'against the law!'"

But if our naughty hearts do not like to be told that what we wish to do is against the law, yet what would become of us if God had not made good laws for us to keep: if he had not warned us so solemnly that we shall be ruined, unless we keep these laws!

In the book of Proverbs we read, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

I will tell you my story to show you what a good law this is.

About thirty years ago, two little boys who lived in the city of New York, used to play a great deal together. Their mothers had made a law for these boys, that they should never play near the river docks, nor go into any boats along shore. They were too small to manage a boat well, or to swim with their clothes on; and so this was a very good law. But they were tempted one day to forsake it, and now see what they got by it. After they had played awhile about the dock, they began to think how nice it would be to take a sail. Now was the time to have started home, out of the reach of temptation. But presently they went near one of the slips of the dock, which is a kind of lane made in the banks of the river for the boats to come up into, and there they saw some large planks floating.—"Come, Billy," said Thomas, who had gone down to the water's edge, "how nice it would be to paddle round the slip on a plank; there can be no harm in that!" So Billy and Thomas got a bit of board and seated themselves astraddle upon a plank, with their feet in the water. They paddled and paddled round the slip and thought it fine fun, though if the plank had turned to one side they would both probably have been drowned.—Presently, said Thomas, "Suppose we try it in the river, it goes so nice." The tide was setting out, and so carried them along pretty swiftly. Billy and Tommy kept their tiny paddles going, and Tommy cried out, "O, Bill, how we do make her go!" But he little thought where they were going. Sinful pleasure may seem very fine for a while, but the end of it is always sorrow, and sometimes death. On they went at a merry pace.—Presently, however, Billy looked round and saw, to his amazement, that they were passing Governor's Island, and floating out to sea.

At this, they both screamed mournfully; yet they had the presence of mind to keep steady on their dangerous horse. On they went, but God was better to them than they had been to their mothers. A schooner happened just then to be beating up the narrows which led out to the broad deep sea. The captain happily saw the sorrowful voyagers; he sent a boat out—picked them up overjoyed, and took them in his vessel to the city.

When the schooner came up the dock, the little law-breakers went to the captain and thanked him for his goodness. "Very well," said he, "you are very welcome, but you are not off yet."

Upon this he called to a sailor, "Tom, bring me a rope's end." Tom brought it, and the captain gave these little boys a severe

flogging. They knew they deserved it.—Then the captain helped them ashore, saying as he let go their hands, "Your mothers will thank me for whipping you, as well as for picking you up;" and so I am sure they did.

My son, keep thy father's commandments, forsake not the law of thy mother.

There are many men in the world who make just such voyages, and receive the same admonitions in pretty much the same manner. We would advise all such to remember there is a God, who will not suffer his laws to be broken with impunity.

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEIOUS TOPICS.

Seamen's Convention at Baltimore.

A convention of preachers to seamen, and other friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance is requested.

Maine Seamen's Friend Society.

The fourth annual report of this Society states many cheering facts. The Bethel congregation in Portland has been removed from its former place of worship, but the Bethel flag has not been struck. It is believed that the attendance of seamen on public worship was never better than the current year. The present place of meeting is the Exchange Hall—which is granted free by the city government. It is large, and much more commodious than the former chapel, and the attendance has materially increased. Often has the heart of the chaplain, Rev. G. W. BOURNE, been made glad. He has seen the penitential tear on many a weather-beaten cheek; and it is now a matter of common occurrence for seamen to request the special prayers of Christians, as they leave port.—Whole crews have made this request. A letter from the pious captain of the bark "Victor" contains the pleasing news that prayer and conference meetings held on board had been much blessed. He had visited

Charleston, S. C., and met with seventeen Christian captains, several mates and many seamen. A number of his brother sailors in that port were flocking to the standard of Christ. A man belonging to the "Merchant," and three other seamen, had professed to become Christians. The whole crew were teetotallers. How much good will such a ship's company do among all nations!

The stated and occasional meetings of the seamen connected with the congregation have been kept up during the year. They have been deeply interesting—made so by the warm-hearted prayers and exhortations of converted seamen. The monthly concert of prayer has been well sustained. When the hall has been thronged, the meetings were removed to different churches.

The MARINE HOSPITAL has been instrumental of continuing many blessings to the sailor. The united testimony of seamen respecting the steward, Mr. BILLINGS, is that he is exactly the man for that situation. Dr. MICHOLS is spoken of in the highest terms. There were 13 in the Hospital, January 11, 1843; 140 have been received from January 1, 1843 to January 1, 1844; 140 have been discharged during the year. No deaths have occurred. There were 13 in the Hospital the 1st day of January, 1844.

The BETHEL CHURCH has considerably more than doubled during the year. Seamen esteem it a great privilege to enjoy the ordinances of the gospel there. "Far distant be the day," adds the report, "when, from any considerations, it may be thought best to have no church connected with these institutions." Bibles, tracts, and appropriate religious publications have been distributed as extensively as possible. The directors acknowledge a donation of five dollars worth of tracts from Rev. S. BLISS, Secretary of the American Tract Society. Mr. J. B. BROWN, of Portland, has made a donation of five dollars for Bibles and Testaments. The chaplain asks for more donations of this kind, at his house, corner of Fore and Silver Streets. The Sabbath School has had several new conveniences supplied, and its prospects are encouraging.

THE SEAMENS' MANSION, Fore Street, kept by H. A. CURTIS, continues to be highly useful. Nearly four hundred names have been entered on the registry there. Eight hundred seamen have been received as boarders. Seven have died. Temperance has done a good work for the cause in Maine. Many cases of reform from drunkenness have taken place. The temperance boarding houses have been better patronized during the past year than any former period. Seamen have had caution enough in regard to houses of a different kind. They are beginning to shun the places in which intoxicating drinks are

sold, as man-traps where they pay too dear for wetting the whistle.

The ladies of Maine, with their usual benevolence, have been at work for the sailor. The Female Seamen's Friend Society of Portland, and the Female Fragment Society of South Bridgton, have sent in donations.

The report closes with an able appeal which we regret our inability to give entire. Maine has much to do in the sailor's cause. Her sea coast is more extensive, more exposed than that of any other State; she furnishes more seamen; and yet she has supported, and that feebly, but one seamen's Bethel. Brethren and friends of the sailor in Maine! Ought this so to be? The old Bethel is gone, and unless you arise and build a new one, the seamen's cause in Portland must die. Will you allow such a disaster, when it is clearly in your power to prevent it?

Mr. BOURNE, the General Agent of the Maine Seamen's Friend Society, will travel as extensively as possible through the State. We commend him and his noble object to the patronage of the readers of the Sheet Anchor.

Boston Bethel Union.

A public meeting of this Society was held in the Hanover Street Chapel, Rev. Mr. NEALE'S, last Monday evening. We have not room this week for particulars.

Extracts from the report will be given hereafter. The following hymn was sung on the occasion:

Literature for the Sea.

Written for the public meeting of the BOSTON BETHEL UNION, in the First Baptist Meeting House, on Monday evening, August 11, 1844,

BY REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.

The Sailor sells his life away;
From first to latest breath
He trails for unrequiting pay,
And gets the wages—*Death*.
The Sailor roughs it when the winds
His topsails take aback;
And small his care, in wind or calm,
What berth's for honest Jack.

For Jack! whom starboard, larboard gales
Sweep windward and to lee;
Who wavers like a feather tost
Between the sky and sea.
That boiling sea his grave—the which
Has many a sailor shared;
That angry sky his home, and he
A spirit unprepared.

For Jack! who "swigs the flowing can,"
And boldly asks to know,
Than he, where stands a better man
To take the world in tow.
Who in the maintop has his pipe,
And ribaldry in chest;
In watch and watch the silly song,—
In steerage, oath and jest.

Poor Jack! while we have chased the night
Impatiently, from Mind,
Thou, to the intellectual light
Hast been forever blind.

We've eared not—yet a brighter day
Is dawning now for thee;
And Knowledge, hid in church and school
Henceforth shall take the Sea!

We'll put the BIBLE in thy hand,
That, should thy vessel fail,
Thy feet may on its promise stand,
Thy heart luff to the gale.
We'll teach thee how the soul has cheer,
When breakers boom along;
In joy and grief, in life and death,
Poor Jack shall have his Song!

NEW SAILOR'S HOME.—An article on this subject by "Fore and Aft," and a statement of facts from Rev. D. M. Lord, will be forthcoming in our next number.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

DAY DOCKS.—The Secretary of the Navy has decided upon applying the unexpended balance of the appropriation for a Dry Dock in New York harbor, towards the construction of a permanent Stone Dock at Brooklyn, in continuation of the plan before adopted. The commission that has been appointed is to inquire into the best plan of a Floating Dock for the harbor of Pensacola, and the subject of a Dock in New York harbor will not be submitted to it at all.

COMMODORE HULL.—A monument is about to be constructed in Philadelphia, to be erected at Laurel Hill, over the remains of Com. Isaac Hull. It will be a beautiful piece of art, composed of marble of the finest quality, and placed on a granite base, and modelled after the plan of the tomb of Scipio, at Rome.

Lucky, not Leaky.—Owing to the peculiar manner of copying ship news, the fishing schooner Boston, Allen, was reported as having been spoken in the South Channel, by ship Sarah Parker, on the 5th inst., and *leaking badly*. Capt. Allen requested the ship to report him as being "pretty considerable lucky."

LIFE AT SEA.—Capt. Spaulding, of the bark Weaskeag, which arrived at New Orleans a few days ago, has been at sea 244 days, since 25th August last. On that day, he sailed from New York for Richmond, 8 days; from Richmond to Rio, 70 days; from Rio to New Orleans, 56 days; from New Orleans to Marseilles, 42 days; from Marseilles to New Orleans, 63 days.

LOPER'S PROPELLER.—The steam packet Ashland arrived at Philadelphia recently, from New York, with a full freight and twenty-nine passengers. Though her machinery is yet stiff, the Ashland made a very satisfactory run, and gave promise of being a vessel of good speed. Her qualities as a sea-boat have been fully tested, and the efficiency of Loper's flat bladed propeller is now placed beyond a doubt.

The Newburyport Watchtower of July 26, says, the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, Captain Sturgis arrived at this port on Friday last and left on Monday evening for Boston. The visit of

this vessel to our place, and the gentlemanly bearing of its gallant commander and other officers, will long be remembered by those gentlemen and ladies who had the pleasure of enjoying their society during the short time they remained with us.

The first Ship.—The ark built by Noah was the first as well as the largest vessel of which we have any account. Her tonnage was nearly ten times greater than that of the largest ship of the line in our navy, being estimated at 42,400 tons. Her proportions would be considered good even now, after the accumulated experience of ages in ship-building, although her model may not have been the best adapted for speed. Allowing 18 inches to one cubit, her length was 450 feet, 75 feet beam, and 45 feet depth of hold.

New Route to New York.—The railroad from Greenport, Long Island, to the city of N. York, is completed, and the cars commenced running last week. Steamboats run across the sound and connect this road with the Stonington and Norwich railroads. The passage across is made in two hours, and the journey from Boston to New York by this route in ten hours.

A number of young men, from 18 to 20 years of age, are shipping on board of whalers, at Providence, and other eastern ports, in consequence of their participation in the Philadelphia riots, and to escape the consequences of their conduct which threaten them.

The introduction of iron vessels forms a new era in steam navigation. But experiments which have been made to a very considerable extent in England, have proved in the highest degree favorable to the adoption of the system. For harbor navigation, or to navigate bays and lakes, they are undoubtedly well adapted.

Sub-marine Plough.—A sub-marine plough for removing sand-banks in shallow waters is said to have been constructed by Dr. Eddy, of Cincinnati, somewhat on the principal of the Archimedian screw, boring up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

Collections by Capt. T. V. SULLIVAN, for the gratuitous circulation of the "SHEET ANCHOR."

In Manchester, N. H.—Robert Read, \$5; David Gillis, \$2; Gilman Jaquith, Wm. A. Burk, Geo. W. Tildes, Naham, Baldwin, Wm. G. Means, John A. Burnham, Josiah Crosby, Cordelia Chase, each \$1.

Mont Vernon, N. H.—T. A. Stuart, \$1.
Amherst, N. H.—Farmer's Cabinet, \$1.
Exeter, N. H.—Rev. Isaac Hurd, \$5; Joseph Boardman, Joshua Getchell, John Gardner, Sherburn Blake, R. W. Swan, each \$1.

Haverhill, Mass.—James H. Duncan, Hazen Morse, Samuel Chase, Ebenezer Thayer, Humphrey Hoyt, Rufus Longley, Samuel Brainard, John W. Hayes, Leonard White, John Marsh, each \$1; Miss Lydia White; David Marsh, each \$2; George I. Day, Kimball Farrar, each 50 cents.

Bradford, Mass.—Jesse Kimball, Mary Hazletine, each \$1.

Amesbury, Mass.—Amaziah Richmond, D. C. Bayley, James Campbell, Sarah Chase, David French, Nathaniel White, N. B. Gordon, each \$1; Rev. H. B. Smith, 50 cents; other donations, \$1 62.

Methuen, Mass.—Miss Polly Osgood, \$2; S. F. Dearborne, \$1.

Andover, Mass.—Capt. George Hodges, \$20; Gayton P. Osgood, \$10; John Smith, \$5; Amas Abbott, John Dove, Capt. West, each \$2; Edward Taylor, N. Swift, Andrew B. Stimpson, Asa Abbott, Louisa Petus, N. A. Prentiss, U. S. Navy, Albert Abbott, Job Abbott, W. H. Wells, each \$1.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF FRANKLIN HACKETT, of Amesbury, Mass., 35 years of age, light complexion, hair and eyes, by trade a shoe maker. Address Mrs. NANCY GODDRICH, Amesbury, Mass.

Also, of BYRON G. KIMBALL, of Bradford, Mass., 21 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches high. Address JONATHAN KIMBALL, East Bradford, Mass.

Also, of FERDINAND FISK STONE, of Framingham, Mass., 22 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, slight built; when last heard from, he put into the island of St. Thoroas, in brig Barron, Capt. White, where the vessel was condemned in December, 1840. Address LUTHER STONE, Framingham, Middlesex Co., Mass.

Also, of SOLOMON AUGUSTUS ALEXANDER STOLE, son of Mrs. MARGARET STOLE, No. 4 Bryd's Court, between Market and Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia. He left home on the 29th of June, was heard from in New York 3d July; but since then no tidings of him have been received by his mother. He is 15 years of age, 5 feet high, has gray eyes, dark brown hair, and a good address. Should he be met with at any of the sailor's homes, or boarding houses, please forward information to his mother immediately.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Collector's Office, Edgartown, Aug. 1844.

A suitable vessel has been obtained to take the place of the light vessel stationed on Tuckernuck Shoal, in the Vineyard Sound, advertised to be removed for repairs on the 15th inst., and a temporary light will be shown during the absence of the light vessel.

LEAVITT THAXTER, Collector.

Newly Discovered Shoal in the China Seas.—Captain Keene, of the ship Henry Pratt, from Canton, discovered a dangerous shoal, running North and South, about half a mile in length, apparently level with the water edge; having had calms, light airs, and variable currents for two days previous. By observations the next day, places it in lat. 133° S., lon. 107° 27' E. Lay in sight of the shoal from 9, a. m., till 4, p. m., weather very thick and raining; had 23 fathoms water, muddy bottom, the shoal bearing from E. N. E. to S. W., one mile distant, no perceptible current while in sight of it. Next morning perceived a N. W. set off about 1½ miles per hour, and having a rock or dead tree (many of which were floating about,) on the northern end.

MEMORANDA.

We are gratified to learn, says the Advertiser, that there is no foundation in the charge of neglect of schr. Eliza Ann, of Marblehead, by the captain of the Tasso, when the vessels came in contact. We shall ever be slow to believe that any of our proverbially generous and humane commanders are guilty of such gross barbarity as was charged in this case.

The hull of bark Isadore, wrecked on Trundy's Reef, was sold by auction 5th inst., for \$51. The remains of her spars, rigging, &c., were sold the same afternoon.—About 600 boxes sugar, very much damaged, and 10 or 15,000 cigars had been got out.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Bark Herschell, of Bangor, from Bahia, was struck by lightning, no date, off Cape Palmas, had main topgallant and royal yards splintered, and a bale of tin ware in the hold set on fire and injured; the 1st and 2d officers, three seamen, the cook and two passengers were knocked down, but not seriously hurt.

U. S. Revenue Cutter Jackson, Capt. Conner, having been to the assistance of sloop Champion, (the New Bedford papers say sloop Franklin, Chadwick,) of and from Falmouth, for New York, wrecked at Point Judith, reports that her bottom is beat out, cargo of salt dissolved, and that she is a total loss, except sails and rigging.

Schr. Rich, Stacy, which arrived 1st inst., was run into on the Banks by ship Portland, of Liverpool, which did considerable damage. Capt. S. told the captain of the Portland that he was sinking, but he kept on his course.

THE PERILS OF THE SAILOR.



In July, 1832, as the French ship *Dunkirk*, was among the icebergs on the coast of Greenland, one of her boat's crew was attacked by white bears. After a terrible conflict, during which one man was badly bitten, and two bears killed, they were rescued by their comrades.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

By Rev. C. W. DENISON, on 9th inst., Mr. SPENCER McDONALD to Miss MARTHA ELIZABETH BULL.

On the 27th ult., by Rev. CALEB BREEZE, Capt. JOHN HELM to Miss WILHELMINA S. LEE.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The Helm was a-Lee.

The above was forwarded to us from Philadelphia. It is no wonder the *Helm* was brought to a-Lee, since it will be seen there was a *Breeze* at work at the time.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Fairhaven, ELIZABETH TABER, daughter of Capt. SAMUEL PIERCE, aged 19 years.

On board ship *Arvum*, on the passage from New Orleans to Boston, Mrs. ELIZABETH RANLETT, of Saint George, Me.

Lost overboard, from ship *Tamerlane*, on the passage from Frankfort to Havana, during a gale, Mr. HENRY A. DAVIS, first officer.

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.
TRAVELLING AGENTS.
REV. SILAS BAILEY. GEORGE L. COBURN.
" DANIEL WISE.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.
REV. E. T. TAYLOR, North Square Bethel.
REV. D. M. LORD, Purchase Street Bethel.
REV. J. M. BUZZEL, Chaplain of the new Seamen's Bethel, over Quincy Market.

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DEA. T. THWING, City Missionary, 96 Washington St.

BENJAMIN ABRAHAMS, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.

REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,

General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—*New York.* Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rockells, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 774 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 23 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street, Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

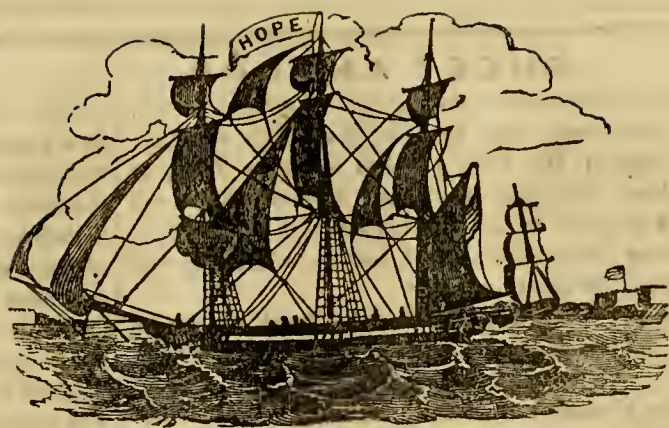
Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1844.

No. 17.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to the cause of
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

Poor Bill.

BY CAPTAIN J. S. SLEEPER.

We at length arrived at our port of destination. The good resolutions Bill had formed were not abandoned. He withstood every temptation that was thrown in his way, and won the esteem and respect of his officers and shipmates, as the consistent conduct of a good seaman invariably will. Unquestionably there are sometimes brutes who creep into stations of authority and trust on board of American vessels—but they are never allowed to continue long, and I cannot but believe that their cruelty is almost always greatly exaggerated, for their own self-interest would prevent its execution. I can truly say that during a period of ten years on board of many different vessels, I have never yet seen a good sailor, who knew and did his duty, maltreated or abused; nor from credible and impartial testimony did I ever hear of an instance.

After visiting several ports, the old Emius' head was pointed for home; and at first every thing promised a speedy voyage. But such was not to be our lot. After experiencing gale after gale, we at length weathered the Cape, but the passage was prolonged almost

beyond precedent, and that dreadful scourge, the scurvy, appeared among us. It is a consolation to know that this fell disease is every day becoming more and more rare, as greater attention has latterly been paid to the comfort of seamen, and more regard is had to their diet and cleanliness, but formerly its ravages were dreadful, and even now, we sometimes hear of its melancholy effects upon entire crews. Let ship-owners be persuaded to supply their vessels plentifully with flour and vegetables, and some live stock, and it will soon entirely disappear. It is really astonishing that this precaution has not been heretofore more extensive, for, putting motives of humanity aside, salt beef and bread alone have been found to be the most expensive articles in the victualling of a ship.—One barrel of beef, and one of flour, will last one third longer than two barrels of beef, and cost one fourth less. Flour once, or at most twice a week, is considered in many vessels as very liberal—but I have found that by far the cheapest way is to give it to the crew every day.

As is usually the case—from what cause does not appear—this disease fell first and heaviest upon the oldest men on board, and by the time we were within ten days sail of home, the chief officer, who was an elderly man, had fallen a victim to its power, and half the crew were off duty. My old shipmate suffered more than any other, and the death of the mate made him despair of recovery.

On the day of the officer's burial, he called me to the side of his bunk—"Charley," said he, "so Mr. Williams is gone? Well, my turn comes next."

"O no, Bill," said I, "I hope not. We have got a fair wind now, and shall be on soundings in a few days, and then you'll be all right again."

"Never!" said the old man, solemnly.—"No; I shall never land in Boston alive. If not before, I shall die the moment we strike soundings. I hope I may hold out till then, and perhaps the captain will keep my poor old hulk aboard till the ship gets in."

I endeavored to console him, and assured him that should it be so, we would all beg the captain to grant his request if it could be done.

"But," said he, pressing my hand, "I have one request to make of you, I would do it for any one, and I know you will do it for me!"

The tears started in my eyes as I promised to obey his wish before it was expressed.—He then asked for pen and paper, which being furnished, he wrote a draft upon the owners, made payable to myself, for all the wages due him to the time of his death. He put the paper in my hand, and held that in his own, while he told me to draw the money, and expend it in having his body transported to —, and, he added, in a faltering voice "have it buried by her side."

I repeated the promise already made, and pledged my word to see it done myself.

"I knew you would, Charley," said he, squeezing my hand, "I knew you would"—and he then continued, "if there is any thing left, put it into Father TAYLOR's box."

But the consolation was denied him. Our favorable wind soon failed. He became more and more exhausted, and it was evident to himself, as well as to others, that his end was at hand. Sailors may be supposed rough nurses, but we did every thing in our power to soothe his dying moments.

On Saturday he had been fast drooping, and every hour we had expected would be his last; but as evening drew on he revived a little, and asked me how was the weather. I told him it was fine.

"Are the stars out?" he inquired.

He was told they were.

"Then, oh, take me on deck, and let me look at them once more!"

His request was complied with. He was carefully lifted out of the fore-scuttle, and placed on the weather side of the fore-castle. We were off Bermuda, and it was indeed a beautiful evening. It might almost be said with truth,

"The winds were all hushed, and the waves were at rest."

For only a slight ripple under the bows broke the stillness of the hour, and its dirge-

like music seemed tuned by nature for the parting soul, while the gentle breeze was ready to waft it to the mansions of the blessed. As the eyes of the sufferer gazed on the bright firmament over his head, they gathered an unearthly lustre, and a triumphant smile irradiated his pallid features, as he clasped his hands across his bosom and exclaimed, "*Thank God, I am forgiven!*"

These were his last words, and uttered almost with his last breath. He was dead—but his countenance seemed to grow brighter after life had fled, as if his purified spirit had returned from heaven to share its happiness with the frail body, which had been its companion so long upon earth.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Supplies at Sea.

A teetotaler on board the ship *Vandalia* writes to Mr. DUTCH, of Chelsea, one or two incidents which Mr. D. has kindly furnished for the *Sheet Anchor*.

SHIP VANDALIA,
Monterey, April 18, 1844. }

Dear brother and sister:

A government vessel sails in a few days for Mazatlan, and as this will be the only opportunity of writing home until the Barnstable sails, (next December,) I embrace this chance to inform you of our safe arrival at this place after a passage of 152 days, arriving about six hours before the *Sterling*, and beating her 22 days on the passage. We have been lying here two months, and shall sail for Santa Barbara in about five days. The *Vandalia* is a perfect ship; "hands could not better her;" and captain Everett is a fine man.

About half way between Africa and Brazil, on a pleasant Sunday morning, with a fine, fair wind, we were boarded by a boat from the English bark *Cygnets*, from New Holland, bound to London; the mate, who came in the boat saying they wanted supplies. We told him we could let him have just what he wanted, supposing he wanted beef, bread, pork, or water. But judge our surprise and indignation when he told us he wanted rum, gin or brandy! We soon sent him off with a "flea in his ear." "Stop sir," says I, "I'll give you some late Boston papers." So down I run and got nearly all friend Dutch's papers, and gave him, and that was all he got from us in the shape of *alcohol*.

DANA's "Two Years Before the Mast," will give you a good description of the Californians; as far as I have seen I never saw such an idle, lazy, drunken set of loafers before in my life. We are in hopes of being able to leave here for home, winter after next.

Do, my dear John, write me every chance you can get; send me all the news, especially every thing that relates to the tempe-

rance cause, for I love it as much as ever.—If Mr. Sargent writes any more *Tales*, do send them to me; and if friend Dutch will send any more of his papers, I will distribute them on the coast, and no doubt they will do good.

We have the *Vandalia* Total Abstinence Society on board our ship, of which your humble servant is President, and nearly all hands are members. *

A Sailor's Yarn.

Several years ago, while lying at Malta, in H. M. ship, "the *Rochford*," 85 guns, Capt. Shamburg—I and a shipmate named Balfour, obtained leave to go on shore. On landing, the first port we made was, of course, a grog shop; I say of course, for it was the custom, and is now, aboard men-of-war, to create and foster an appetite for rum by an allowance of half a pint a day, and then to punish a poor fellow for going on shore to indulge it. We hadn't been long at the drunkery before we fell into the company of an Italian seaman, belonging to a ship on quarantine. He was full of good nature, and had plenty of money. He offered to treat me and my shipmate with as much liquor as we liked to drink. We were not slow in accepting his offer, and soon got "three sheets in the wind." In this condition we adjourned to another low haunt of iniquity, where there was music and dancing. While we were there, some peace officers and soldiers entered the house and charged the Italian with being a deserter. He, being drunk, swore like a fiend, but hadn't the prudence to explain that he belonged to the ship on quarantine, and, as we were in the same state, we didn't say so. He was placed alongside a Maltese soldier and marched off towards the watch-house. On his way thither he secretly unscrewed a small dagger out of the stem of a Turkish tobacco pipe, which he had in his hand, and turning suddenly upon the Maltese, thrust the sharp blade of the weapon right through his heart. The poor fellow dropped on the ground, crying in a sharp tone, "Imah! Imah!" which means, "oh dear! oh dear!" and died immediately. The Italian run off—but in three days he was recaptured, and then tried and executed.

I once knew a mariner whose name was Johnson. He was a well-behaved young man when sober, but very fond of grog. One day, under its influence, he took it into his head to knock down the ship's corporal, and to try to shove him under a gun with his foot, singing out at the same time, "yes, shiboy!" as is usual in pulling and hauling.—At that moment the lieutenant came on deck, and ordered the master-at-arms to put Johnson in irons. Infuriated and maddened by drink, he struck the lieutenant. After being confined, with both legs in irons, he was tried

by a court martial, and would have been hung at the yard arm, but for its being testified by the ship's corporal, that in consequence of having his skull fractured with the butt end of a musket, in boarding a ship, he was made quite mad by a little grog. He was, therefore, only sentenced to receive two hundred lashes round the fleet, to forfeit two years pay, and to be discharged from the service. The flogging was dreadful; I shall never forget it. It quite unmanned him. He was disabled for all active service, and the last time I heard of him, he was a crippled beggar, sweeping a crossing in London. He was as smart a young fellow as ever trod upon a ship's deck, until he was thus nearly flogged to death, through two or three glasses of grog.

I remember a plan that was concerted on board our ship between two young men, in order that they might get an extra allowance of grog. They agreed to swim on ashore "under the new act," that is without leave, for the express purpose of drinking. In attempting to swim back to the ship, the same night, very much in liquor, one of them found his strength failing, and shrieked out: "I'm sinking! I'm sinking!" His mate, who was ahead of him, being drunk, had as much as he could do to keep his own head above water, and he couldn't help the drowning man. He, however, managed to climb the ship's side, and give the alarm: "A man overboard!" Our sailmaker, an excellent swimmer, jumped out of his hammock, run on deck, leaped overboard, swam out to the sinking man, and with very great exertion got him alongside the ship. But, alas! such was his state of helplessness, that just as a rope was being passed round his body, for the purpose of hoisting him on board, he slipped from the sailmaker's grasp and sank. Thus his body went below the depths of the sea, and his soul was summoned aloft to the judgment seat of its Maker. The other man who escaped death at this time, was punished the next day so severely by flogging, that he screamed, in my hearing, during its infliction, "Oh! oh! would to God I had been drowned instead of my shipmate!"

The case of a marine comes to my mind, who was as fine a young man as I ever saw. He stood more than six feet high, and was clean made and stout in proportion. He was also a clever, sober, and good-tempered fellow. During four years of service, I never heard of any thing being laid to his charge. It happened, though, one day, that it came to his turn to be cook of his mess. Each of these took his turn in waiting upon the rest at meal time, for which he had a fourth part of the grog of every other man in the mess. This is called, in the navy, "the plush."—The cook for the day shares this over allowance of grog with one of his mates, called

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

New Sailor's Home.

MR. EDITOR,

In your paper of 15th June, is an account of the annual meeting of the "Boston Seamen's Friend Society," containing statements of much interest to the friends of seamen; especially those in relation to the Sailor's Home—its success during the past year, and the determination of the Society to erect a larger and more commodious building. The reading of those statements led to the inquiry—whether the friends of seamen in Boston were, after all, sufficiently impressed with the importance of the Sailor's Home, that a resort to such unusual means should be deemed necessary to accomplish the object, an appeal to the country, and a temporary suspension of the valuable labors of Rev. Mr. LORN, in the city?

We say unusual means, for the reasons, that we cannot believe there is occasion for their use, the amount required to complete the work being but \$10,000. Why, sir—'tis but the other day the papers announced the fact that \$140,000 had been subscribed in Boston in three weeks, for three Public Institutions, neither of which probably had higher claims upon public munificence than the Sailor's Home. It strikes us that the friends of seamen in Boston are on the wrong track; why go into the country for money, when it abounds in the city, and is poured out so freely? Is it urged that the Sailor's Home is a matter of interest to the country? We doubt it not; nay, we believe that interest to be much greater than is generally supposed; surely there is occasion enough for it, when seven-eighths of our native American seamen are from the interior.

But after all, the mere fact of such an interest existing is one thing, and the bringing it to bear quite another thing, and it may be that the effort will cost more than it will come to. The work to be done is peculiar, and requires the most extensive use of the press, together with such other agencies, as shall bring the subject understandingly before the great body of the people of the country; that is if the country is to be depended upon. In all matters, either purely religious or political, regard is had to the peculiarity of sect or party; not so the Sailor's Home, which is an object of intense interest to persons of every sect, and every party. For illustration—there are numerous villages and towns in the interior of New England, where families are found connected with all the religious societies, whose sons follow the sea, all of which families are more or less interested in the Sailor's Home. How obvious

that an effort in the country—to succeed—that it should be made in full view of this fact! There is no doubt of there being an interest felt in this object in the country, and that it may be turned to good account; but the question is, ought the friends of seamen in Boston to wait the experiment being made, e'er they undertake the work themselves, which they are abundantly able to carry through? There is still another question—may not the ability of the country be over-rated? The parties most interested in the sailor's cause, are not the wealthy: it is from families in the humbler walks of life mainly, that seamen are drawn, where stinted means have been the occasion, in numerous instances, of the parties embarking upon a sea life.

We hope the friends of seamen in the country will take hold of this work: they ought to do so; the welfare of their sons, as has been shown, demands it; and not less the cause of Christ, which is intimately connected with every effort for the social and moral improvement of mariners.

But there are some reasons why Bostonians, especially Boston merchants and capitalists, should take this business into their own hands; we will mention a few of them:

1st. It is a matter of great pecuniary interest. The social and moral improvement of seamen is a better insurance, by far, upon vessel and cargo, than can be effected in State Street, and the rate much less than any of the offices will be willing to take it at.

2d. Strict justice demands it of them. Sailors are stinted in their accommodations on ship-board, and their situation rendered uncomfortable, and often wretched, and all for the purpose of augmenting the owner's gain, by increasing his freight.

3d. Equity demands it. The sailor has a claim upon the merchant for ill-requited service; he has received his pay for the bare labor of *pulling the ropes*, (how *well* he has been paid we will not stop to inquire,) but for the loss he has sustained meanwhile, in being banished from home, and kindred, and all their happy influences, he has not received a farthing; alas! they cannot be paid for in money.

4th. It is a duty involving the highest moral obligation. The merchant is constituted in the order of providence, the natural protector and guardian of the sailor against all who may harm him, including the land-shark.

5th. The reputation of the city is at stake. Not a single monument has been reared to perpetuate the gratitude and public spirit of this great commercial city, whose enormous wealth, and multiplied resources of future prosperity, are the product of the sailor's toil, hardship and self-denial; and should a

"his chum," who gives a share, in return, on his cooking day. Thus, through this bad custom, when the hands are piped to grog, two men in each mess get three pints of grog. The marine had just had his plush, and was stowing away the mess gear below, when the master-at-arms ordered him, he being the ship's fifer, to go on deck and play a tune while the vessel was being got under weigh. Sad to say, instead of the cheerful, "Aye, aye, sir," which would have come from his lips, had he been a tectotaller, he replied impertinently, and did not obey.—Disobedience to orders, in the navy, is a great crime. He was instantly reported to the officer of the watch, on the quarter deck, and the next day received two dozen lashes. The blows of the cat-o-nine tails not only cut the flesh from his bones, (for his back was tender,) but seemed to cut into his spirits, for though I knew him a long time afterwards, I never saw him look cheerful again.

The Murdered Sailor.

Mr. COBURN, a reformed sailor, addressed an audience in New Haven, Conn., recently.

Mr. C. related several thrilling incidents connected with his life, which showed to what lengths and dangers the appetite of an inebriate will lead him for its gratification.—Five years from the time he commenced the habit of drinking, found him a debased out-cast upon society. He had been to the grave of his mother, and there on that grave he had sworn to devote his life to the cause of temperance. He related an incident, (the truth of which he said he could prove,) in substance as follows:

A sailor shipped for a voyage, and received an advance of sixteen dollars, with which he proceeded forthwith to the den of a rum-seller, where the whole sum was soon taken from him, and he supplied with the drink of death in return. Indulging his appetite freely and without restraint, the poor fellow was soon a corpse—whereupon the landlord conveyed the dead body on board the vessel, saying the man was "sick from drinking!"

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.—A circumstance of a very serious character occurred a few days since on board the frigate Potomac, now lying at the Navy Yard, N. Y. A sailor who had received liberty to go ashore, returned in a state of intoxication. He was placed, as is the usual custom, under the sentries, but behaving in an outrageous manner, Midshipman BOHRER ordered that he should be confined in the brig; before this order was executed, he sprang at the officer and knocked him down. As he fell, his head struck one of the cannons violently, which it is thought slightly fractured his skull. The sailor was at length subdued, but not until he had been cut down and wounded by the sergeant of marines. Midshipman B. was conveyed to the Marine Hospital.—His wound is not considered a mortal one, but still his situation is highly dangerous.

Secretary of the Navy visit Boston and inquire for the Sailor's Home, as was the case the other day in New York, Bostonians would be compelled to hide their heads in shame.

6th. The last reason assigned is—The Sailor's Home is a city enterprize; it belongs to Bostonians, and to secure it a lasting hold in the affections of our citizens—especially our merchants, it should be carried through—mainly by city influence, otherwise it will fail to secure one of its most important objects. Nevertheless, the Sailor's Home in Boston must succeed, for it is of God.

Might not a movement be started on 'Change that would do up the business, in less than no time? We want to know.

FORE AND ART.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Thus the Work goes on.

LONDON, MAY 5, 1844.

Cashier of the Sailor's Home, N. Y.

DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure that I take my pen in hand to address you on a subject so important as temperance. The day I came on board the Prince Albert, it caused me much misery in my mind. In the fore-castle I found five or six of the crew very drunk, and remained so as long as the grog lasted. But the all-seeing eye was upon us, and we labored hard in the cause, and I trust have done much good. The crew have often assembled to prayers in the steerage, and seemed much interested in the meetings.—The number that have signed the pledge, and kept it is ten. And four that signed in New York makes our number fourteen out of twenty-three. There is much to be done yet, and if the temperance men would take a number of pledges with them, it might do much good on the voyage.

You will laugh at the idea of our causing grog to be abolished. Strange as it may appear, it is gratifying to say it is the case.—There is to be no more splicing the main-brace this voyage; we do not hesitate to speak to the officers respecting the impropriety of it. They have given their word to us that they will serve out no more hereafter.

Yours, respectfully,

FREDERICK J. PARSONS.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Harre, July 5, 1844.

MR. EDITOR,

Dear Sir,—If the enclosed is fit for the "Sheet Anchor," it is submitted for insertion. It was first published in London in tract form. It is applicable to American as well as to English sailors. I intended it as one of a series of such tracts, but have not been able to furnish them. Thanks for your

good paper. It is full of interest. May you prosper in the Lord. Our cause is still encouraging here. Yours, truly,

E. E. ADAMS.

REV. MR. DENISON.

Follow Me.

"Cold, darkness, and solitude," was the despairing cry of a benighted wanderer on the Alps. A light suddenly gleamed in the distance. He approached it—there was a guide with a lantern—"Follow me!" said he, to the lost man. He followed. They drew near a precipice. The guide hastened to its verge—threw the lantern, which from its buoyancy, floated slowly down the declivity. The traveller seeing only the light, which deepened the general gloom, stepped blindly from the precipice and fell dead at its base. There the banditti, for whom this guide acted as a decoy, plundered and concealed the corpse.

Satan has his decoys, who throw the "fatal light," and the blind world follow it.—Pleasure, fame, wealth, is that light, and thousands who know not the false from the true—whose hearts are not illumined by the "Sun of Righteousness," follow it and fall. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Who are these decoys?

The wicked shipmate is one of them. I hear him say to you, "follow me." Let us go ashore—to the theatre—the gin palace—the billiard room—come lads, come away.—Forever on board! I can't endure it. I must have a flare up. Ship and cargo to the winds for once. Hoist sail for a land trip. I see the jolly comrades moving towards the shore. They reach it, and in a moment *tail, danger, life*, are forgotten. I tremble to anticipate the history of the next hour. Reason overcome—passion raging—money lost—life destroyed—these are the dreadful topics of that history! "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The *crimp* is one of these decoys. He bids you follow him. These are his promises: "I will provide you a home while you remain in port. Whatever shall conduce to your comfort on shore, or be required for the coming voyage, shall be furnished on the most reasonable terms. In a word, consider me your friend, give yourself no care—I will consult for you." All this, with a pot of beer to give the last assurance of sincerity, wins your confidence. (Alas, that you will not trust those who love you better!) You resign yourself into his hands—sign away your wages in the hour of intoxication—are led to the *long-room*, and the *brothel*, where your degradation is completed, and your soul, it may, be sealed over to perdition! "The dead are there!"

The strange woman is an agent of Satan, to decoy you. "Follow me," is her language.

"I have decked my bed with tapestry. I have perfumed it. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. By her much fair speech she causeth you to yield. You go after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, till a dart strikes through your liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for your life. Let not thine heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths, for she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Permit me, however, to point you to one who has no such motives as those which actuate these wicked beings! "Follow me," is His language. This invitation was originally given to two fishermen on the sea of Galilee. "Jesus walking by the sea side, saw two brethren, Simon Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea, for they were fishers; and he said unto them,—'follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.'"

Peter and Andrew were called to follow Christ at a period when Jesus was called an impostor, and a price was laid upon his head. To be his disciple was, in the view of the world, the height of folly and madness. To be a Christian then, was to be subject to the malice and opposition of the learned and the great. You may expect the scorn of some, and the opposition of others. Your names may be "cast out as evil," the "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," may scorn and tempt, but they cannot hurt you. All are conquered enemies. If then you would be happy and safe—happy in losses and afflictions—safe in temptations on land, and in dangers on the sea—if you would serve a skilful captain, one who knows all the rocks and quicksands of life's voyage—FOLLOW CHRIST. If you love your souls, and desire to pursue the path of usefulness and honor on earth, and to enter at last the fair haven on high—FOLLOW CHRIST.

Cry to him as Peter did—"Lord, save me!" Jesus once slumbered under the sails of a fishing boat, and there heard a sailor's prayer. He will hear it again. Soon the frail bark in which your soul moves on the sea of life, will be shattered. What will become of the precious cargo then? Already the storm of sin is beating upon it. Oh! keep an eye on the life boat. Enter it at once. It may pass by, and then you are lost!

"Follow me," says Jesus. "Come unto me and I will give you life."

Jesus!—full of truth and love!
We thy gracious word obey:
Faithful let thy mercies prove:
Take our load of guilt away.

Lord! we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care;
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there!

One Faithful Christian Sailor.

The editors of the American Messenger have received an interesting sketch of the blessing which attended the labors of one faithful Christian, who embarked in a whale ship on her return voyage to this country from the South Seas. He was faithful and discreet, though often ridiculed and opposed. At length a tremendous storm, when he was calm and committed all to God, favored the impressions he desired to make; a morning prayer meeting was commenced; the Spirit of God was manifestly present; five sailors resolved to seek an interest in Christ; and the work went on till now *twenty-six* are indulging hope in Christ. The narrative is given by one of the number, who long opposed, but has now had for months joy and peace in believing.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Influence of Woman.

This is undoubtedly one of the most powerful of the many instrumentalities that of late have been brought in to advance the cause of the sailor. We have been told that men govern the world, and that women govern the men, and facts as well as history will warrant the assertion, that the direct, and indirect influence of woman has from time to time borne powerful sway in deciding the destinies of nations. Trace for a moment her influence in Roman, English, French and American history, and see if we do not find much to convince us, that although she is *physically* denominated the weaker sex, still she has a *moral* power which is potent and irresistible, and of immense import to any religious, political, or moral enterprise.—Where would have been the religion of the Saviour of the world, if the gentler sex had rejected the blessed teachings of our divine Lord and Master? Contemplate for a moment the influence of a pious and lovely wife over an affectionate, but an unsanctified husband, and find an answer. What think you would have been the destinies of the American republic, had the *wives* of the fathers of the American revolution, thrown their sympathies into the bosoms of the enemies of American freedom? Let the serfs and minions of the old world, kissing the feet of their tyrants, answer. Where, think you, would stand the moral reforms of the present generation, if woman's influence were suffered to retard their progress? Call to mind some of the black plague-spots which mar the fair

surface of her general influence, where she, lost to a sense of her shame and degradation, has prostituted her powers to vice, and defiled the fair temple of her soul by gross licentiousness; think of the sad contrast and weep!

We have spoken of the *general* and *indirect* influence of woman upon great and important subjects, and now let a few words be said upon her *direct* influence in behalf of the righteous cause of the SAILOR. Those who have interested themselves in behalf of seamen, have beheld with joy an increasing interest on the part of the female portion of the community, in the cause of the sons of the ocean; and in behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships, we would urge upon the ladies of our fair country villages, where associations of the kind do not exist, the formation of "Female Marine Associations," so that by a combination of individual influences, a greater amount of good may be accomplished. How much might be done, if the ladies of our land would rouse their energies, for the neglected sons of Neptune! Let them organize all over the country, in the interior as well as on the sea-board; let them have their monthly meetings, and let some one of their number read aloud from some of the many publications devoted to their cause, the cheering intelligence of their success, as well as the sad news of those who have found watery graves amid the conflict of the seas. Let them, monthly, collect assessments of 12½ cents from each, and send the sum total to our sea ports to be appropriated in behalf of the sailor, as they may see fit to direct. Let the wives influence the husbands to work for the sailor; and in conclusion, let all endeavor to minister to his spiritual as well as temporal wants, remembering the gracious promise, that "they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, forever and ever."

☞ The following appears in a late number of the Christian Watchman, and is commended to such as have a son at sea.

The Bark Potomac.

Go, bark Potomac, speed thy way
O'er the Atlantic sea,
For thou dost on thy deck convey
A son most dear to me.

Go, bark Potomac, safely plough
The surges of the deep,
Thou, when the tempests fiercely blow
Omnipotence shall keep.

Go, bark Potomac, to the clime
Where fruits luxuriant grow,
The orange, grape, and acid lime,
Their rich profusion show.

Go, bark Potomac, and return,
Bearing the son I love;
Then shall my heart's thank-offering burn,
And rise to God above.

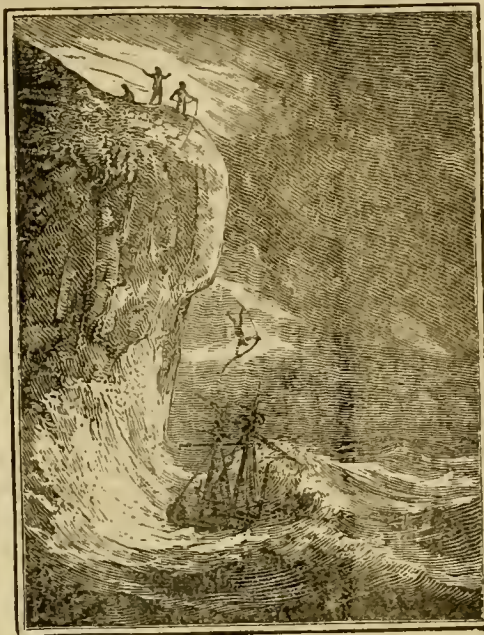
Boston, July, 1844.

D. S.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The Shipwreck.



This picture represents a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of York, England.—The rock, you see, is about 300 feet high; or twice as high as the steeple of a meeting house. The men on the top of it have been trying to draw up the men from the ship, by a small cord. The first two who took hold of it, were drawn up safely. The third, after being drawn up to a great distance, let the rope slip from his hands. He fell down, and was dashed in pieces. With the next one, the rope gave way, and he fell into the sea. Immediately afterwards the ship went to pieces. All but two of the men on board were drowned. These two were washed into a cave of the rock, and were saved.

The vessel had sailed from Sunderland a few hours before. All hands were drunk, and the ship was left to the management of a boy. He run the vessel upon the rocks.—What an awful warning to the intemperate!

Father Mudge and the Young Sailor.

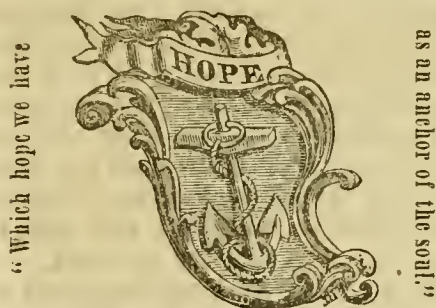
Our venerable friend who has preached several years to the seamen and others at New Bedford—Rev. ENOCH MUDGE—has had many expressions of gratitude and affection bestowed on him by the sons of the ocean.

The following is from a Christian sailor, who, when young, was taken by the hand by this good old man:

From father Mudge, when a sailor from the port of New Bedford, I received the first evidence that any one cared for my soul in that region. From him I received, from our earliest acquaintance, fatherly counsel, and repeated and continued evidences of solicitous regard for my welfare, which I am well assured have not been entirely lost. We visited New Bedford about the same time, I a reckless, dissipated youth bound to sea. He on a voyage of Mercy, to explore a novel sea

of enterprise. To mark its bounds, its shores, its various shoals and quicksands, enter a crusade (deemed then romantic,) against the monster Prejudice; and give community a chart whereby the poor, debased sailor might steer a true course from the bleak regions and pestiferous stews of dissipation and vice, and safely anchor in the peaceful bay of respectability, under the lee of the gospel flag-ship. He has accomplished his task; the way is open, the coast is clear. And, brother sailor, I found when I got home, he had opened for us negotiations at the court of Heaven; had told the Lord all about us, and prayed Him to take us in his service again. I found a commission waiting for me from the Son of God, doubtless in answer to his and other's petitions. I have doffed the old uniform; put on the true blue of heaven, trimmed off with the gold of Ophir, and am now on board the gospel ship cruising for souls. The rations are good; pay, an inexhaustible treasure; and expect a large share of prize money; and a harbor of eternal rest when the voyage is over. In other words, I am a Methodist preacher, who was once one of the wickedest fellows in New Bedford. There is room on board the gospel ship for all of us. Will you join?

SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Seamen's Convention at Baltimore.

A convention of preachers to seamen, and other friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance is requested.

Boston Bethel Union.

The first anniversary of this Society was held in Rev. Mr. NEALE'S Chapel on Monday evening July 29. A large audience attended. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. HOLMAN, of New Orleans. The annual report was read by the Editor of the Sheet Anchor, as Secretary of the Society. The following is an abstract of the facts it contains:

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

The Managers of the Boston Bethel Union would report to the friends of seamen that the Society has been brought through the first year of its existence in the enjoyment of many tokens of the divine favor.

Soon after our organization, public meetings for the moral improvement of the sailor were commenced in a convenient chapel, on the corner of Commercial and Lewis Streets. These meetings have been continued to the present time, with marked success. On the Sabbath there are three meetings at the Bethel, and two for the promotion of temperance among seamen, on ship-board. The latter meetings are held during the summer months. They are numerous attended, orderly, and productive of much good. The Sabbath School is doing well.

Several interesting cases of moral improvement have occurred. The chaplain has been constantly engaged, except a period when family afflictions and duty called him from the city. He has attended eight meetings every week, and visited the vessels and boarding houses as much as possible. Testaments, tracts and religious publications have been distributed by him among seamen, with promise of usefulness.

The present Chapel will seat nearly four hundred persons. It is usually well filled; but it is believed that more seamen would attend if a floating chapel, capable of seating a congregation of 800, could be procured. A committee has been appointed by the Managers to inquire into the probability of procuring such a chapel, and the means of paying for it. That committee is now attending to its duties, and will be able to report in a short time.

Aid has been derived from Female Bethel Societies. Three of these associations in this city, and several in the country, are rendering assistance to the cause.

In conclusion, the Managers of the Bethel Union would thank God, and take courage.

Addresses were made by Mr. HENNEL, late Cashier of the Sailors' Home, New York, Mr. TRACY, of the Boston Sailor's Home, and Rev. Mr. KIRK. All the speakers presented many important facts—the singing was excellent—and a good collection was taken. We hope the blessing of God will continue to attend the meetings of the Boston Bethel Union.

Lowell.

In all our excursions to benefit the cause of the sailor, there is no place we love to visit better than Lowell. This may appear singular to some, when it is considered that the city is strictly a manufacturing one—that no ship is seen in its waters—no mast rises above its roofs—and that the mariner is but seldom met in its streets. But there are many, very

many true friends of the neglected tar among these dashing wheels and humming spindles. No place in this country can call together a larger audience, in proportion to the population, to hear the claims of the sons of the sea; and no people are more generous in responding to those claims than the manufacturers and operatives of Lowell. May the blessing of God ever rest on their kind hearts and liberal hands.

This is not the place for us to speak of other pleasing peculiarities in this town of industrial wonders. We have spoken of some of these striking things in a religious and literary magazine with which we are connected—the "Lady's Wreath." But, wherever we may be, on the land or on the ocean, we shall always think with gratitude of the thriving city of Lowell.

We see no reason why we may not obtain at least a *thousand* subscribers in the city of industry. We secured 106 names, in a few hours, in three rooms of one establishment! Nor is this all. Some of the ladies connected with a Sewing Circle have forwarded us a large and beautiful quilt, to be applied to the comfort of the mariner in the Sailor's Home. We hope to render these fair friends of the cause the thanks of the sailor in person. It is our intention to spend the third Sabbath in this month there, (15th inst.) and shall address the people in the City Hall, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

Again we say—Heaven bless the friends of the sailor in Lowell.

NEW BOOKS.—"Life in a Liner," containing descriptions of several voyages, is a valuable book. It may be had of SAXTON and MILES. "Morse's Pictorial Geography," published by the Harpers, is for sale by the same house. We have never seen any work of the kind so well adapted for seamen.

TRIP OF THE HAMILTON.—Our friend and brother, Rev. S. P. HILL, of Baltimore, has been enjoying a sail with Captain SURGUS. According to his sketches of the affair, they must have had a delightful time together cruising along the Capes, and touching at the Light Houses. We expect to follow suit one of these days.

A CARD.

To the Editor of the Sheet Anchor:

Brig "TALLEYRAND,"
Boston, August 16, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, on the part of our crew, to make your valuable columns the medium of our heartfelt thanks to you, and those friends of seamen, for their friendship, their well wishes and prayers for the welfare of the sailor.

We leave the port of Boston all hands teetotallers—determined to stick to our pledge—God giving us grace. We mean to sail on the sea of temperance, and waging war against king Alcohol's fleet, with the banner of Total Abstinence nailed to our mast-head.

Our crew was shipped by JOHN H. KIMBALL, a worthy citizen and friend of temperance and seamen.

ARCHIBALD S. LANDELS.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. brig Somers, from the West Indies, last from Turks Island, has arrived at Philadelphia.

U. S. steam cutter Legare, Capt. Howard, arrived at Old Point Comfort, Va., 21st ult., and would leave the first fair wind for New York.—In coming down the Potomac, the Legare injured her propeller, so that they were compelled to put her stern ashore, and unship it.

Commander Wetmore has been detached from the North Carolina, at his own request.

A letter from Toulon, in allusion to the U. S. ship Plymouth, says: "She has been visited by the French admiral and commodore. They were both courteously received, and conducted through the ship. They expressed themselves as much pleased. The ship has excited very much admiration. The French officers say that she is a perfect 'bijou.' Certainly this is a compliment to our naval construction. Her officers are men of fine stature and appearance, and in their gentlemanly bearing do honor to the American navy and nation."

DEATH OF COM. DALLAS.—The following news was received in New York, via Baltimore, which latter place it reached by way of Panama and Jamaica:

Commodore DALLAS died at Callao on the 3d of June, and was buried at Bella Vista, (a small village between Lima and Callao,) in the British cemetery.

The frigate United States, Capt. Armstrong, arrived at Callao on the 3d of June, the day of the commodore's death.

Com. Elliott has been appointed to the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in the place of Com. Read.

IRON STEAMERS.—An iron steamer is being built at South Boston for a revenue cutter. Another is to be constructed at East Boston, for an ice and tow boat.

Capt. Simpson, of schooner *Saul*, was arrested near Charleston, S. C., on an executive warrant, and brought to this city last week by constable G. Andrews. He is charged with stealing the cargo of the above vessel, in 1842, which was afterwards burnt near Calf Island, insurance being paid. One Thomas Chubbs, and the mate have been in custody since June last.

SWORD FISH.—Last year, one firm in Boston, Messrs. B. Abrahams & Co., packed about 400 barrels, which always met with a ready sale. The sloop *Star*, Capt. Thomas Franklin, of Mystic, Conn., arrived at Boston a few days since, having caught fifty barrels in ten days; seven barrels of which were caught in one day. A good fish. We speak from experience.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Consul for the Auckland Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, in lieu of his appointment for the Bay of Islands, in New Zealand, revoked.

Information wanted of WILLIAM SOWDON, late of England, a sailor, and now believed to reside in Boston or vicinity. He will hear something to his pecuniary advantage, on applying as early as possible to Mr. Poinroy, Chief Clerk at the Boston Post Office. If any of his friends know of his whereabouts, they will do him a favor by advising him of this notice.

Important to Whalemén.—Information has been received at the Department of State from the U. States Consulate at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, that the Governor of that Colony has been pleased to permit, at its instance, American whale ships to land their cargoes of oil in the ports of New Zealand, for exportation either to England or the United States, thereby giving the ships an opportunity of refitting, without the delay or exposure of returning to the United States.

Buoy on the Little Round Shoal.—Blunt's Coast Pilot, 14th edition, page 179, says: "Then by making a N. E. & E. course good, you will go between the Great and Little Round Shoals, at the South part of which (the Little Round Shoal) is a white buoy, with a small pole in the end of it."

Now, the undersigned, made this buoy on the 10th ult., in clear weather, and distinctly saw also the buoy on the Great Round Shoal, and the breakers also, and he found the buoy on the said Little Round Shoal, as black as the ace of spades. This is no doubt well known to the coasting vessels, but it should be known to other transient navigators.

R. B. FORBES.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—The proprietor and inmates of Capt. Robertson's "Seamen's Home and Temperance Boarding House," in Thames Street, Fell's Point, Baltimore, were startled on Wednesday afternoon, 21st ult., by ascertaining that one of the boarders, George Daley, had committed self-destruction. Mr. D. was universally recognized as a sober and industrious man. He was the mate of the bark *Guilford*, Capt. Smith, upon which he had taken employment but a few days past.

The project of establishing a line of steam boats between Liverpool and Quebec, direct, has been started in the latter city.

Capt. Warner sunk a vessel called the "John O'Gaunt," off Brighton, by an invisible agency; speculation is rife as to the means employed. He is endeavoring to sell his secret to the British government.

Velocity of Steam Vessels.—Mr. Henry Booth, of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, between two and three years ago published some experiments by which he thought he had disproved the received law that the power required to propel vessels through the water, increases in a triplicate ratio of the velocities. He has recently published another pamphlet with further experiments, the object of which is to show that by lengthening the vessels without increasing the breadth, and using the screw in place of the paddle, we might gain a greater velocity with very little increase of power, and thus abridge the time of transit for ocean voyages. He apprehends the time may be reduced between England and America to a week.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF MOSES DRESSER, of Haverhill, Mass., 25 years of age, light complexion and hair, light blue eyes, 5 feet 8 inches in height, stout built, by trade a shoe maker; when last heard from was at the Island of Oteheite, in the year 1842. Address N. B. DRESSER, Haverhill, Ms.

Also, of HIRAM OSGOOD MORRILL, of Amesbury, Mass., 32 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, stout built, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, by trade a house carpenter. Address MOSES MORRILL, Newburyport, Mass.

Also, THOMAS DEAN, of South Reading, Mass., 26 years of age, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, slight built, by trade a shoe maker. In the year 1837, he was attached to the U. S. ship *Ontario*, then at Boston. Address Mrs. MARY SKINNER, South Reading, Mass.

Also, of NOAH FRYE, of Woburn, Mass., 29 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, dark complexion, hair and eyes, stout built, by trade a shoe maker. Address NATHAN W. FRYE, Woburn, Mass.

Also, DAVID AUSTIN, of Great Falls, N. H., 18 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, stout built, reported to have shipped on board the U. S. ship *Columbus*, in 1842. Address B. N. AUSTIN, Great Falls.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

POST OFFICE, PORT ELIZABETH, }
ALCOA BAY, MAR 10, 1844. }

The Beacon placed in April, 1843, to point out the position of the Dispatch Rock, (commonly called the Roman Rock,) situated in this Bay, having sunk, strangers are recommended, on rounding Cape Recife with a proper offing, to steer N. E. by $\frac{1}{2}$ N. by compass, until the two beacons on the Western shore (one with a barrel on the top, the other with a cross,) are in one; and when the cross is well open with the other beacon, they may haul up for the anchorage, N. W.

It is generally understood by Captains of vessels sailing across the Bahama Banks, that there is no channel northward of the Orange Keys, and is laid down in Blunt's chart, that a shoal exists between the Orange Keys and the Riding Rocks. For information of mariners, Capt. Clark, of the *Patuxent*, says, that he has sailed over the shoal so laid down, a number of times, and has found a channel either about quarter of a mile from the Riding Rocks, or within half channel of the Orange Keys, and has found it 2½ fathoms deep at low water, and observed no difference in the depth of the water, from the banks surrounding where the shoal is so laid down.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

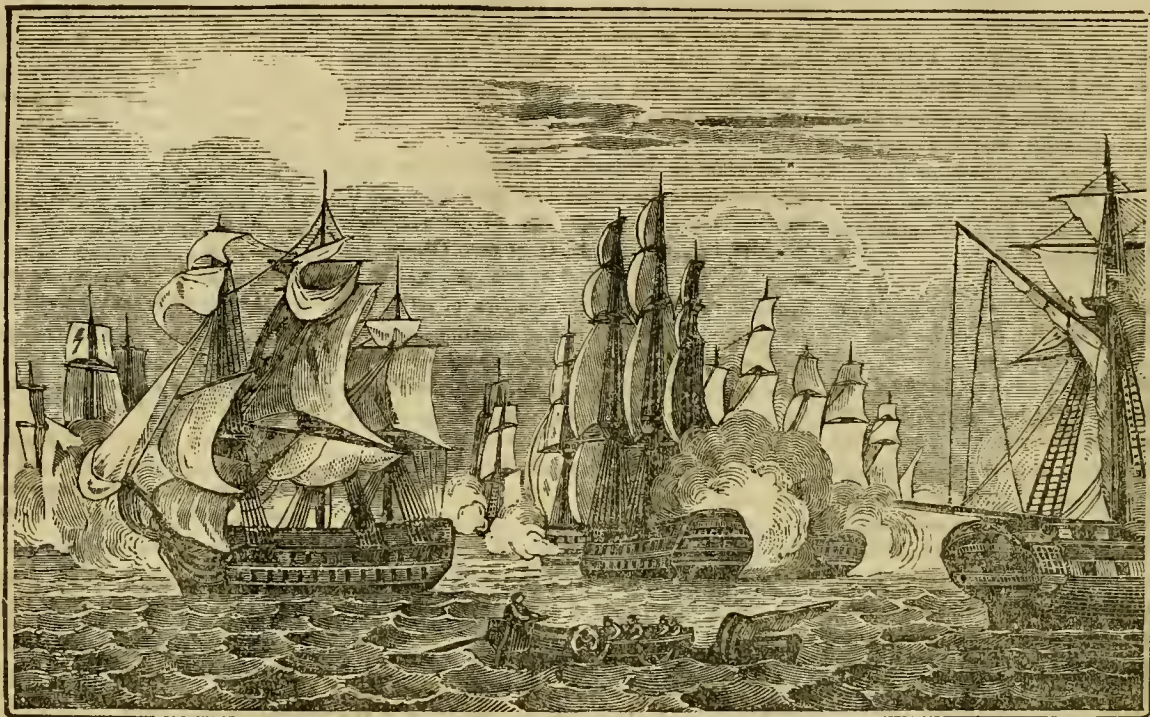
Ship *Isaac Hicks*, Lawrence, which arrived at New London, Conn., 22d ult., from Havre, reports that he passed, July 21st, several large sticks of square timber, and great quantities of white pine plank; saw more or less throughout the day; at the same time saw a piece of ship's deck plank. All looked as though it had been in the water but a short time. July 29, 4 o'clock, a. m., lat. 46° N., lon. 38° W., James Williamson, seaman, a native of Scalloway, Shetland Islands, fell from the rim of the main top to the deck, fracturing his skull so badly that he died in a few minutes.

Brig *Pioneer*, of Boston, from Baltimore for Braintree, put into Philadelphia 24th ult., leaky, having been in contact with a British bark, supposed the *Christiana*, from Philadelphia for Quebec, on 22d, 70 miles S. E. of Cape Henlopen. The bark struck the P. about midships, stove in her broadside, broke both plank shears, started the decks, carried away fore and foretop sail yards, split sails, injured rigging, backstays, headstays, &c., and it is supposed the cargo is considerably injured.

Brig *Houlton*, of Prospect, Merithew, from Philadelphia for Boston, was ran into by brig *Moselle*, night of 20th ult., off mouth of Vineyard Sound, striking her abreast of the main rigging, causing her to leak badly. The crew got on board the M. and the *Houlton* drifted ashore on Naushton Island, 2 miles to the westward of Tarpaun Cove, where she remained 21st, full of water. The *Moselle* knocked off head and cutwater.

THE SAILOR IN BATTLE.

The following is taken from Mr. PIERCE's book, "Voice of Adventure."



The memorable Battle off Cape St. Vincent, on St. Valentine's Day. — Page 184.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 25th ult., by Rev. C. W. DENISON, Capt. JACOB HOFFMAN, of ship Paris, of Salem, to Miss RACHEL COOMBS, of Boston.

In South Scituate, Capt. WM. H. TALBOT to MARY, daughter of Capt. ELISHA FOSTER.

In Gardiner, Me., Capt. THOMAS SMITH, of Hallowell, to Miss THEODORA L. HALL.

In Stonington, Conn., Capt. PHINEAS LEACH to Miss MARY P. ELLIS, both of Plymouth, Mass.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, 14th ult., Capt. ELIJAH C. CROSBY, of Brewster, aged 23 years.

In Concord, N. H., 9th ult., SAMUEL ABBOTT, aged 38 years. Mr. A. had, for the last twenty years, followed the seas as a whaler.

At sea, 16th ult., of yellow fever, on the passage from Black River, Ja., to New York, Capt. J. C. JOHNSON, master of brig Port Leon, of Bath, Me.

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.
TRAVELLING AGENTS.
REV. SILAS BAILEY. GEORGE L. COBURN.
" DANIEL WISE.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

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DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,
General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.
New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.
Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pileh.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.
Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rockets, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.
Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.
Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

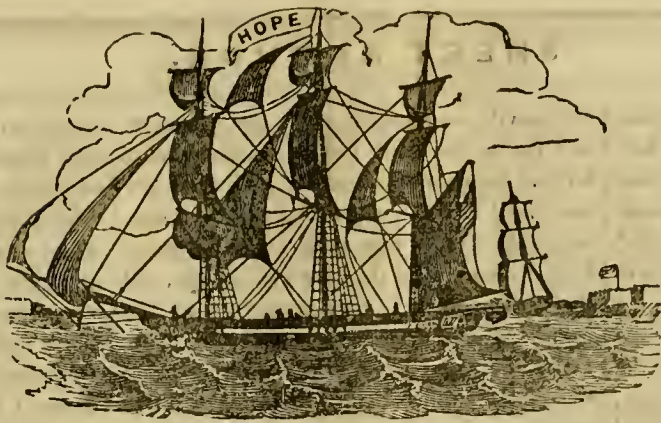
Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcohn.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844. No. 18.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to
HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: }
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

The False Light.

"A wreck! a wreck!" is the most tremendous sound to a wretched mariner in the howling midnight tempest. But strange as it may seem, there have lived men, even in this country, who have made it their profession to lure vessels to destruction in stormy weather, for the sake of plundering the wrecks. One of the means resorted to for such a guilty purpose, was that of attaching a lantern to a horse, and leading the animal about the shore, to deceive seamen into the belief that they were approaching a vessel under sail. The atrocious expedient was often successful.—The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late by the foaming breakers that burst upon them from the shore; and the vessel speedily became the prey of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves immunity in their plunder, often murdered those who escaped drowning.

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay, dwelt one of these wretches, whose name was *Terloggan*—an old hardened desperado, who, united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker, but the last was his favorite occupation; and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity,

that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided him in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life, and sought to obtain an honorable subsistence as the mate of a West India trader.

It was a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that *Terloggan*, like the vulture, ever watchful of his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the distant indication of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly extending waves swept with slow murmuring along the shining sand of the deep bay, with a wild and monotonous splashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon the ear. No more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen *Lucifer*, than was the quiescent state of nature to the dark mind of *Terloggan*. In his impatience, he cursed the protracted seasons of tranquillity, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial, not only to the "gloomy temper of his soul," but to his interests. At length he saw with a smile of savage satisfaction the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with exultation the hollow murmuring of the winds, and beheld the blackening waves rising in fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased, and the long and loud blast of the contending elements rung upon the ear like the death knell of a departing soul. "Now is thy time," ejaculated the old hag, his wife; "go thy ways upon the cliffs; there's death in the wind." *Terloggan* speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to; and he soon observed a light at sea, as in answer to his signal.

His prey seemed in his grasp. The light evidently approached nearer; and before an hour had elapsed, the white close reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, "All hands on deck!" and "'Bout ship!" were vociferated in wild despair.—Every exertion was made to steer the vessel from shore, but the redeeming moment was passed, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill was of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash announced the horrid catastrophe, and the last flashing signal gun revealed for a moment a scene too horrible to be described. The stranded vessel, hurled repeatedly against the jagged rocks, soon parted, the waves dashing over her hull with restless fury, bearing to the shore the shattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; while the mingled shrieks of the drowning blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries of any army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that being was *Terloggan*. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated, and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, (for the moon had broken from the clouds by which she had before been concealed,) he stood while gazing upon the scene of desolation around him, as if at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine. But to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard earned booty, and who was loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition, was a resolution no sooner formed than executed. While he

was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corpse upon the sand before him. Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to the hut.

"What luck?" exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate, as he crossed the threshold of the door. "Never better!" rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his stratagem, without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the stranger. "Give me the light," said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring, than he recognized its form and certain marks upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony, he quickly handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it had been taken, and after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy, "Oh, my son! my son! my poor son!" and fell senseless at the feet of her husband.—Terloggan endeavored to master his feelings until the fact should be ascertained.

He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the murdered corpse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had been complete. Overwhelmed with despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had ever before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards, his mangled body was found among the rocks, and was interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms, which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

¶ We take the following with much pleasure from the Report of Mr. Love, late missionary of the American Tract Society to seamen, in New York. It was delivered in the boarders at the Home.

Temperance Prospects.

In your temperance meetings I have met you with the deepest anxiety. I have regarded them as the powerful instrument which would wrest the poor, degraded, drunken sailor, from being an object of mockery and contempt; and which would raise him to be a man, respectable and respected. A sailor while he continues to drink, cannot be any thing else than a drunken sailor. Those wishing, and working to merit this character, must always live in warfare with every thing divine and human. Before the mast they la-

bor heavily, and wearily, for a few years, no one caring for their happiness, they having no care for themselves, much less for any one else, until they become so helpless and contemptible that a rum shop boarding house keeper cannot ship them, or I should say, sell them at any price! You know that this has been, and it is even now, too often the case. Doubtless some of you have been steering this course until hailed by the voice of Temperance. But it is not my object to bring again before you your past experience; as I now aim at telling you what you may experience in future.

No sooner does the sailor throw aside the drunkard's coat, than he appears as he ought. While he wears that coat, he is a hypocrite, if an artificial man deserves that name; nay, more, he is such a wild, reckless madman that all who would be happy to aid, or benefit him, think it but madness to attempt any thing of the kind. The most ignorant can perceive that no sailor but a sober one can appreciate that which is good; and that he who wishes to become both great and good, must leave off drinking. On this account merchants are now looking with fond anxiety to your reformation. Your fathers, your mothers, your sisters and brothers, and your wives and children are praying with tears for this reformation. The church of God, by sea and by land, is laboring for this reformation. And what prevents it from taking place? Simply this—you, of your own free will, in opposition to every thing which is good, still continue to sail on the drunkard's track. But blessed be God that the command "About ship," is now heard from all quarters. From the captain to the cabin boy this order is trumpeted now on every coast, over every sea; and a host of noble hearts have responded to the call by determined action, and they have not "missed stays."—When all will hear and obey, what will be the consequence? Why, you will have the esteem and confidence of your employers—the blessings, and love of your relatives—and the love and gifts of the church of God.—Such literature as has made other men great and good will be poured in upon you, and you may become good and great. Instead of the infamous trash, and despicable publications of a licentious and worthless press, in which you now, as a drunkard, take delight, and which fires your already heated mind, for intemperance and debauchery, you will then be happy in reading, and studying that which will enlighten your minds—fill you with wisdom—raise you to honor—and it may be—lead you to God. The sailor who casts off drunkenness, ought in the next place cast off ignorance. The opportunities you have for reading are many, the inducements are great. Every week since my arrival among you, until the last one, fifty new names have ap-

peared on the books of the New York Marine Temperance Society. I know that some of those who signed will still continue to drink, but they do the most injury to themselves—and we suffer pain from that. The great majority however, are, and, I am confident, ever will be sober men. The ground of my belief is, that out of the fifteen hundred men, with whom I have boarded at the Home, I have not, I am certain, seen more than forty drunk during the past three months. Does not this speak with a hundred, ay, a thousand tongues, and a brazen voice,—that the sailor will be reformed! On, sailor, on! You, and you, and you, and all of you must become temperance lecturers wherever you go. The greatest moral power that can be exerted over the sailor, is to be wielded by the sailor. In port or on sea, at home, or abroad, by conduct and conversation, let the blessings of temperance be acknowledged and exhibited. Until there be a general reformation the innocent must, in some degree, be partakers with the guilty, of that curse which has too long hung over you. While it can be said of sailors, "*Sailors are drunkards*," you temperate men are included in the phrase; and the only door of escape is, either for you to leave the sea, or have no drunken shipmates.

I shall ever remember with pride the happy night when I headed a delegation of seamen, from six different nations, to lecture on temperance to landsmen in the landsman's Hall. I know what you can do; you are able if you are willing; and I must with confidence look forward to UNIVERSAL REFORMATION. Against every opposition, I glory in the thought that I shall yet see seamen sober men—they reading men—they enlightened and honorable men—they gentlemen and Christians. While I have life and breath, I shall pray for this; and whenever I can exert an influence for the accomplishment of this—it shall be exerted. And if it shall please my Master to entrust me, at any time, with a congregation of his people, I feel assured that every one of that people will be a friend of the sailor.

A Sailor's Cruise on Land.

A sailor-correspondent writes us from New Haven, Conn., a short account of a teetotal tour recently made by him.

MR. DENISON,

Dear Sir,—It is now past midnight, and feeling as I do the obligation that I am under to you, I am determined that it shall be still later before I go to my bed, for I have much to say to you.

I left Boston the 3d of June last, and have spoken on the good subject of temperance sixty times. Wherever I have been there appears to be much of feeling in its favor. I

addressed audiences several times in the city of New York, and had the happiness of knowing that many signed the pledge. There appears to be a steady, unhesitating determination on the part of the friends of temperance to give no quarter to the great enemy of man—Alcohol. During my stay in New York, I received the utmost attention from friends to the cause, which attention I shall never forget. I went among them a stranger; I left them with feelings of regret. As you have had the kindness, sir, to publish heretofore articles of mine, allow me to thank you, through the medium of that advocate for sailors' rights, (your "Sheet Anchor,") which Anchor, I am happy to inform you, holds on well where it is let go.

I am grateful to Capt. RICHARDSON, keeper of the Sailor's Home and President of the Marine Temperance Society, and the worthy Mayor of the empire city, who gave me a permit, although not upon one of the visiting days, to go upon Blackwell's Island, where I spoke individually with many of the prisoners on the cause of their duress. In only one instance did I hear that the cause for incarceration did not grow out of a use of alcoholic stimulants.

A circumstance transpired while I was addressing a very large audience at the Sailor's Home, which I shall never forget. As I was telling of my misery in connection with land-sharks, a sailor came into the hall without any other covering than a shirt and pantaloons. As he walked towards the table, he exclaimed: "That is my situation exactly! give me that pledge; I will sign it." After having done so, said he: "I have been on shore but one night, in New York, having arrived at some other port, and resolving to go home; but in that one fatal night the land-sharks have robbed me of more than a hundred dollars, and all the clothes I have, only these in which I stand." As I looked upon that noble frame, and saw the tears course their way down his cheeks, I thought of the many that were held in bondage by the power of appetite—and pledged myself anew to God, to live and die advocating the holy principles of temperance. During my absence I have spoken in the Connecticut State Prison, the Tombs in New York, and the Jail in this place; and in no instance have I seen any want of attention, but on the contrary many were affected to tears. I have visited the North Carolina, receiving ship, and, as a whole, all the sailors I have seen and spoken with, are fast being impressed with the necessity of signing the pledge. Yours,

J. L. C.

☞ Capt. A. W. RICHARDSON, of the ship Brooklyn, during his last voyage from Liverpool, called his passengers together, talked to them about the evils of using strong drink, and succeeded in obtaining sixty-one names to the pledge!

☞ The following notice appeared in a late number of the Boston Bee:

Boston Marine Total Abstinence Society.

It may have been inferred by some from our remarks, made a few days since, concerning the "Father Taylor's Total Abstinence Society," that no other Society having similar objects in view, existed in this city; this is not the case. The one whose title forms the caption of this article, was organized in September, 1843, and is now in "the full tide of successful operation." Rev. C. W. DENISON, Pastor of the New Bethel, corner of Commercial and Lewis Streets, is the President. Mr. JOSEPH VOSE, a reformed man, of great energy of character, is the Secretary of this Society, which now enrolls about 1500 names. Their meetings, we are told, are well attended, and are of a very enthusiastic character. We understand that not less than 103 names were enrolled a recent Sunday. They have met on ship-board, at Lewis' Wharf, every Sunday, at 6 a. m., and 6 p. m., and on Tuesday and Friday evenings at the Commercial Street Bethel.

This Society is beneficial and charitable in its character in another sense. It pays one dollar per week to any poor sailor who keeps the temperance pledge one year, and is in need of assistance. We can but repeat our previously expressed sentiment—May this auxiliary in a noble cause continue to "go on and prosper."

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

New York Sailor's Home.

Mrs. CHILDS, in a letter from New York, to the Boston Courier, thus speaks of this Institution:

I made a visit the other day to the Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street. It is the largest and best arranged institution of the kind in the country. Indeed, it is the only one in the world built expressly for the purpose, except the Sailor's Home in London. The benevolent have made limited arrangements for the comfort and improvement of seamen in several of our cities; but New York only has a large and commodious edifice erected especially for their accommodation.

Shipwrecked sailors have a right to a home, gratis, at this institution, and they make pretty free use of the claim. But true to their generous natures, those who return to this port are usually very honorable about settling arrears. A short time ago, a sailor presented himself, and said, "Captain, do you remember me?" "No, my friend, I do not."—"Well, I don't wonder you have forgotten me. I came here a long time ago. I had been wrecked. You gave me my board, and got a voyage for me. You told me to take my advance wages for the clothes I needed.

I owe you seventeen dollars, and I have got just the money. Here it is, and thank you too. And now I want to get a short voyage, to earn a little money to go and see my old mother at Baltimore." After some inquiry into the merits of the case, Captain Richardson enabled the honest fellow to go home to his mother.

Considering the great value of this institution, the merchants of New York have been less liberal towards it than I should have supposed they would have been. They subscribed but \$13,000. The establishment is now in debt \$17,000, besides \$10,000 to the State, for land. The State will probably give them this debt, though there is persevering opposition from those whose interests are injured by temperance houses. The State would, doubtless, a great deal more than save it, in the prevention of crime. It is impossible to calculate the benefits, direct and indirect, of having six thousand sailors a year brought under the healthy influence of such an institution. Among the five hundred who meet there every month, there are many attracted by the character of the house, who decidedly prefer sobriety and modesty, and who take delight in reading, praying, and singing hymns. These place no restraint on the movements of others less seriously inclined; but a healthy influence goes forth invisibly from their example. New York is not a Sodom, after all.

Sailor's Home in Charleston, S. C.

The friends of the sailor in Charleston are beginning to move in the erection of a Home. The Editor of the Mercury says:

We copy the following article, descriptive of the SAILOR'S HOME, in New York, from the *Episcopal Protestant*, edited by our esteemed fellow citizen, and the respected clergyman of St. Peter's, the Rev. W. H. BARNWELL. If its perusal shall have the effect of rendering any of our liberal and philanthropic citizens desirous of emulating New York, in the erection of a structure of such noble benevolence and general usefulness, Mr. J. W. CALDWELL, the Treasurer of the Charleston Port Society, will gladly receive their charitable contributions. The fund, already in hand for this purpose, exceeds \$3000, and is accumulating—and one more decided effort at collections is all that is wanting to adorn and bless our community with a monument of practical benevolence and noble public spirit.

SAILOR'S HOME.

We were highly gratified by a visit to this Institution, in the city of New York. It is an honor to the liberality and intelligence of those who founded and sustain it. We should rejoice to behold in our own city just such a monument of the pious zeal and practical

wisdom of the community. Nor do we despair of seeing, should our lives be spared, such a consummation of the long cherished wishes of many of the warm friends of the mariners among us.

The Sailor's Home, in New York, is one of the finest buildings in the city, constructed expressly for the purpose to which it has been put—the accommodation of seamen.—Besides Halls, Committee Rooms, Libraries, Museums, &c., it has several hundred sleeping rooms, and is capable of accommodating at the same time, about four hundred men. The Superintendent, and other officers of the establishment, are men who have been at sea, and who are decidedly pious, and so far as we were able to form a judgment, well qualified for their stations. The house is conducted upon the strictest temperance principles, and every thing contrary to the religion of the Bible, and good morals, is peremptorily prevented. The Scriptures are read, and family prayers held every morning and evening, and every meal sanctified, by asking the Divine blessing. The neatness, cleanliness, quietness, and perfect order, which pervaded the whole place, were remarkable, when it is considered, that no other means than moral ones are resorted to for the management of the boarders.

Order on ship-board is not so surprising, for the whole authority of the government is at hand to maintain it, but usually sailors have made up, by their recklessness and disorder on shore, for the restraints to which they had been subjected on the water. But in this case, about a hundred and fifty of them came, and went to, and from, and about the house, read books, or tracts, or papers, talked and laughed with one another as soberly and quietly as any other class of persons would have done, and we were told by the officers of the Institution, that deviations from the usual course of propriety were rare, and when committed, usually repented of speedily.

We had the pleasure of sitting down to supper with upwards of a hundred tars, and a more wholesome and abundant meal, we should not care to have, nor is it usual even at the best hotels, to see a more decent and orderly company.

Ministers of different denominations have free access to the establishment; and prayer meetings, and temperance meetings, are held there several times during the week.

A pleasanter hour we spent not in New York, than that employed in visiting this noble Institution—and our purpose was, God helping us, to leave no effort unemployed until our own city should be blessed with one of a similar kind. We were told there in New York, and we had heard it before, that a plan of a "Sailor's Home" had originated here in Charleston, though from want of

means, that plan had been limited to a very small scale. Can we not, should we not arise, and evince our zeal for the poor mariner, not by planning only, but by accomplishing our designs? Often has the indefatigable Chaplain of the Mariner's Church deplored to us the want of such an Institution on an adequate scale; and several laymen of influence and energy have, at different times, interested themselves in this plan, but difficulties have interfered. Would not the present, when every thing is cheap, be a favorable season for undertaking the work, heartily and effectually?

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Telegraph.

I was on a visit to one of the whaling ports of New England, and while looking from the window of my lodgings, my eye fell upon a gallant ship, with streamers flying, just entering the harbor. As I gazed upon her, I observed that one flag after another was hoisted to the mast head, and lowered again, and others, different from the first, hoisted in their place.

"What does it all mean?" I inquired of a person standing at my side. "Oh! they are *telegraphing*," was the reply; "those flags you see are the private signals of the owners."

"Private signals of the owners," said I; "and pray what use do they make of them?"

"Why, they use them for answering any questions that may be asked them on shore."

"And what are the usual questions?" again I inquired. "Oh! among others, what kind of a voyage have you made? how much oil on board? what vessels have you spoken? how long a passage? and any other question of interest to the owners." I walked away musing upon the last words "*of interest to the owners*." Suddenly it occurred to me that there was something strange, and unnatural in the whole affair. Interest of the owners, thought I. Is it possible that *they* are the only interested parties? Where, I mentally inquired, are the fifteen or twenty youth who embarked on board that ship, as part of the crew nearly four years since? Surely each one of those has an interest, equal, to say the least, to either of the owners. Theirs was a grand experiment for life—involving character no less than money. It was their *FIRST* voyage; and successful or otherwise, it will give a coloring to all their future prospects. But the case of the owners is different. To them the results of the voyage, will be but as one of a series of events, common in the lives of most ship owners.

If, then, the owners have been successful, and made a good voyage, suffer us to inquire about the sailors. Have they, too, made a good voyage? The toil, the hardship and the peril have been theirs. How fares it with them, now that the voyage is brought to a close? Where is *their* private signal? We see it not among the rest, floating at the mast head. Tell us—have they all come back safe? have none died in a distant land? none given up the ghost in mid ocean? They have friends, who are interested to know—parents, brothers, and sisters, whose hearts are bound up in them. Have you nothing to telegraph of interest to those youth, to their parents and friends? Where is the mother's private signal? Her darling boy strayed away from home, and embarked in that ship. Long has that mother thought upon that son, and prayed for his return. Many a winter's night has she arisen from her couch, and paced the room, with an anxious, aching heart, thinking of her absent child. Her thoughts were on the deep. She fancied him upon the winter's coast, and exposed to the pitiless storm that raged around her dwelling; and she wept as she contrasted her own and his probable condition.

And now that mother is before us. She has come from her distant home among the hills of New Hampshire. There she stands, upon the wharf, gazing with intense interest upon the newly arrived ship. It is her first visit to the sea-board. She has come as a MOTHER, in search after a long absent, and only son. The providence of God has brought her to the port; from whence her son departed, just at the moment when the ship arrived in which he embarked.

But her journey is in vain. He comes not with the ship! and why? It is a sad story; but must be told. He left home without the consent of his parents. On reaching the sea-board, he found himself destitute of money and a stranger. He would fain have returned to the home of his childhood, but pride of character, no less than want of means, prevented. He has taken a rash and imprudent step, and forfeited, in his own opinion, the love and confidence of his parents and friends; he has gone too far to retrace his steps.

Alas! with the wounded spirit of an erring son, that he could not understand the feelings of an anxious parent, more ready to forgive than to condemn a wayward child.—But that is impossible; and now what is there left him but self-banishment? With desperate energy, he decides upon his course, and a whaling voyage of three or four years seems his only alternative. Who now will assist him to carry out his plan? The youth needs counsel and sympathy, but where shall he obtain them? The land-shark, fitter is his only recourse; and he who lives upon

the misfortunes of his fellow creatures, finding him a stranger—*takes him in*.

Soon he is fitted away, and thus becomes involved in debt at the commencement of the voyage, and finds plenty of time after getting to sea, to ascertain the extent to which he has been taken in. Thus, at the very outset of his course, with one false step, and that followed up by imposition and robbery, and the way is prepared—for the ruin of an affectionate and endeared son. He is now on ship-board; compelled to associate with those in whom he finds no kindred feelings, gloomy and dissatisfied with the prospect before him, and feeling an utter unwillingness to labor, in order to meet the demand of the land-shark fitter—conceiving as he does that it is founded in injustice.

The rest of the story is soon told. He becomes broken spirited, and reckless; and escapes from the vessel at the first port she reaches, after leaving the United States.

We have now explained why that mother's son did not return in the ship. In doing so, we have described the case of hundreds of New England's once promising youth. And we would say, in closing, to the parents, to the mothers of New England, pray for the sailor's cause. It is a matter to you of the deepest possible interest, and remember there are no mother's private signals, among the telegraphic signals in use in the ports of the United States.

LAMARTIER.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

The following sensible remarks are from the last Report of the New York Female Bethel Union. We commend them to all our friends.

Objections to the Cause.

When we attempt to plead the Bethel cause, we are answered—"The churches have so much to do for other objects, that they cannot aid us." This argument betrays the nature of the difficulty which lies in our way—the cause of seamen is not understood or appreciated—it is looked upon as something *new* and *distinct* from the established system of benevolent effort, to be taken up only after other calls are answered—it is allowed to be good enough in itself—"but how," say they, "can the welfare of a few sailors be ranked with more enlarged missionary operations? or why do more for *sailors* than for *mechanics*?" Brethren, we plead for a reconsideration of this subject; we would ask, where can be found a field of labor more decidedly missionary in its character, or more extensively and vitally important than that of seamen? or which bears more immediately

upon every effort to extend the knowledge of the truth? The conversion of seamen combines in it the two objects of *foreign* and *domestic* missions; especially in this port, to which sailors from every part of the world are constantly resorting, and returning again to their own land to bear the influences, whether good or bad, which they have imbibed in *our Christian country*! Let the hundreds and thousands of heathen, who are thus brought to our very doors, be gathered under the sound of the gospel, and might we not hope to see missionaries, prepared and sent forth to as many parts of the globe, laden with the glad tidings of salvation, which here, for the first time, met their ears! To these, let there be added the mariners from our own shore, prepared in like manner to bear forth the word of life—and a machinery would be set in operation, which, in comparison with what is now done by the aggregate labors of all our missionary associations, would be like the *locomotive* to the *dray-cart*! Look at the Bethel cause in this light, and it will assume its proper importance in our estimation; we shall see that in giving the gospel to seamen, we are sending forth light and truth to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The Licentious Officer.

Facts, of the most painful character, are constantly occurring, showing to Christian ladies how much need there is of their continual labors of benevolence in the cause of the sailor.

The following tale is from the New York Courier of last summer: One night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a shore boat rowed by one man, and containing a young female, came along side the U. S. ship Independence, lying off Ellis' Island, and on being hailed, the female desired to know if midshipman ———, was on board. On being answered in the affirmative, she insisted on seeing him; but the officer of the deck told her that was impossible, as not only the regulations of the ship, but the rules of the service forbade it. She urged, implored, and entreated; but the officer, actuated by a stern sense of duty, was still compelled to adhere to his original resolution of refusing her admittance on board. Finding that he was inexorable, the young girl, without a moment's thought, sprang from the boat in which she had been standing, and sunk. A seaman, who had been in the fore chains, listening to the girl's conversation, saw her make the spring, and, as she touched the water, he sprang overboard after her, and a few lusty strokes brought him to the spot, as she arose. He seized her, and holding her up, the shore boat dropped along side of them, and took in the unfortunate girl and her gallant preserver.

The officer of the deck had her brought on board, and, surmising that something extraordinary must have occurred to induce

the female to attempt suicide, he summoned the first lieutenant. When he reached the deck, he drew from her a history of the causes which brought her out at that hour of the night, to such a place; and it was one of love, confidence, ruin, and subsequent desertion. The midshipman who was the cause of the poor girl's troubles, was called on deck, and being confronted with her, was at once recognized. What steps the first lieutenant next took with the recreant officer, we are ignorant of as yet; but the young girl was sent on shore, having first given her address, with the assurance that full and ample justice should be done, as soon as the Commodore arrived.

Tom Starboard on Shore.

A lady, on visiting her native city in England, presented to two of her nephews a copy of the Tract "Tom Starboard, a Nautical Temperance Dialogue," No. 443. The first, a young married man who had become skeptical, was so struck by the plain simplicity of Tom's account of his Christian experience, that he ordered all the infidel publications to be sent out of his house," to the great joy of his friends. The other young man had become intemperate, but was so convinced by the unanswerable arguments for abstinence that he took the pledge. Both became active in circulating the Tract for the good of others.

Another copy was loaned to a sailor in New York, who, after a few weeks, came and said it had been read till it was too much soiled and mutilated to be returned to a lady, but that he and five of his companions had signed the total abstinence pledge.

From Capt. E. RICHARDSON,
President Am. Seamen's Friend Society.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The Shipwrecked Boy's Journal.

A French lad, shipwrecked in the *Le Rodeur*, in 1812, kept a journal, directed to his mother, from which we make the following extracts:

It is now just a week since we sailed; but, indeed, it is not my fault that I have not sooner sat down to write. The first two days I was sick, and the other five were so stormy that I could not sit at the table without holding. Even now, we are rolling like a great porpoise, and yet I can sit very well, and keep the pen steady. Since I am to send you what I do without copying it over again at the end of the voyage, I shall take what pains I can; I hope, my dear mother, you will consider that my fingers are grown hard and tarry with hauling all day at the ropes.

We are now fairly to sea again, and, I am sure, my dear mother, I am heartily glad of it. The captain is in the best temper in the

world; he walks the deck, rubbing his hands, and humming a tune. He says he has six dozen slaves on board, men, women, and children, and all in prime, marketable condition. I have not seen them, however, since we set sail. Their cries are so terrible that I do not like to go and look down into the hold. At first, I could not close my eyes; the sound froze my very blood; and, one night, jumping up in horror, I ran to the captain's state-room. The lamp shone upon his face; it was as calm as marble; he slept profoundly, and I did not like to disturb him.

The wind, which had for some days past been blowing a perfect gale, at length died moaningly away, and we found ourselves rocking, without progressive motion, on the sullen deep. We at last heard a sound upon the waters, unlike that of the smooth swell which remained after the storm, and our hearts beat with a hope which was painful from its suddenness and intensity. We held our breath. The sound was continued; it was like the plashing of a heavy body in smooth water; and a simultaneous cry arose from every lip on deck, and was echoed by the men in their hammocks below, and by the slaves in the hold. Our cry was answered! We shouted again, our voices broken by sobs, and our burning eyes deluged with tears. Our shout was still answered; and, for some minutes, nothing was heard but an interchange of eager cries.

The captain was the first to recover his self-possession, and our voices sank into silence as we heard him speak the approaching vessel with the usual challenge—"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!"

"What ship?"

"The St. Leon, of Spain. Help us, for God's sake!"

"We want help ourselves!"

"We are dying of hunger and thirst. Send us on board some provisions, and a few hands to work the ship, and name your own terms!"

"We can give you food, but are in want of hands. Come on board of us, and we will exchange provisions with you for men!"

"Dollars! dollars! we will pay you in money, a thousand fold; but we cannot send. We have negroes on board; they have infected us with ophthalmia, and we are all stone blind!"

At the announcement of this horrible coincidence, there was a silence among us, for some moments, like that of death. It was broken by a fit of laughter, in which I joined myself; and, before our awful merriment was over, we could hear, by the sound of the curses which the Spaniards shouted against us, that the St. Leon had drifted away. This vessel, in all probability, foundered at sea.

"We only know she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen or heard of more."

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Seamen's Convention at Baltimore.

A convention of preachers to seamen, and other friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance is requested.

The Editor of the SHEET ANCHOR will be absent for a few weeks, to visit his relatives in Wisconsin, and recruit his health.

It is his intention to preach sermons on behalf of seamen, and the navigators of the western waters, at Buffalo, Milwaukee, and other places; and return by the way of Baltimore, to attend the Seamen's Chaplains' Convention there on Wednesday, October 30. We shall write for the paper as usual, and keep up a regular editorial correspondence. The Sheet Anchor holds us wherever we go.

Seamen's Chaplains' Convention.

We do not anticipate that the gathering at Baltimore, on the last Wednesday of next month, will be a large one. It is only intended as a beginning. We hope, however, it will do great good to the cause.

Our friends in the monumental city will make such preparations as are necessary.—We hope that the chaplains in this country, both in the naval as well as commercial marine, will attend.

The Western Waters.

The annual meeting of the American Bethel Society, held at Buffalo, appears to have been an encouraging occasion.

The following gentlemen were chosen the executive officers for the ensuing year:

HON. ADDISON GARDNER, Rochester, *President*.
G. HUMASON, Buffalo, *Recording Secretary*.
REV. T. STILLMAN, Dunkirk, *Correspond. Secretary*.
THOMAS FARNHAM, Buffalo, *Treasurer*.

Executive Committee—N. H. GARDNER, REV. W. BURLINGAME, REV. J. C. LORD, JOSEPH DART, JR., REV. A. T. HOPKINS, REV. LEVI TUCKER, REV. L. H. ANGLER, GEORGE DAVIS, THOMAS FARNHAM, JONATHAN MAYHEW, D. M. VANDERPOOL, WM. CHARD, GEORGE W. TIEFT, N. B. PALMER, R. B. HEACOCK.

Appropriate and interesting remarks were made by Messrs. Deacon M. EATON, Judge WILKESON, and Rev. SAMUEL M. HOPKINS.

The Chapel at Buffalo has been erected, and well attended. Rev. V. D. TAYLOR is the chaplain—an efficient man for that important station.

Bibles, Testaments and tracts have been liberally distributed. The Sabbath School is flourishing. A great advance has been made in the temperance cause. The Sabbath is much more generally observed. The Home, under the care of E. HOLCOMB, continues well worthy of public patronage.

Similar results are occurring at Cleveland and Oswego. At the latter place an effort is now being made to erect a chapel. Capt. WRIGHT, of Oswego, has visited Boston, on behalf of the object. We hope he will meet with success every where he applies, for the object is worthy.

We shall have more to say of the Western waters.

The Gospel Ship, No. 3.

The importance of this ship is evident to every candid and reflecting mind. Let us study its nature and safety. Those who have experienced the dangers of the sea, and witnessed the destruction caused by winds and tempests of the billowed deep, should love this ship. Worn down by fatigue, hunger and cold; on deck, when all is dark and dreary; without hope; dejected, in despair; who comes to the sailor's rescue? THE GOSPEL SHIP! Then the Commander's voice is heard, "a-hoy! come aboard! your wreck of a vessel is sinking down! stretch forth your hand, brother sailor! Your safety depends on this offer. O! reject it not. Give up your frail bark of self-complacency, and come to this new crew, bound for the port of peace. Come! be safe on board the gospel ship!"

See! a man is overboard! He is struggling for life. The life-boat is on its way of rescue. He is saved from death. The thunderings and lightnings of mount Sinai's law, threatened his hope of salvation while trusting to his own good works; but since he fled to the gospel of Christ, the ark of safety, to mount Zion, the sure retreat from the adversaries of souls, he is safe. Come, brother sailor! flee from the world, the propensities of your heart, the flesh, and the devil. Flee from your wicked companions—from the intoxicating cup—dash it to the earth! It will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. Exhort your companions and friends to come home with you, on board the gospel ship, which will anchor your souls sure and steadfast in the port of immortal glory.

Sailor friend! come home to your heavenly Father's house, where there is bread enough

and to spare. Mothers, sisters, brothers, say come. The spirit and the bride say come; and whosoever will, let him take the waters of life freely. L. H.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. brig Oregon, Lieut. Com. Sinclair, arrived at Norfolk, 5th inst. from New York.

U. S. steamer Poinsett, Lieut. Com. Semmes, arrived at Pensacola, 4th inst. from Apalachicola, via St. Andrews Bay, having completed the survey of the different harbors between that and St. Marks.

U. S. Revenue schooner Duane, Lt. John L. Prouty, commanding, on a cruise, with C. H. Minge, collector of the port of Mobile, on board, arrived at Pensacola, 1st inst., and sailed for Mobile the 3d.

Passed midshipman Francis Alexander, who has been attached to the Naval Rendezvous, at Norfolk, Va., has been appointed Naval Store Keeper at Port Praya, west coast of Africa.

Mr. Cooper has prepared for the press an elaborate work, entitled "Proceedings of the Naval Court Martial in the case of Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie."

The commercial navy of Great Britain consists in round numbers of 27,000 sailing vessels, of above 30 tons; collectively, of three millions tons admeasurement. These, and her vessels of war, are manned by upwards of 220,000 seamen.—Fishermen, and crews of vessels under 30 tons, amount to 150,000 more, together 370,000 men.

At the latest dates, twenty ships of war, of different nations, were assembled in the bay of Tangiers. Mr. Walsh says that Tangiers has not more than ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; it has a noble roadstead, but is insignificant as a port.

Maury's Navigation has been adopted by the Department, as the Text Book of the Navy.

LAUNCH.—The new ship John R. Skiddy, about 1100 tons, built for a packet between New York and Liverpool, launched from the yard of Messrs. McKay & Pickett, Newburyport, is the largest vessel ever built on the Merrimac.

Canal across the Florida Peninsula.—It has lately been stated that a route for a railroad has recently been surveyed across the Florida Peninsula. The establishment of a rail road would doubtless be attended with many advantages; but the construction of a large ship canal would be a noble work, and attended with immense benefit to the country.

GANGWAY ROCK.—There is a dangerous rock off the harbor of Hyannis, called the Gangway Rock, with only five feet water, with a buoy on it. To the westward of the Gangway, lies a reef with several shoal rocks upon it, that have not more than seven feet of water on them. One of

these rocks was lately struck by the bark Mohawk, and the captain supposed it was the Gangway Rock, and the buoy was out of place. We learn that an examination has been made, and the Gangway Rock, with the buoy on it was found, agreeing with former landmarks.

CANARY ISLANDS.—The American Minister at Madrid has given information to the Department of State at Washington, that the Quarantine Laws of the Canary Islands have been modified, as follows:

1st. All vessels arriving from ports of the U. States, north of Cape Hatteras, and bringing clear bills of health, countersigned by the Spanish Consul, resident in the port of departure, or the Collector of the same, shall be admitted to immediate pratique.

2d. Every vessel subject to quarantine shall be permitted to perform it at the port of her destination.

The jaw bone of a whale ninety feet in length, has arrived at Baltimore. The length of the jaw-bone is not stated.

The Mexicans belonging to the two steam frigates at New York, complain that they are badly treated—insulted in the streets, &c.

SAILORS WANTED.—A late St. Johns, N. B. paper says a great scarcity of seamen exists in that port at present, and wages have advanced in consequence to \$20 per month; and \$20 is demanded for the run to England.

A steam-packet mail is about to be established between London and the Isthmus of Darien. A steamer is to go every month to Chagres, Carthagena, and St. Juan de Nicaragua; and passengers can go thence across the Isthmus to meet sailing packets for any port in the Pacific, thus avoiding the dangerous voyage round Cape Horn.

The whole amount expended in Missions to the Sandwich Islands, by which a whole people have been civilized, and multitudes Christianized, is stated to be less than the expense of one year's cruise of a 74 gun ship.

Junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific.—J. C. Pickett, U. S. Charge d'Affairs at Lima, publishes in the National Intelligencer, a communication in relation to the long proposed and much talked of Canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Of the five points at which an artificial communication might be opened between the two oceans, Mr. P. is satisfied that the Isthmus of Panama is the only one which promises favorably.

THE MOSQUITO TERRITORY.—The British government has taken formal possession of the Mosquito Kingdom, on the American continent. The British flag was hoisted on the 6th of July, at Blewfield, the head quarters of the British Diplomacy, under a salute of guns and the hurrahs of the people. This territory will afford the British a safe retreat and dock-yard for their West India fleets, and with abundant supplies.

A vessel recently arrived from St. Helena, reports eighty sail of English shipping, procuring cargo, and that the island was nearly half gone.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF PARKER GOWELL WORCESTER, of Berwick, Me., 36 years of age, stout built, florid complexion, Auburn hair, blue eyes. Address MOSES R. WORCESTER, Great Falls, N. H.

Also, of ASA HAZEN, of Groton, Mass., 29 years of age, light complexion, dark brown hair, light blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, spare built, former occupation, a farmer. When last heard from was in the marine service at Charlestown, in the year 1833 or 1834. Address DANIEL C. HAZEN, Groton, Mass.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

GOVERNOR'S SIGNAL.—Pitt's Passage.—The following cross bearings (by compass,) of this shoal, may be relied on, taking, when passing over it: East point of Boo Islands, N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.; S. W. of do, E., W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.; Pulo Pisang, of do. W. by S.; Pulo Popo of do. E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.; lat $1^{\circ} 20'$ S., lon. $120^{\circ} 21'$ E. It being 6 miles N. W. of the position laid down by Horsburgh, and he is uncertain as to its true position.

TRINITY HOUSE,
London, May 14, 1844.

Notice is hereby given, that the Light House which has been for some time past in course of erection on the West end of the Breakwater, in Plymouth Sound, under the direction of the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, is nearly completed; and that the light therein will be first exhibited on the evening of Saturday, June 1, when the floating light vessel will be taken away.

The light will burn at an elevation of 62 feet above the level of high water, spring tides—and will appear red in all directions seaward—and white within the line of the breakwater. A bell will be rung in foggy weather.

By order, J. HERBERT, Secretary.

St. Petersburg, May 22, 1844.

During the summer of the present year, there will be erected two poles on the South part of the bank, in the bay of Finland, two and a half Italian leagues S. W. by S. of the Island Tuporan Sari, before the entrance of Wyburg; the pilots of the Brooksund station will, in future, every year after the opening of navigation, place the same at the forementioned bank.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Schooner Edward Adams, from Bangor for Providence, put into Owl's Head, 31st ult., with rudder unhung, and leaking 200 strokes per hour, having struck on the Muscle ledges. Schooner Toronto, Grant, from Frankfort for Boston, put in same day, having struck same ledges.

Capt. Fish, of sloop Vineyard, at New Bedford, 4th, from Edgartown, reports that a full rigged brig, deep loaded, went ashore on Edgartown flats, evening of the 4th, in a strong N. E. blow; also, a topsail schooner, on Cape Page, near the light; and a vessel, apparently a topsail schooner, ashore on the middle ground in Vineyard Sound. All the above remained on shore 5th inst.

Key West, Aug. 24.—Schooner Ranger, Merrihew, from Galveston for Baltimore, with brandy and salt hides, run ashore on Carysfort Reef, morning of 21st ult., beat over the reef after throwing overboard 200 hides, and came to anchor. Took the assistance of the wrecking sloop Mt. Vernon, which brought him to this port 23d.

A severe gale was experienced at the S. W. Pass of the Mississippi, commencing 25th ult., about 12 o'clock, M., from the S. S. W., and increased to a perfect gale, which lasted until Monday night, veering round to W. S. W., a very heavy sea running at the time. The following vessels were reported by tow-boat Daniel Webster, which left the Pass 27th, at 4 P. M.:

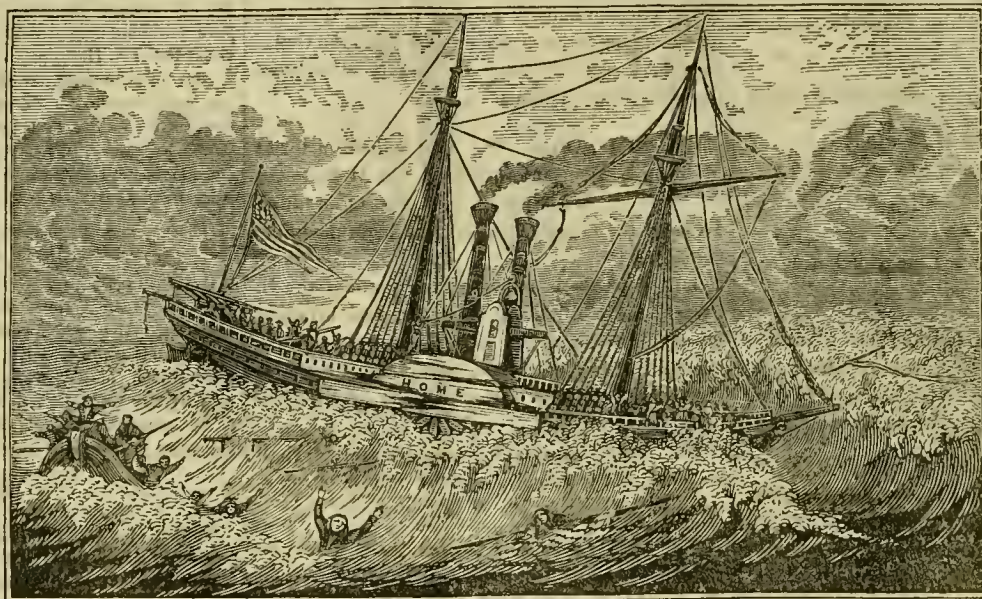
Ship Henry, Noyes, of Portsmouth, for Marseilles, aground on the bar, leaking badly, and will be obliged to return to the city for repairs.

Ship Clifton, Ingersoll, for Liverpool, is also aground on the bar, leaking badly, and will be obliged to return.

Ship Troy, Hills, for Liverpool, was aground on the bar, but it is believed received no other injury than slightly damaging her rudder.

Ship Arvon, Vinal, of Thomaston, 26 days from Boston, got aground coming over the bar, and sprung leak.

LOSS OF THE "HOME."



Lost on her passage from New York to Charleston, October 9, 1837. Ninety-five persons drowned.

For all the particulars, see a deeply interesting book, by WARREN LAZELL, Worcester, called "*Steam Boat Disasters.*" It can be had in Boston, at REYNOLDS' No. 20 Cornhill.



THE HOLY KNOT.

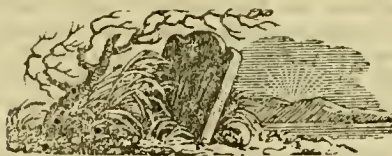
The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 3th inst., by Rev. C. W. DENISON, Mr. ELBRIDGE G. HOPKINS to Miss MARY ANN ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of SAMUEL H. HAYWARD.

In Bristol, R. I., Mr. JEREMIAH PEASE, Jr., of Edgartown, Ms., to Miss LUCY R. MUNROE, daughter of Capt. ALLEN M., of B.

In Stonington, Conn., 18th ult., Capt. PHINEAS LEACH to Miss MARY P. ELLIS.

In Eastport, Me., 2d inst., Lieut. GEORGE HAYES, Jr., United States Revenue Service, to Mrs. SOPHONA B. FARRAR.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions slak
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

On board ship *Georges*, on the coast of Sumatra, — RUSSELL, (captain's son, 2d mate;) and WM. SINCLAIR, JOSEPH CAMPBELL, G. D. LAWRENCE, W. E. GALLAS.

Lost overboard from bark *Gulnare*, Feb. 27, on the first night after leaving Boston, CHARLES ADAMS, cook of said vessel.

On board schooner *H. Lawrence*, 21st ult., of fever, on the passage from Jamaica to New York, Capt. D. D. CHURCHILL, master of the *H. L.*

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.
TRAVELLING AGENT.
REV. SILAS BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.
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REV. D. M. LORD, Purchase Street Bethel.
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REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,

General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—*New York.* Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 136 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.
Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.
Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 13 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

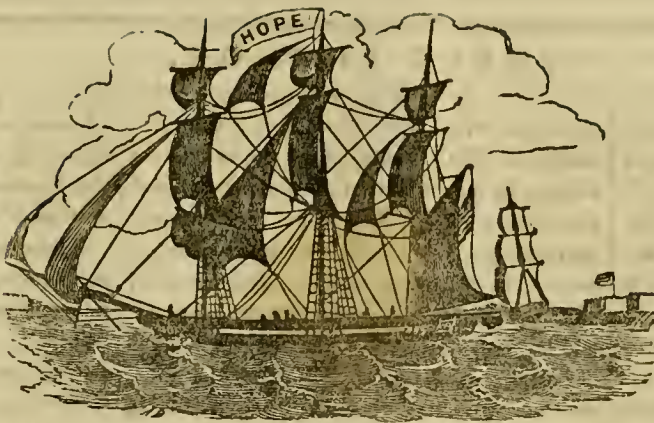
Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

Boarding for American Mates in Havre, France. Mrs. Phene and Son, No. 20, Quai Lombardie; Mrs. Latham, No. 44, Quai Lamblardie.

E. Morrell

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

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SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

The Phantom Ship.

BACON'S Historical Discourses gives an account of a singular incident or phenomenon, which occurred in the early history of New Haven. The enterprising colonists sought to build up their town, beautifully laid out, by an active commerce, both foreign and domestic. But failing in their efforts, and having met with various disasters, the company of merchants united their resources in building and loading out a ship for England, to try if any better success might befall them.

"Into this ship," says an ancient historian, "they put in a manner all their tradeable estates, much corn, and large quantities of plate;" and among the seventy that embark for the voyage are several "of very precious account" in the colony. In the month of January, 1646, the harbor being frozen over, a passage is cut through the ice, with saws, for three miles; and "the great ship," on which so much depends, is out upon the waters, and ready to begin her voyage.

Mr. Davenport, and a great company of the people go out upon the ice, to give the last farewell to their friends. The pastor, in solemn prayer, commends them to the protection of God, and they depart. The winter passes away; the ice-bound harbor breaks

into ripples before the soft breezes of the spring. Vessels from England arrive on the coast; but they bring no tidings of the New Haven ship. Vain is the solicitude of wives and children, of kindred and friends. Vain are all inquiries.

"They ask the waves, they ask the felon winds,
And question every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory."

Month after month hope waits for tidings. Affection, unwilling to believe the worst, frames one conjecture and another, to account for the delay. Perhaps they have been blown out of their track upon some undiscovered shore, from which they will by and by return to surprise us with their safety; perhaps they have been captured and are now in confinement. How many prayers are offered for the return of that ship, with its priceless treasures of life and affection! At last anxiety gradually settles down into despair. Gradually they learn to speak of the wise and public spirited Gregson, the brave and soldierlike Turner, the adventurous Lamberton, that "right godly woman," the wife of Mr. Goodyear, and the others, as friends whose faces are never more to be seen among the living. In November, 1647, their estates were settled, and they are put upon record as deceased. Yet they were not forgotten; but long afterwards the unknown melancholy fate of those who sailed in Lamberton's ship threw its gloomy shadow over many a fireside circle.

Two years and five months from the sailing of that ship, in an afternoon in June, after a thunder storm, not far from sunset, there appeared in the harbor of New Haven, the form of a keel of a ship with three masts, to which were suddenly added all the tackling and sail; and presently after, upon the highest part of the deck, a man standing with one hand leaning against his left side, and in his right hand a sword pointing towards the sea. The phenomenon continued about a quarter of an hour, and was seen by a crowd of wondering witnesses—till at last, from the farther side of the ship, there arose a great smoke which covered all the ship; and in that smoke she vanished away. Fifty years

afterwards, while several of the witnesses of this strange appearance were yet alive, the story was reported by some of the survivors, that Mr. Davenport publicly declared "that God had condescended to give, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his disposal of those for whom so many prayers had been offered."

Marine Disaster—Thrilling Narrative.

Captain BERRY, of the ship Vicksburg, which arrived lately from New Orleans, reports that on the 6th of August, in lat. 27° 27', lon. 87° 46', an object having the appearance of a boat was discovered about three points forward of the weather beam. The ship's course was immediately altered toward it, and on reaching it was hove to. The boat was taken alongside and seven persons received on board, who proved to be the captain and crew of the British schooner Orange, lost on the voyage from Jamaica to Matanzas. Their names were Alexander McDonald, master; William Young, mate; Edward Cook, Richard Evans, John Brown, seamen; Wm. Roscoe, ordinary seaman, and Robert Wilkinson, cook. Having been thirteen days in a boat fourteen feet long, they were all, as might be expected, in a weak and critical state, and three of them had to be lifted on board. The youngest of them (Wm. Roscoe,) was much emaciated and totally insensible; and although every means was used to restore him, he only survived three hours, and at sunrise his body was deposited in the sailor's grave, with the solemn and impressive service of the Protestant Episcopal church. During the night the mate was delirious, but has since, with the rest, almost regained his usual health. Their desire for water was very great; and much care was at first used in administering it to them; and it was not until the third day that their thirst was satisfied, at which time each person had used three gallons of water.

Capt. McDonald stated that on the 24th July, at 2, a. m., when about in lat. 22° 45' N., lon. 85° 4' W., the schooner was suddenly capsized in a heavy squall from the East-

ward. Fortunately at the time the vessel capsized, the jolly boat being stowed bottom up on the long boat, turned over, and all hands succeeded in getting in and got clear of the vessel, which at almost the same moment disappeared. Thus they were left at the mercy of the waves, without provisions, water, or even an oar to guide the boat.—Part of a seat was broken off and made use of to steer the boat, which was kept before the sea till daylight. During the day the lining and foot-boards were torn off and converted into a mast, on which was spread the captain's shirt for a sail. On the 28th, for the first time, it rained for about two hours, and by using two pairs of shoes, (which were all they had,) and wringing their clothes, they succeeded in getting about a pint of water each. From this date until the 31st, they continued without seeing any vessel and without water. On this day, and the next, it rained for about four hours, and sufficient water was obtained to quench their thirst, for the time. From this time to the 6th of August, no water was obtained—during which time their sufferings were very great. On one of these days a bamboo was picked up, and found to contain four small fishes about two inches long, which were divided, and constituted the only food they had while in the boat. On the morning of the 6th of August, three ships passed them, but it was supposed the boat was not seen from them. The distressed voyagers were, however, soon gratified with the sight of the ship that afforded them relief.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Temperance Meeting.

The following extracts are taken from the New Haven, Conn., Fountain.

Mr. ELLIS, of Derby, said he was an old soldier, who had done much service in the ranks of King Alcohol, but was now a good soldier in the Washingtonian ranks. He hoisted the temperance flag three years ago, and did not hoist it at half-mast neither. He run it up to the top; he did not depend on the halliards to keep it there, but he nailed it to the mast, and the nails with which he fastened it were *principles*. He has declared war against rum in all its forms, and in all its hiding places, and he fired some effective shots at the enemy.

Mr. FAIRCHILD said, it has been remarked, that there is more drunkenness in New Haven now than at any one time since the commencement of the Washingtonian cause.—He said Dr. Bishop used to tell us that it was not necessary for a man to be down in the gutter, to have the *delirium tremens*. The longer he lives, the better he likes the Wash-

ingtonian principles. If there is a man who makes use of the intoxicating cup in this audience, he hoped he would come forward and sign the pledge. When he was fourteen years of age, a lady offered him a glass of wine; he of course took it, then another, and another, until he had an appetite formed, and he went on in this way until brandy was his drink, and he soon got beyond bounds, and indulged too deep in the intoxicating cup. From 1832 to 1844, he was continually reforming. He asked, what is Washingtonianism? It is said in 1835, when the great fire was raging in New York, a mother was seen wringing her hands in consequence of having a child in the fourth story of a building that was on fire—every one looking on, but no one to save the child from perishing in the flames. At length a sailor came forward, had the ladders hoisted, and he entered the building and brought out the child in his arms. Now that was Washingtonianism in one sense of the word. The sailor then put on his coat and departed, and perhaps has been tossing upon the billows of the ocean, and perhaps has gone down to a sailor's grave, or even been lost in the billows of the raging deep.

From the Halifax Olive Branch.

Temperance in Nova Scotia.

The meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, held on Friday, August 16, was one of more than ordinary interest. The principal subject of discussion was the want, in Halifax, of such accommodations for sailors as should preclude the necessity of their entering those traps of Satan, mis-called "sailor's boarding houses," which line our upper and lower streets. Mr. Howard, the mate of a vessel in the harbor, as we understand, feelingly portrayed the temptations which assail the seamen in our city, and the discouragements to morality and sobriety which meet him at every step. He was followed by a young seaman of her Majesty's ship *Illustrious*—named Powell—who after describing himself, in the words of the Psalmist, as one of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—related a number of incidents which had come under his notice, in the melancholy circumstances of which, Intemperance bore a prominent part. Mr. Powell was the originator of the small but useful Total Abstinence Society on board the *Illustrious*; and the favorable impression which that fact made upon his hearers, was increased by the modesty, simplicity, and pathos, which characterized his narration.

The President, and several other gentlemen, among whom was Judge Marshall, made some remarks upon the same subject, and the result of the meeting was the appointment

of a committee to investigate the matter, and report upon the best means of ameliorating the condition, in Halifax, of this interesting portion of our fellow beings.

The extra meeting of the H. T. S., held on Monday, though thinly attended, was not deficient in interest. Rev. Mr. McGregor presided. Judge Marshall, Beamish Murdoch, Esq., Mr. E. Young, and others, addressed the meeting. Several names were added to the Society.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Rum and Assassination.

Every day brings with it some gross outrage, some daring deed, some vile atrocity committed under the hellish influence of intoxicating drinks. War, pestilence, and famine have slain their thousands, but strong drink has slain its tens of thousands. Rum has driven the knife of the assassin; rum has bruised and mangled the affectionate wife; rum has brutalized the father's heart against his offspring, and deafened his ears to their cries for mercy. What wretchedness and misery has not rum brought in its train. And yet, this inanimate creature, rum, is well enough if let alone. The trouble is, men drink it, *men sell it*. Words are inadequate to express the honest indignation felt by all good citizens, against the traffic in ardent spirits. Can it be that *rum sellers* have consciences? Can it be that they reflect upon the mischief that they produce? Can it be that they contemplate for a moment upon the mad devastation that they spread wherever they go, and the foul influences that are sent forth from them? Selling and drinking rum puts out the fire of conscience. Selling and drinking it has a tendency to transform men made after the similitude of their Maker, to spirits of darkness. Rumsellers steal from their fellow men, not only their shining dust, but they rob them of their domestic happiness and peace. They not only rob them of their domestic happiness and peace, but they hasten them from time into eternity. They not only hasten them from time into eternity, but are the instruments which Satan has selected, for jeopardizing their eternal welfare in eternity.—When will these men turn from the error of their ways, and bring forth the fruits of their repentance.

Instigated by the evil spirit of RUM, one Trask, in the town of Charlestown, on Saturday evening, the 21st ult., attempted the life of Mr. R. Nichols, an estimable and inoffensive police officer, who was in the faithful discharge of his duty, in endeavoring to quell his riotous conduct. He succeeded in inflicting a severe wound of considerable depth, and seven inches in length, over the left shoulder; another of about three inches

in length, near the heart, severing in two one of the ribs, and wounding the lungs; and a third, was a flesh wound near the abdomen.

Trask was once enlisted in the navy of his country, as a defender of her stars and stripes; he is about 52 years of age, and a criminal in a lonely cell, with a wife and three daughters at home, weeping in consequence of his sinfulness, and the disgrace and wretchedness he has brought upon them. He has been accustomed to the use of liquor from his youth up, and committed a similar offence about seven years since, under similar circumstances. When free from the direful influence of inebriating drinks, he is said to be a peaceable citizen. He had signed the teetotal pledge a number of times, but experience has proved that he was destitute of that FAITH, which would have proved an ANCHOR to his soul. He listened to the siren song of the tempter, and fell; he parleyed with temptation but to be overcome.—Where, and who are those that raised the poisoned chalice to the lips of Trask, that has been fraught with such fearful consequences? Where are the artificers of this sad catastrophe?

Sailors! avoid the *rum sellers* as you would the pestilence that walketh in darkness. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—Live so, that in your old age you can truly say, “though we look old, yet are we strong and lusty; for in our youth we never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to our blood, and did not, with unbashful forehead, woo the means of weakness and debility; therefore our age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.”

The Best Liquor.

“Give us a glass of your *best liquor*,” said a toper the other day as he entered a shop.

The keeper gave him a glass of pure cold water. The toper, without weakening it, dashed it down his throat at a swallow. He soon began to taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

“What’s the matter?” said the keeper, “wasn’t it good?”

“Why, yes, it was good enough—but seems to me it wasn’t very strong. What kind of liquor was it?”

“Cold Water,” was the reply, “that’s the best liquor we have in the shop, and I believe it’s the best in town. As for any other kind, we have not got any, for I left off selling some time ago. So you’ve saved your three cents, and you’ll feel better for it afterwards.”

“Well,” said the toper, “if this isn’t a regular suck in—but I believe you’re half right for all that. And as you don’t charge any thing for your liquor, I am a good mind

to be your customer, and see if I can’t get rid of my head-ache and sore eyes.”

The shop-keeper encouraged him never to drink any thing but the *best liquor*, and he departed.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

[F] Further extracts from the Report of Mr. Love, late missionary of the American Tract Society to seamen, in New York. It was delivered at the Home.

The Home—How Appreciated.

A Home was established, and the sailor hailed it with joy. A gospel, Christian Home was raised, and seamen flocked to it with rejoicing. The woful friends of the sailor soon raised their war-whoop against that which they well knew would counteract their infamous designs, by rescuing him from their clutches, and raising him to that standing and respect which he could merit, and which he ought to have. Virtue and truth heard that cry, and heeded it not. The sailor heard it, and nobly disregarded it. Notwithstanding the combinations that were formed, the falsehoods that were circulated, the handbills that were posted, and all the possible means that could be employed for the destruction of the “Great Temperance Monopoly,”—“the Gospel Monopoly,” it has triumphantly arisen—and why? The sailor knew that he wanted a Home, and its friendships; he felt that what he so long needed was now presented to him; and the folding doors of kindness and reformation being once thrown open to him who lived under harshness and toil, and inside of which he felt assured that he would be treated as a man, all the power and the plots of the ill-disposed were unable to close it. Thus a garden was prepared into which the seeds of reformation and salvation have been unsparingly cast; and they have put forth their shoots, and have sprung up, and have borne fruit,—*just because they were sown in a place well adapted to rescue them.* In this place I have now been for the past three months; and while I leave with sorrow—as friend parteth from friend—I leave with joy, trusting in my God, that those with whom I have had sweet converse here, will again be with me when the Master makes up his jewels.

EXPERIENCE AT THE HOME.

You are all aware that I have been employed by the American Tract Society to labor among you as Colporteur, or book-carrier.—The object of my engagement was, to furnish you with a Christian literature, and make use of my attainments in all expedient ways, which, by God’s spirit, might accomplish in some measure, your reformation and salvation. That I might succeed in this responsible undertaking, it was necessary on

my arrival in New York, to obtain a boarding house suitable for the centre of action. Previous to my arrival, I had thought of your Home as the most suitable home for me; and the reason was, that I had heard “a great number of sailors boarded there; and that it was a fine house.” But when I entered it, how was I astonished to find a great and splendid building—to find myself one of a family, which, at that time, numbered *four thousand five hundred*, all of whom, with the exception of two hundred, were then scattered over the known world, and every day witnessing from thirty to forty coming in from afar; and as many going out to the distant regions of the earth. I felt myself in a new world; and I thought of the great and noble Institution—the Theological Seminary at Princeton—which I had just left. I thought of the family altar, around which the brethren there were accustomed to assemble morning and evening, for the purpose of consecrating their hearts to God; and where, every evening, there was some meeting for God’s praise, and man’s good. It appeared to me that for a time, I was to be deprived of all these blessed privileges, and I was sorrowful. But that sorrow was soon turned into joy.—In the Sailor’s Home I have found family worship to be kept up with solemnity, and with spirit, every morning and every evening; in the sailor’s Home I have found the prayer meeting, the social meeting, and other good meetings to be well attended, and to be regarded by the sailor with interest and respect; in the Sailor’s Home, I have never known the blessings of the table touched, until thanks were given to, and a blessing invoked from God. In addition to this, I found in it a select and precious library of seven hundred volumes; and from it I have witnessed with delight, at least one hundred and fifty men going every Sabbath in decency, and in order, to the house of God. And when in future days I shall look back upon the happy three months during which I have eaten and drank, and slept in quietness and peace, under the same roof with fifteen hundred sons of the ocean; with many of whom I have labored in the social meeting, in the prayer meeting, in the Bible class, and in private; in whose hands I have placed the word of eternal life, which is now with them in foreign parts, I am constrained, through faith in Christ Jesus, to look forward with confidence to see many of them at the right hand of God.

From the Mercantile Journal.

Seamen’s Bethel and Home at Mobile.

We rejoice that efforts are making in different parts of the country, in the cities, on the borders of the lakes, and on the seashore, to provide spiritual instruction for the sailor—and appeals to the philanthropist in

such a cause, can hardly be made in vain.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that in the city of Mobile, with which Boston does a large and increasing business, the friends of seamen have, for many years, employed a chaplain to preach to seamen, and with some success; but their efforts have been impeded, for want of a place to which sailors could resort for public worship, and where they might find a decent home without the incessant temptation to dissipation and excess, perpetually found in ordinary sailor boarding houses. At length, Mobile is making an effort to secure a Bethel Church and a Sailors' Home, for the 13,000 seamen who annually visit that port.

A building spacious, and admirably located for a Sailors' Home, is offered on reasonable terms; while upon the lot on which the house stands, is ample space for the erection of a suitable edifice for a Bethel Church.—The entire cost of the whole enterprise will be about \$15,000—of which one third may be raised in Mobile; for the rest, reliance must be placed on the liberality of merchants, ship-owners, and others trading with Mobile, and all the friends of seamen, of good order and of religion, in other places. The shipping employed in this trade is mostly owned in Eastern cities, and three-fourths of the sailors visiting Mobile are from the Eastern States. The citizens of Mobile appeal to us here, to aid them in providing a place for the benefit of seamen who are our own fellow citizens, our own brothers, and sons, and nephews and neighbors. Mobile herself does not furnish one seaman—perhaps not a dozen from the whole State of Alabama.

Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Mobile—no way connected with the Bethel church,—but pastor of a congregation in Mobile, is duly commissioned to solicit and to receive contributions and donations for this important object.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Shall my Son go to Sea?

The above is a question of the deepest interest to parents, and one in which is involved the present and future welfare of many a son. There is a feeling of reluctance—almost universal among parents—to their sons going to sea. Of the origin of this feeling it is unnecessary to speak. What parent is there that does not understand it fully? A greater evil exists, by far, than having a son go to sea, and parents need to be reminded of the fact: that evil is—a disappointed youth restrained by parental affection or authority, from entering upon the only employment in life, that has a single charm for him.

We admit it is trying to have a son incline to go to sea; there is the hardship and danger of the life itself; the temptations to which a youth is exposed; the anxiety of mind during his absence; the loss of his society; and in the case of many a poor and widowed mother, the prospective loss of the only means of support in old age.

But after all, in our opinion, it is decidedly better for all concerned, that a youth strongly bent on going to sea, should go, rather than he should be restrained. Parental authority, and even affection may be carried too far; such will ever be the case when the consent of parents is withheld after repeated solicitations on the part of the child. These solicitations indicate the strength of the passion for a sea life; and if disregarded by parents, are like the pent up waters of a quiet river obstructed in its course; it waits only to gather sufficient head, when it sweeps away every opposing barrier, and spreads ruin and desolation in its course.

We have good reasons for believing that many a parent has thus been unwillingly the instrument of a child's ruin. Blinded by a too selfish regard for their own happiness, they have kept their son at home, while his own heart has been far away upon the deep—not permitted to follow the dictates of nature, and steer that course in life for which he has strong predilections—he becomes reckless of parental restraint, and dissipates his time in frivolous and vicious pursuits, until at length from sheer necessity, the unwilling parent is glad to get rid of a son, now almost ruined, by over-fondness, and he goes to sea.

But how does he go? With the loss of character, his own self-respect, and the confidence of his friends. All this, has resulted from the neglect of the parent, to study and to understand the child. The child, meanwhile, as imperfectly understands the parent, and mistakes the strong parental feeling—which withholds consent—for coercive authority; and thus the evil is increased.

What now is the remedy for this evil? and it is far more common than is generally supposed. We answer unhesitatingly—let parents study and *know* their own children, and if they are found to have strong impulses for a sea life, anticipate their wishes and let them go to sea; not only with the consent, but with the hearty concurrence, and co-operation of their parents.

The demand upon the youth of our country for a native American marine, is increasing and must be met. Commerce requires its ships, they must be officered and manned; whose are the sons that shall be detailed for this service?

This is a question for American parents to answer, and their decision will affect us all.

FORE AND AFT.

Do Good as you have Opportunity.

Rev. Mr. CLARK, pastor of a church at Brockport, N. Y., mentions an incident of late occurrence, which has never appeared in print, but seems too interesting to be withheld from the public. Deacon Starks, of his church, was returning from a State Convention a year ago last fall, when, in passing from Oswego to Rochester, he found himself on board a schooner, with no fellow passenger, and a crew so awfully profane, that he feared to be in their company. He tried to engage in useful conversation with the captain, but met with a rough repulse. His success with others was no better, until at the close of the day the captain was called below by a little work which required his attention, when Mr. S. took the opportunity to sit beside him and ask him some questions about storms on the lake. The captain told him that he had been in peril of life, and at one time supposed that his vessel was going to the bottom. An interrogatory about the state of his feelings at that critical moment, brought tears to eyes apparently not used to weep. The state of mind thus indicated was adapted to receive impression, and Mr. S. plied him with inquiries concerning his religious education, and his mother, a pious, praying woman, until his heart was deeply affected, and he gave permission to introduce the subject of religion to the crew, and promised to assist in endeavoring to break up the practice of swearing, in which all constantly indulged. The captain, however, predicted from the known character of the men, that the experiment would be a failure.

The experiment was made, and was blessed in its results. Evening prayer was held in the vessel, and, before leaving, six out of eight pledged their word never again to use profane language.

The captain spent the night in audible groans from the burden of a guilty conscience, and the next morning, when the deacon left, the crew parted from him with tears. He procured a bundle of tracts at Rochester, and returned to the vessel and distributed them among the men. These facts were related in a meeting of the church, at Brockport, and Mr. S. expressed the strong hope that if the church were earnest in prayer upon the subject, they would some day hear glad tidings from that vessel.

Several months afterwards, he received a letter from the captain, informing him that, after having suffered much and long from a sense of sin, he was led to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, and that he has since been the instrument in the hand of God in the hopeful conversion of twelve seamen.

Who that reads this little narrative, is unable to recall the time when he had oppor-

tunity to do good, and neglected it? Is there no reader who, similarly situated with deacon Starks, would have felt himself justified in retiring and communing with his own heart, and offering up a silent petition for his ungodly companions, while he put not forth one effort to draw their attention to the interests of their souls? Alas! how often is that precept disregarded, "Do good as ye have opportunity."

Capt. Elliott's Conversion.

"A request has been handed me," (said captain Elliott, in an address to the Seamen's Friend Society,) "to relate the story of my conversion. I will do it as briefly as I may. My father's house was a hotel of religion, and my education was the best that piety could have bestowed. Early in life I went to sea, and was converted on a voyage from Matanzas, when I was far gone in practical infidelity and sin. It was on this wise. I had a job over the bows, and being somewhat particular about the work, I concluded to do it myself. There was a high sea rolling, but I had the jib hauled down, and over the bows I got. There had I worked for some ten minutes, sawing asunder two ropes, when suddenly I cast my eyes upward at the rope. My God, I exclaimed, I have been hanging by an old yarn that would not hold an infant. My hair stood erect—I jumped on deck, and laughed away the fright. I was that night out at the first watch, and while walking the deck, the thought flashed upon my mind, if the rope-yarn had broken, where should I have been? And I answered aloud, in hell, to all intents and purposes. I dropped instantly upon my knees, and cried aloud for mercy. For seven days my condition was truly awful. The captain thought I was crazy. I was praying every opportunity I could find, but found no rest. My old Bible that had long laid on the bottom of my chest, was now drawn forth and read with intense interest. At length, one day, while laying upon a yard-arm and thinking my case hopeless, I bethought me to try again. I poured out my soul to God in the most urgent entreaties for grace to help. Help now, Lord, or I perish! And God answered the petition. I descended to the deck a new man in Christ Jesus, and the happiness of that moment has never departed from me unto this hour. Assist, then, I pray you, the sailor, with your prayers, your influence, your labors, and all you can spare of worldly goods, and at the last you shall hear the welcome words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of my servants, ye did it unto me.'"

"When o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ncean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd."

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

The Rescued Sailor.

About a year ago, the fine ship T—, left New Orleans for Boston, with a tolerably sober crew, with the exception of one man, who was put on board by his landlord, dead drunk, without clothing, bed or aught else for his winter voyage. To this same landlord he had paid \$30 two or three days previous, together with \$15 more when he signed the T—'s articles. The wife of the captain was to make the voyage with them, and her heart was pained as the cabin boy told her of the destitution of the drunken sailor, and she resolved when he should become sober, that she would endeavor to save him from courses so ruinous. But for several days after they left New Orleans, the sailor was crazed with the horrors, and could neither eat nor sleep. On the eighth day out, she fancied if she could but get him to eat, he would recover his senses; so she ordered the steward to prepare him a nice bowl of gruel, and then sent the boy forward to tell the poor fellow to come and receive it.—Her kindness made such an impression on his mind that he strove to obey her, and in a few hours he ceased his ravings and slept. The next day and the next, she continued to provide him with gruel, while his shipmates, thankful for the quiet thus restored to the forecabin, wondered at the interest she took in the outcast.

The weather coming on cold, the captain loaned him a jacket, and some of the crew a comforter and mittens, and thus he was enabled to perform his duty. Frequently after this, when it would be his turn at the wheel, he seemed almost bursting to tell her how grateful he felt for her kindness, but she gave him no opportunity to speak to her until one Sabbath morning, as she was distributing books from a library given to the ship by a society in Liverpool, when he came to get his book, she talked with him, pointed out the utter ruin that would shortly fall upon him unless he became a sober man, and begged him, for his own sake, to reform. He heard her through, thanked her for the interest she manifested, told her he had once filled an officer's berth, and promised that he would now make one more effort to raise himself. When she informed her husband of this conversation, he smiled at what he termed her folly in supposing that the man would keep his word; but she could not but hope he would be saved. His look of gratitude whenever she came on deck re-assured her, and the books she placed in his hands gave evidence of being perused with care,

and by the time they arrived in Boston, her protegee had lost all the marks that point out the intemperate man. But when once the ship was made fast, the borrowed jacket, &c. were returned to their owners, and the poor sailor prepared, with a sad heart, to go ashore with what few dollars were due to him, and most likely would have been compelled to have entered a rum-seller's boarding house, and may be have forgotten his good intentions.

But his benefactress did not forget him, she interceded for him to the captain, got him permission to stay on board and help unload the vessel, for he had shipped by the run; and from the captain's wardrobe he was supplied with some indispensable articles. A week wore away, and he evinced no desire to return to his cups, and they then proposed to him to sign the pledge; he said he was willing and anxious so to do. Accordingly, when the captain and his wife found out where and when temperance meetings were held, they went, taking him with them, he signed the pledge, and returned again with them to their floating home. A few days after this, they found a temperance boarding house. They visited New York, and on their return to Boston, the grateful man found them out, and gave them new cause to rejoice over his rescue, as since he had signed the pledge, he had been like thousands more, to that healing fountain opened in the house of David; and now, doubly secure, he felt strong to go out and battle with the sailor's foe.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The First Voyage.

A letter addressed to a young friend about to embark as a sailor on his first voyage.

By Rev. T. H. GALLAUDET.

My dear young friend,—Will you permit one who has long felt a deep interest in your welfare, to say a few things to you in the way of friendly counsel, as you are about embarking in your new and arduous enterprise? I write from the heart, and I pray God that he would add his blessing to what I affectionately address to your consideration.

Look ahead. Should you persevere in leading a seafaring life, think where you will find yourself some ten, twenty, or thirty years hence, if your life is spared thus long. Do you mean to rise above the situation of a common sailor? Do you aim to be a thoroughly qualified, respectable, and useful master of a ship? Then remember, that if you ever reach that station, it will be by successive steps of advancement. You will advance, too, in proportion as you acquire the confidence of others; and this confidence will depend upon the character you are every day forming.

The first day that you go on board your vessel, and begin to act and to be observed by those around you, you will begin to establish this character; and, every following day, through succeeding months and years, will be adding traits to it, either favorable or unfavorable. Little things, as you may estimate them, but most momentous in their results, will go to make up this character; and they will be recollected, too, and constitute answers to future inquiries about you, with a minuteness of which you may now have a very inadequate conception.

"What sort of a lad was young —, his first voyage?" will be asked some years hence, in order to know whether confidence can be placed in you with reference to your advancement to some superior station. "Who were captain and mate of the ship? What do they say of him? What do the steady and respectable sailors that were on board, say of him?" Suppose the united reply to be, (which I ardently hope will prove to be the case,) "He was one of the steadiest and best behaved sailors on board the ship; faithful in the discharge of his duties, strictly moral in his conduct and habits; his shipmates say they never heard him utter a profane or vulgar expression, or saw him drink any intoxicating liquor; he was esteemed by the captain and officers, and respected by all. It was thought, too, that he was a pious young man, and his example and influence were worth a great deal in sustaining good order; so that it will be no small advantage in this respect, to have him on board any ship in which he may choose to sail?"

Such a character will be worth every thing to you, even so far as your temporal welfare is concerned—worth more than thousands of dollars, or the most respectable family connections. For these, however largely you may possess them, can never procure you the confidence of others, if your character is undeserving of it. If you aspire to have that character which will lead others to place confidence in you, remember that you must begin to form it the first day that you go on board, and that you must go on adding to it every day afterwards. If you are so unfortunate as to think that you are so young, and occupy so unimportant a station, that what you say and do for the first few months of your sailor's life, will not be noticed and remembered, you will find yourself most sadly mistaken. It will be very particularly noticed and remembered, and have a most important bearing on the whole course of your future life.

Besides if you do not begin right, you will find it more and more difficult to get right afterwards. If you swear some, *the first* month, habit will lead you to swear more the second month, and the third, and so on; and when will you have the resolution to stop?

(Remainder in our next.)

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1844.

✂ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEIOUS TOPICS.

Seamen's Convention at Baltimore.

A convention of preachers to seamen, and other friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance is requested.

Editorial Correspondence.

SAILOR'S HOME, New York, Sept. 25.

This is indeed a home. My stay here must be short, as I leave this evening for Buffalo, where I expect to spend the Sabbath in pleading the sailor's cause; but I remain long enough to endear this Christian resting place more and more to my heart. May it go on and prosper abundantly!

The HOME is quite full—and I learn that other temperance boarding houses for seamen are doing equally well. The colored sailor's home, although sustained by its indefatigable head, Mr. POWELL, is in need of assistance. It is worthy of it, and I hope will receive it. There is needed in that establishment more clothing, and bread stuffs, to supply the wants of the unfortunate. Mr. Powell can sustain his house on the patronage of regular boarders, for he keeps a good one in every respect; but it is asking too much of him that he alone should be required to clothe all the naked, and feed all the hungry colored seamen who may be thrown on his charity. He is unable to do it; and I appeal on his behalf to the benevolence of the public. Garments, hats, shoes, provisions, and articles of that description will be most welcome, and I hope he will promptly receive a liberal supply against the coming winter. He does not ask for money—although donations in cash will of course be thankfully received. Remember this case, friends of the sailor, and do as you would be done by.

The MARINER'S FAMILY INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY, of which a notice was given in the Sheet Anchor some time since, continue their store in Cherry Street, near Catharine. It

is well supplied with all kinds of clothing, and deserves public patronage. This Society will hold a FAIR, for the benefit of the cause, in the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt Street, on Monday, October 7. I hope to hear a good report of its doings. The Managers are certainly laboring with commendable diligence; and if the public do their part as well, there can be no just cause of complaint.

Another FLOATING CHAPEL is now in course of preparation. It is to be located on the "North River side," among the large shipping, and will be occupied by the Wesleyan Methodists. They have purchased a large, strong ship, and are fitting her up in good style for the purpose. The location is excellent; and I cannot but think that the enterprise, with God's blessing, will be successful. I expect yet to see such a chapel in Boston. But I must close.

Thine, dear readers, for the sailor,

C. W. D.

Good News from Nova Scotia.

Halifax, Sept. 7, 1844.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

We are deeply anxious that something should be done for the moral and religious improvement of the seamen of this port, exposed as they are to the influences of rum-selling landlords, and liable to be stripped of their hard earnings. I have long been desirous to make an effort; but while I conducted the "Olive Branch," I had no leisure, for the public office I hold engages most of my time. Now that there is a strong feeling in this community in favor of the sailor, we are making arrangements to call a public meeting, and form a "Seamen's Friend Society." Each of the Protestant clergymen have consented to preach a sermon on a Sunday occasionally. We have already had preaching on board of vessels for several Sabbaths past.

Will you be kind enough to forward me by return of brig Acadia, such papers and tracts suited to seamen as any of your societies can furnish gratuitously; and also such information relative to forming a society as you may give. We wish to establish one upon such a footing as will be permanent, and engage the sympathies of all good and benevolent men.

A man and wife, temperance, pious persons, capable of keeping a Seamen's Home, and who will be missionaries among seamen, would find a situation here. We would give a bonus of \$200 or upwards a year, probably.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

REV. C. W. DENISON.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

We received the above just as we were leaving for our Western tour, consequently

it was not in our power to comply with the requests of Mr. YOUNG. We give his letter entire to our readers, hoping that some among them will at once take up this case in our absence. The "Acadian," by which the books and tracts desired may be sent, is now lying at Foster's Wharf.

Friends of the sailor! let the cry from Nova Scotia be heard.

REVIVALS AT SEA.—While a spiritual dearth has been prevalent throughout most of the churches, during the present year, it is remarkable that God has richly blessed the efforts made for the conversion of seamen.—There have been repeated revivals at sea. Never, said Mr. Spaulding, at a late public meeting, have the seamen been more blessed than during the past year.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. store ship *Erie*, Lieut. Com. DUKE, from the Pacific, arrived at Norfolk, 17th ult., and anchored off the Naval Hospital. The *Erie* sailed from Valparaiso, on the 14th of June, and arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 14th of July, in the remarkable quick passage of 29 days. Left Rio Janeiro on the 21st July, touching at Pernambuco on the 11th of August, and sailed thence the next day for New York, but on arriving off that port, encountered the N. E. gale of Wednesday last, which drove her to the Southward, and caused her to put into Norfolk.

The *Erie* has on board 250 seamen who have been sent home from the different stations.

On the 1st of August, in lat. 22° 01' S., lon. 40° 15' W., the *Erie* spoke U. S. frigate *Constitution*, captain Percival, bound to Rio Janeiro—officers and crew all well.

Mr. Lewis Mersereau, of Portsmouth, Va., died on board the *Erie*, May 12.

U. S. sloop of war *Falmouth*, arrived at Vera Cruz, August 18.

U. S. ship *Cyane*, was at Callao, 11th May—all well. U. S. ship *Savannah* was also at Callao, to sail in four or five weeks. The frigate *United States* was expected daily from Mazatlan. The sloop of war *Warren* sailed from Callao on the 7th of May—all well. U. S. schooner *Shark* was at Panama—all well.

U. S. COMMISSIONER'S COURT.—Capt. Silas P. Alden was brought before G. T. Curtis, Esq., commissioner, for inflicting a cruel and unusual punishment on Barzilla McFaden, one of the crew of the bark *Bruce*, by confining him in the run from the 14th of February to the 11th of September. McFaden deserted on account of ill treatment, as he said, but was re-taken after an absence of twelve hours, but refused to return to duty. The captain ordered him into the run, to be kept there until he consented to go to duty, on bread and water. He stuck it out till the bark arrived here. Ordered to recognize in \$800, for his appearance to answer at the District Court.

Setting the Male Ashore.—For setting Daniel Durant, the mate, ashore, on Proland Island, and leaving him there, captain Alden was held in the further sum of \$200.

Penalty for Smuggling Mackerel.—In the case of James M. Duggan, master of the Halifax schooner *Waltron*, charged with smuggling seven barrels of mackerel, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Penalty \$400.

ACCIDENT.—Capt. Evans, of British schooner *Eliza Jane*, arrived recently from St. John, N. B. was struck on the head by the boom of his vessel, while jibing, and instantly killed.

ELECTRICAL EEL.—The bark *Patapsco*, which lately arrived from Honduras, had on board an electrical eel, said to be the only one ever brought to this country. It possesses galvanic power in a great degree, and the effect of touching it with the hand, is precisely the same as touching the poles of an electric machine.

COMPLIMENT TO CAPT. RYRIE.—Mr. Geo. B. Jones, who came passenger in the *Hibernia*, with his lady, has presented to Captain Ryrie, a very handsome silver Tankard, in commemoration of the quickest passage ever accomplished across the Atlantic ocean.

MENHADEN.—About 1000 barrels of menhaden were taken at one haul, a week or two since, at Plymouth beach.

LAUNCH.—A fine ship of about 600 tons, called the *Thomas B. Wales*, has been launched by Messrs. Waterman & Elwell, at Medford. She is owned by Messrs. T. B. Wales & Co., and S. Quincy, and is intended for a freighter. She is to be commanded by Capt. David Crocker.

☞ Mr. Bibb, the new Secretary of the Treasury, has actually decided that Sumatra and Java Coffee, imported into this country in Dutch vessels, is free of duty, while that imported in American vessels, is liable to a duty of 20 per cent. ! thus making a discrimination in favor of the foreign vessel !

☞ American newspapers are admitted free of duty into the island of Porto Rico.

☞ The attempts to raise the wreck of the *Erie*, burned and sunk in Lake Erie, some time since, have entirely failed. The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* says, "she cannot be raised. Several attempts have been made to get the hull and engine afloat, but on getting the vast bulk weighed with chains, something continued to give way and let her down to the bottom again, some 65 feet from the surface. Those interested in the undertaking, will in future direct their exertions to recovering such pieces of the machinery only as may be deemed worthy of preservation."

☞ The *New Orleans Bee*, of Sept. 11, says, our city was never more healthy than at present. There are no signs whatever of an epidemic, and sporadic cases of fever which have occurred are few and far between. Our absent friends may begin to return without the slightest apprehensions.

COURT MARTIAL. The N. Y. Sun says:—Captains Frazer and Howard have been ordered to be Court martialed for an assault upon Captain Fazio.

QUICK PASSAGE.—The ship *Florence*, Capt. Leach, which arrived at New York, 24th ult., has been absent only four months and four days, having visited Matanzas and St. Petersburg; and returned, carrying full cargoes each way.

FROM HAVANA. Advices from Havana state that after eight months of most distressing drought, the island has at length been visited by the most refreshing and abundant rains. Vegetation once more begins to flourish, and the sugar and tobacco crop looks favorable.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN GAUDALOUPE. Capt. Kirwan, of the schooner *Thomas Hooper*, at Baltimore from Antigua, reports that a fire broke out at Basseterre, Guadeloupe, on the 26th Aug., and had burnt nearly all the town down, and was burning still on the morning of the 27th, at the time the steamer left. Loss of property said to be one million of dollars.

A DEAD WHALE was recently fallen in with by some poor fishermen of Teeling on the coast of Donegal, Ireland, who succeeded in towing him into the harbor. He was ninety feet long, and proved to be a rich prize, realizing to the captors between £200 and £300.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Exchange states that a pilot boat left Delaware breakwater 9th ult., for the purpose of removing the Five Fathom Light Boat from her station to Wilmington, Del. to undergo repairs.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

Schooner *Ivanhoe*, at Philadelphia from Newburyport, split sails, carried away jib, and sustained considerable injury in hull, during the gale of 12th ult., off Capes of Delaware.

Sloop *Lagrange*, of Nantucket, hence for Albany, with plaster, got in contact night of 15th ult., off Race Point, with a pink stern fishing schooner, and was cut down to the water's edge: her mainsail was also badly torn. She was run on shore at Wood End, where her leak was stopped at low water, and she proceeded to Provincetown for repairs. The schooner also proceeded to Provincetown, and apparently had no damage except having bulwarks stove.

Schooner *Emily*, of and from Bangor, at Salem, 17th ult., went ashore on Coney Island ledges same morning, but got off at noon with little damage.

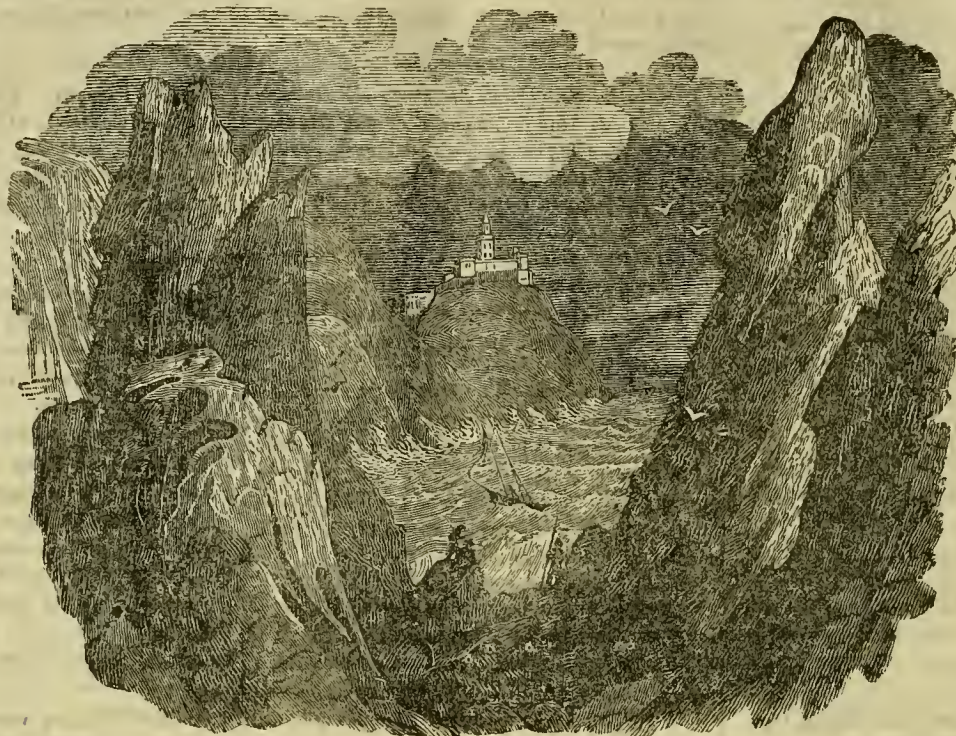
Brig *Tuscar*, of and from this port, which was snagged and sunk about 100 miles below New Orleans, July 2, has been raised, and was towed to New Orleans, 4th inst.

Brig *Pacific*, at Provincetown, reports fell in with 15th Aug. lat. 33° 50', lon. 50°, a schooner bottom up. She was coppered to light water mark, and painted white above to her bends; had from 40 to 45 feet keel; bottom plank and ceiling oak; had two shrouds aft; no spars attached; could not ascertain her name for barnacles.

The crew of brig *Geo. Henry*, from St. Domingo for New York, which put into Norfolk, 12th ult., were all sick and would all be sent to the hospital. Mr. Long, the first officer, was also sick. Capt. Blakely had been on deck for 14 days.

The *Baltimore Patriot* states that the wreck of a schooner, bottom up, seen by brig *Pacific*, at this port, (before reported,) answers the description of schooner *Mary Bright*, Capt. Bright, of that port, which cleared at New York Feb. 25, for West Indies, and has not since been heard from.

A LIGHT-HOUSE VIEW.



The above cut represents a correct view of the Light-House of Howth, Ireland, between two remarkably pointed rocks, called **THE NEEDLES**.

**THE HOLY KNOT.**

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, Capt. JOHN SWETT, of Tiuro, to Miss CLARISSA A. BAKER.

In Charlestown, Capt. EPHRAIM HOSMER, of Camden, Me., to Miss HARRIET McLACHLAN.

In Newburyport, Capt. JACOB B. CHASE to Miss HANNAH J. THURLOW.

**THE LAST VOYAGE.**

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Marblehead, 17th ult., LEWIS GIRDLEN, late commander U. S. Revenue Service, aged 78 years.

In Newburyport, 15th ult., Capt. JOSEPH BUNKER, of Cranberry Island, Me., master of schr. Mogul, aged 24.

In Bangor, 12th ult., Capt. WM. GROZIER, of Orland, Me., formerly of Provincetown, aged 50 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 19th ult., JAMES H. CLARK, Esq., Purser U. S. Navy, aged 61 years.

In St. Louis, Mo., 19th August, after a short illness, Lieut FRANCIS E. BARRY, U. S. Navy.

In Apalachicola, Flor., CHARLES C. RUSSELL, of this city, recently of the U. S. Revenue Service, at Mobile.

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENT.
REV. SILAS BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.

REV. E. T. TAYLOR, North Square Bethel.

REV. D. M. LORD, Purchase Street Bethel.

REV. J. M. BUZZEL, Chaplain of the new Seamen's Bethel, over Quincy Market.

MOSES GRANT, Esq., Cambridge Street.

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W. B. TAPPAN, American S. S. Union Depository, Cornhill.

DEA. T. THWING, City Missionary, 96 Washington St.

BENJAMIN ABRAHAMS, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.

REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,
General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 136 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor.

"BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.
Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.
Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Deiby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelstoo, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Partsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolin.

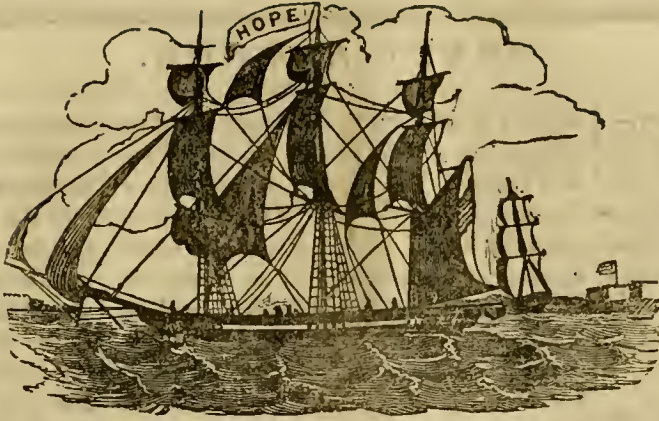
New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

E. Merrill

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

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SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS: } SEE LAST PAGE.
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. }

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

A Polar Adventure.

A thrilling adventure of a boat's crew among fields of polar ice. Taken from Capt. BEECHY's Narrative.

An officer of the Dorothea obtained permission to proceed with a few seamen over the ice to the shore, which was distant about three or four miles from the ships—a journey which, while the day was fine and the breeze light, seemed to be of very easy accomplishment. Early in the afternoon he set out with his party, and commenced his excursion pleasantly enough, travelling at a good rate, and surmounting every obstacle. Scarcely, however, had he reached half way to the shore, when the appearance of a fog in the horizon induced the prudent part of his companions to return to the ships, and shortly afterwards obliged the remainder to desist from proceeding further. The fog approached quicker than was expected, and soon obscured every distant object; so that the party having failed in every other mode of preserving the direction of the ships, attempted, as a last resource, to trace their foot-marks in the snow; but this was found to be equally impracticable, in consequence of the pieces of ice over which they passed having changed their position, and of the occurrence of other tracts, such as those of bears and seals,

which at a distance were mistaken for their own. Thus circumstanced, they felt the full extent of the danger to which they had thoughtlessly exposed themselves, a danger of no trifling magnitude, as it threatened to involve the lives of the remaining party. Still endeavoring to preserve the direction in which the ships had last been seen, they wandered about, making a very circuitous course, which was rendered still more indirect than it might otherwise have been, by the difficulty of getting from one piece of ice to another, and the necessity of searching for the most convenient places for that purpose.

To travel over ragged pieces of ice, upon which there were two feet of snow, often more, springing from one slippery piece to another, or, when the channels between them were too wide for this purpose, ferrying themselves across upon detached fragments, was a work which required no ordinary exertion to execute. Indeed, the getting from one piece to another, was, throughout, by no means the least hazardous part of their journey; the difficulties, too, were much increased, and many accidents occurred, through the hurry and anxiety to overcome them speedily, which occasioned the neglect of many precautions that leisure had before enabled them to observe, in order to insure their safety. Some fell into the water, and were with difficulty saved from drowning by their companions, while others, afraid to make any hazardous attempts whatever, were left upon pieces of ice, and drifted about at the mercy of the winds and tides.

Foreseeing the probability of a separation, they took the first opportunity of dividing, in equal shares, the small quantity of provisions which they had remaining, as also their stock of powder and ammunition.— They also took it in turns to fire muskets, in hope of being heard from the ships, which they knew would return the fire, and that they would thus at least learn in what direction to proceed, even though it might be impracticable to derive assistance from them. These discharges were distinctly heard on board; but it is a remarkable fact that, al-

though they were answered by volleys of musketry, and even by cannon, not one report was heard by the party, who consequently concluded themselves at a much greater distance from the ships than they really were. Our adventurers continued to travel in the supposed direction of the ships, keeping within view of each other, and rendering one another all the assistance possible, until a little breeze sprung up, and set the pieces of ice in rapid motion. Unable to contend with this new difficulty, and overcome with wet, cold, and sixteen hours of fatigue, they sat down in a state of despondency, upon a piece of ice, determined to submit their fate to Providence.

It is difficult to imagine a more distressing situation than that of the party at this moment, almost perishing with cold and fatigue, and the bare snow for their only resting place, their supply of provision exhausted, and themselves drifting about in a thick fog, they knew not whither, perhaps far away from their ships, and with the prospect of being carried out to sea, where death would have been inevitable. The muskets we had heard on board the ship had, of course, made us extremely anxious to afford relief to our suffering companions; but for many hours no person dared venture over the ice on account of the fog, and the difficulty of getting back to the ship; but when, by the report of the muskets becoming more audible, we found that the party were drifting towards us, the anxiety to rescue them was so great that the Greenland master, and mate of the Trent, ventured out, with poles and lines, and had the good fortune to fall in with the party, who by this time were drifting nearly within sight of the vessels.

They found them seated upon a piece of ice, cold, wet, and so overcome, that in a few hours more, the greater part of them must have perished. Their joy at unexpectedly beholding their companions come to their relief, and still more at finding themselves so near their ship, may readily be imagined, and inspired them with fresh vigor, which enabled them, with the assistance of their shipmates,

to effect the remainder of their journey.—After eighteen hours absence, they all got safely on board, fully determined, in future, to rest satisfied with a view of the shore which was afforded them from the ship, and without the slightest desire to attempt to approach it again by means of the ice.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Rum's Fatal Work.

On Monday evening, 16th ult., says the New Haven, Conn. Fountain, we took passage in the steamer Globe, for New York. The night passed quietly, and the boat made rapid progress on her way, until about three o'clock in the morning, when we came abreast of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. Just at this moment, the crew and passengers were startled by the most piercing cries of distress from a multitude of voices, apparently under the bottom of the boat. We rushed on deck, and found that a small boat had been run down by the steamer, and several men were clinging to the wheel, while others were scattered here and there in the water, swimming for life. The steamer's boats were instantly lowered, and all the men were picked up and saved that could be found—though one poor fellow sunk into a watery grave.

It appeared that a party of Italian musicians had been on board a Mexican steamer lying in the stream, and were returning at that late hour, in a boat rowed by five Mexican sailors. All were more or less intoxicated, and the sailors made a mad attempt to cross the Globe's track, by which means their boat was brought under the wheel, and an immortal soul was sent into eternity.

Crimping System in London.

Extracts from the New York Sailor's Magazine.

"Jack is now ashore, and as long as he is ashore, he must be drunk, or Mr. Crimp's business will not prosper; so as the 'Jolly Sailor' is a *very good* house, and they are just passing it, they may as well just stop and have a pot of half-and-half, to drink health to old England. But one is found to be hardly sufficient for a good draught a-piece, so it is followed by another, and another, and another; and the last two or three must have a little rum in them just to take off the flatness. By this time they are a set of as jovial and generous fellows as ever manned a yard. The landlord is smiling, the crimp is winking, the female harpy is ensnaring and enticing, and poor Jack is singing and shouting, and swaggering, and *paying*.

"At last on they jog till they arrive at Mr. Crimp's boarding house. Then, of course,

he must stand treat to the mistress, and the lodgers, and shipmates, and himself, by way of a footing. The liquor is thoughtlessly ordered, and eagerly drank. This is a fine opportunity for Mr. C. It is one of his first chances of remuneration for his trouble and expense, so it is not at all unreasonable or uncommon that for every pint of liquor ordered and drank, a pot or *more* should be put down to Jack's score. He knows very well that his helpless victims are entirely ignorant of the precise quantity, and so he takes advantage of them with impunity.

"Pay-day arrives. Jack has been drunk ever since he has been ashore, and, conscious of his helplessness, the crimp has no difficulty in persuading him that he is unfit to take charge of so large a sum as he is about to receive, and kindly offers to accompany him, receive and bring home his money safely for him, and proposes to settle accounts on their return. When this business is introduced, our tar is amazed at the exorbitant charges; he cannot remember having had this, or that, or the other, as stated in his bill. No, nor any one else but the crimp, and he pretends to remember the circumstances exactly, and puts it beyond the possibility of contradiction, by adding, 'don't you remember, it was that night you were *DRUNK*?'

"Very little of his wages remains when he has settled his bill, but even this remnant is entrusted to the care of his artful foe; and, in a short time he is informed that his expenses have exceeded what is in hand, and he must really begin to look out for a ship. It would be a sort of kindness to turn poor Jack out of doors *now*, but the crimp knows when he gets a ship, he will also get an advance note, and not satisfied unless he strips him to the very bone, he will not drive him off till he can claim this also, at the same time that he makes a merit of retaining him, and with daring effrontery asks him where he would be if he were not a friend to him?

At last he is informed by his host, that he has provided him with a berth, and must go on board directly. But what is he to do for an outfit? Here again the kind host provides. He undertakes to see to all that, and all Jack has to do is to sign articles, obtain his note, and hand it over to the crimp. He is speedily put on board his ship, the last words of his deceitful friend to him being, as he bids him good-bye, 'that he ought to feel greatly indebted to him for his kindness; that though fifteen shillings of his account still remain unpaid, he is willing to trust him till he returns; wishes him a prosperous voyage, and hopes to see him again.

"And thus is the most noble and most generous of Britain's sons duped, before he sets his foot ashore, into a belief of the assurances of his greatest enemy, remains a dupe

during the whole of his stay at home, to the artifices and machinations of the crimp and his abandoned gang, and sails again duped into the belief that he remains under the greatest obligations to them, and that the least he can do is to recompense them for their kindness to him on his next return.—Before we bid Jack farewell, let us just step below with him, and peep into the chest of our penniless friend. He is now on a voyage to the East Indies—we feel what his stock should be, and we stoop to see what it is. We find it composed of a pair of canvass trowsers, Guernsey frock, one pair of stockings, a couple of slop-made shirts, a pair of thin pumps, and a half-pound of tobacco! Alas, for poor Jack!

Temperance in India.

BOMBAY.—"Our teetotal reform," says the venerable Archdeacon Jeffreys, in a letter to E. C. Delevan, Esq., "has wonderfully prospered within the last month. We have obtained more than 100 signatures within the last three weeks, which is a great thing for Bombay. At Poona and Canamore and all the stations where there are European regiments, there are Regimental Temperance Societies, containing 150 to 200 members. The American frigate Brandywine, has just been in our harbor, and the chaplain and the Rev. Mr. Jones, attended one of our meetings, and gave us great assistance. I am informed that the Commodore and several of the officers are teetotallers."

Sandwich Islands.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer says, that as "France has not acknowledged the independence of the Islands, the government feel bound to countenance the traffic in ardent spirits." The evils which might otherwise flow from this compulsory determination on the part of the government have been obviated in the instance of Lahaina, at least by a public spirited merchant, whom we are proud to say is our countryman, who purchased the only license sold, with the intention of "laying it on the shelf." From and after the first of April last, it was hoped that not a glass of liquor could be procured at the port of Lahaina.—*Ex. paper.*

TEMPERANCE SHIP.—The new whale ship *Citizen*, sailed from Nantucket lately, bound for the Pacific Ocean. Previous to sailing, the captain and all hands signed the total abstinence pledge.

GOOD.—No liquor is allowed to be carried on board of the New York and Stonington line of steamboats by any of the stewards or waiters, on pain of dismissal.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

From the Exeter N. H., Christian Herald.

The Bethel.

Brethren and acquaintance from Providence, R. I., tell me the Bethel meeting is getting on remarkably well. I am told by a number of solid, thinking men from that place, of different religious views, that Elder BENJAMIN TAYLOR is not only eminently adapted to his calling and work, but daily increasing in usefulness and favor with the public generally, while many prejudices are rapidly wearing away. They also say, that his meeting promises to be one of the most, useful as well as best attended in the place—that recently a large number of seamen have come in to their place of worship—and that the sea-faring interest is being very much extended in that city, giving a wider as well as more important field of labor to the Bethel friends.

All of this is truly encouraging—especially to those who have given or may give hereafter for this object. Some have inquired with much propriety, whether Elder Taylor will probably continue there, and things go on, so as to become permanent and settled, so that donors giving for this worthy purpose, may feel assured they have not sowed in vain—but that some, either from the sea or land are entering into their labors, and gathering fruit unto life eternal! that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. For good men are not only willing, but anxious to give, when well convinced their gift will be so improved, as to go forth diffusing mercy-drops and yielding the fruits of righteousness and peace, even when they are cold in death. For thus it may be, and thus it often is, thank God.

To the first point, then, Elder Taylor assures all, that he shall do all in his power, to make this Bethel a permanent blessing to the seamen of that port, and to the Christian cause in that community; and in all human probability, will continue as the preacher and pastor there for years. And as to the other, I must say for one, I have never seen, in these parts, on opening among us, where we might hope for more good being done, in giving to benevolent objects than in the one now before us. The interesting state of things among them—the success already realized, the prospects before, the worthy minister at the head, and the wonderful blessing of God already falling upon this part of the missionary enterprise; all call upon us with heavenly accents, with trumpet tones to be ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that we may lay hold on eternal life.

Brethren, who is there among us that will not give something for this good work? And what thou givest, give now, give cheerfully, for the Lord loves the cheerful giver.

E. EDMUNDS.

New Mariner's M. E. Church.

The New York Christian Advocate and Journal in noticing the erection of the new Mariner's Methodist Episcopal Church, says:

It is highly gratifying at all times to see our friends engaged in the good work of building churches. The erection of places for the public worship of God is certainly one of the noblest charities of the age. And perhaps there never was a more promising field of usefulness than is offered by the New Mariners' Church now in process of erection in this city. It has been found that seafaring men require the ordinances of religion and the privileges of church fellowship, as much as any other class of individuals. A considerable number have recently found peace through the blood of the cross, and almost every week we hear of accessions to the Church in Cherry Street. The pastor, Rev. J. POISAL, informs us that the members of other evangelical churches manifest the most cordial good will and Christian affection; and as an evidence of their sincerity they have contributed very liberally toward the new church. We congratulate our brethren and friends, and heartily unite with them in praying that "the abundance of the sea may be converted to God."

Seamen's Cause in New Orleans.

It has long been deeply regretted by the friends of seamen, that so little was done in this port to promote the temporal and spiritual condition of this interesting and important class of our fellow men. It is true that considerable sums of money have from time to time been raised, and in some way or other appropriated to promote this object, and yet but very little good has been accomplished.

We are, however, happy to perceive that this subject is again awakening considerable interest in the minds of Protestant Christians in this community. Last winter a "Seamen's Friend Society" was organized, and is steadily prosecuting its work of benevolence with encouraging success. This Society has had a large room fitted up for the purposes of a "Bethel;" a chaplain is also regularly employed, and religious service, during the business season, is held three times on the Sabbath, and once or twice during the week. The attendance upon all these services has been uniformly good, and the indications of Providence seem to call upon the friends of the enterprise to perse-

vere in the work which they have undertaken, for "in due time they shall reap, if they faint not."

In addition to the Bethel operations, sustained by the "New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society," it affords us pleasure to hear that a "Sailor's Home," or in other words, a temperance boarding house for seamen, has been established. This boarding house is kept by one who has himself been a sailor, and is in every respect, so far as we are able to judge, well qualified to conduct such an enterprise.

There is also another place of worship, or Bethel, for seamen, under the care of the Methodist denomination, and which we are told, promises to be the means, under God, of doing great good to those for whose benefit it has been established.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

The following communication from Rev. J. M. BUZZELL, late chaplain to seamen, and who has been compelled, on account of ill health, to abandon the enterprise in which he so recently engaged in behalf of the sons of the ocean in Boston, will be read with lively interest by our numerous sailor friends and others who are interested in the good cause.

We cordially invite Mr. B., in behalf of the Editor who is now absent, to contribute to the columns of the Sheet Anchor as often as opportunity may offer. G.

For the Sheet Anchor.

What Seamen can do for God.

One of the most important considerations which should be constantly borne in mind by all such, as are especially interested in behalf of seamen, is the vast amount of good which that class of persons can accomplish, when once brought under the sanctifying influence of divine grace. No class of men have greater opportunities of exerting a hallowed influence in favor of truth, or of conveying, as missionaries of the cross, the glad news of peace and pardon to their dying fellow men in different parts of the world.

Every sailor, therefore, which has been truly converted to God, and is fired with holy zeal for the salvation of his fellow men, may be regarded as a missionary, and under God may be the happy instrument of saving thousands of his fellow men. The seeds of truth, sown here and there, in the various ports or harbors to which he may be destined, will often take root in good ground and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

There are certain important traits in the sailor's character, which renders the success of the religious seamen more probable.

Ist. *They are bold and energetic*, possessing a spirit of perseverance; hence they are not so easily discouraged or diverted from their purposes, and being generally ardent in their feeling, the appeals of such as are con-

strained by the love of Christ, to the hearts and consciences of their fellows, are more powerful and effective.

2d. On the other hand, sailors generally are more *credulous* than other men. They are open, frank and honest themselves, and consequently free from that jealous skepticism, which, in a great measure, defeats the great design of the gospel, with others.—However irreligious they may be in other respects, they are true to their word, and attach much importance to telling the truth, and it is seldom that you can find a lying sailor. Being honest therefore themselves, they are credulous, and hence, if they are addressed by their fellows on the subject of religion with that sincerity, simplicity and energy which is characteristic of the sailor, the probability is, to say the least, such efforts will generally be successful.

Another circumstance operates favorably. Seamen are not generally exposed to the influence of infidel books and papers, consequently they, as a class, are not disposed to cavil with the truth. The last impressions of a religious character, were made, perhaps, by the prayers and advice of a mother, or father, who was a Christian, before they left the paternal roof; and having early imbibed religious opinions, however careless and sinful may have been their career, the truth meets with fewer obstacles in the seaman's heart, than in the hearts of other men. And when convicted, they are more ready to confess their sins with frankness to God, and before the world, that they may find mercy.—There is every encouragement, therefore, for all to labor perseveringly for the salvation of seamen, and more especially for seamen to make efforts to save each other. The set time has indeed come, when God will bless the labors of his servants in carrying forward the work of salvation among the sons of the ocean. The recent displays of his power among that class of men, is an indication that he will yet more signally crown the efforts of those who are zealously devoted to this good cause. For this, let every Christian pray.

J. M. BUZZELL.

Saco, Sept. 1844.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Autumn Leaves.

The falling of the autumn leaves should remind us of the importance of turning over the leaves of the log book of time, and meditate upon the past, as well as muse upon the future. There are times and seasons in the lives of all, when all should ponder on the journey of life, and scrutinize the character of the foot-prints they have left behind. The seasons are flying rapidly one by one over our heads, and each passing moment brings us nearer and nearer to the end of

life's pilgrimage. How important the duty, then, of turning our thoughts inward, and devoting a little time to self-examination, to see if we can conscientiously arrive at the conclusion that the world will be any better for our having lived in it. Have we thus far fulfilled the purposes of our existence? Have we faithfully discharged our duty to our fellow creatures and our God?

"What have we done that's worth a doing,
What have we learnt that's worth the knowing."

Present to a reflecting man a faithful history of his past life, and how many precious moments will he discover that he has thrown away; how many opportunities for doing good to those around him have been passed by unnoticed. The history of the past brings aught but pleasure to our minds; our best services have been but feeble offerings to the Giver of all earthly blessings. The history of the past will show that we have left undone many things which we ought to have done, and have done many things which we ought not to have done.

In meditating upon by-gone hours, we are at once led to contemplate upon the future; and all reflections upon the past are entirely useless, unless the tendency of them is to affect our future conduct. Let, then, our past history remind us of the necessity of a more careful husbanding of the precious moments of time, the precious opportunities for doing good in our day and generation. Let the farmer, as he reaps his harvest, think of the goodness of God, who has so kindly provided for the children of men. Let the stately merchant, as he treads the busy marts of life, call to mind that Being in whose hand his breath is, and remember that time is hastening him on with hurried tread to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Let the hard toiling mechanic, as he daily plies himself to his accustomed task, mingle with his daily toil the thought of an hereafter, and remember that time's mighty avalanche is hastening him also to eternity. Let, also, the hardy sons of the ocean remember, that they are fast sailing from time to eternity. Sailor! set thine house in order now, in the time of this mortal life, for thou shalt die and not live.

For the Sheet Anchor.

"In the midst of Life we are in Death."

How true this is of all, but especially of seamen of whom it has been said, that eleven sixteenths of their number die sudden and violent deaths.

I once made a voyage in a clipper built schooner, to the coast of Brazil; she was sharp as a wedge, and as wet as a diving-bell. The captain and the mate were both pious men, but the crew, with a single exception, were without religion. Among their number, was one by the name of William, an

Englishman, of about twenty years of age, of most interesting manners, and unusual intelligence. For this young man a deep interest was felt by all on board; the mate, in a special manner, was interested in his soul's welfare, and improved every opportunity to impress upon his mind the importance of personal religion.

We had just taken the trade winds, off the Western Islands; they blew strong, attended with heavy squalls. Water spouts more numerous than I had ever before witnessed, gathered around us in portentous grandeur, and as sentinels of the deep, seemed determined to dispute our passage in every direction. For hours our course was amid these ocean terrors. At length, after a day of anxiety, peril and fatigue, night came on in pitchy darkness, and with no improvement of the weather. Of the water spouts, we could know nothing, for the darkness hid them from our view. But it was with indelible emotions of fear, that we stood our watch that night. The hour of family worship—seven bells—having arrived, all hands came aft, to attend to that important and delightful duty.

The landsman little dreams of the self-denials and difficulties of the pious sailor, who makes family religion at sea a matter of imperative duty; and blow high or blow low, scrupulously observes the stated worship of the vessel. And I have often thought, since that awful night, that the family altar on the land would not—as is too often the case—be abandoned, and its fire permitted to go out, if landsmen, like sailors, were often brought to feel their dependence upon God, for deliverance from present, and threatened evil.

We were now huddled together in our little cabin—not the most convenient place for religious worship—with the wind howling around us in fitful gusts; the waves sweeping over us, and the unseen water spouts threatening destruction to our little bark and all on board. In this situation we engaged in family worship that night. What a contrast to a scene of family worship on the land, and who can feel its force but a sailor? At length the Bible was produced; a portion of Scripture read, accompanied with remarks applicable to our peculiar trying circumstances; and the crew exhorted by the captain, to surrender themselves into the hand of God, and obtain that pardon and peace of which they might stand in need before the dawn of another day. Prayers were then offered up, and the services closed.

It was a deeply interesting season. The solemnities of eternity settled down upon our hearts, and we felt, those of us that entertained a hope in Christ, that it was a great privilege to be permitted to repose upon a Saviour's bosom in this our trying hour.

It was now eight o'clock, p. m., and one watch went below. About this time a heavy squall struck us, and all hands were called to take in what little sail remained upon the schooner, and lay her too under bare poles. William, the young Englishman, did not appear among the rest of the crew. The mate went forward and called him, but no answer. A search was made, but he was no where to be found. He was seen no more at his duty on board; he listened no more to the reading of God's word. A few moments before, and the last Christian exhortation fell on his ears, and a solemn and faithful one it was; it is deeply impressed on my own heart to this day. The voice of prayer on his own behalf, was the last sound from human lips that reached his departing soul. How the winds blew that night—the waves—how they foamed and dashed around us; the darkness, too—how awful! And oh! to depart in such a night! to depart without hope! * * * * *

No—much as we desired it might be so, poor William gave no evidence of sins forgiven, of God reconciled. For aught we know, he may be now in glory; but his was a sad and doubtful case, as far as we knew about it. As to the manner of his departure to the world of spirits, we are entirely in the dark. But we suppose he must have washed overboard as he passed forward, by a heavy sea that struck the vessel about the time of setting the watch.

Shipmates! whose turn will come next, yours or mine is only known to God. But the question is, are we all prepared to go? Have we profited by the last reading of the Scriptures to which we have listened; the last exhortation; the last prayer that has been offered up on our behalf. If not—let us do so immediately, before the desolating waves of death sweep us away from life's moorings, and cast us upon the sunken rocks of eternal despair.

NAUTICLER.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

Family Industrial Society.

This Society is still prosecuting its truly benevolent work in New York city. It aids the wives, and widows, and children of seamen in such a way as to promote self-respect, and encourage industry, and economy. The poor women come to the Society's store, and receive garments to make at a fair price.—This to the healthy and the willing to work, is far better than charity in money.

For the purpose of replenishing the store, so that the deserving poor may thus be supplied the coming winter, the Society held a

Fair in the Rosevelt Street Mariner's church, basement floor, the 7th and 10th inst.

Donations for the above object may be directed to the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 71 Wall Street, or to the care of Rev. H. CHASE, No. 44 Market Street, New York, and will be gratefully received.—*Sailor's Mag.*

Consecration of the Bethel Flag.

By Miss HANNAH F. GOULD.

Away, bright flag, to the heathen land,
And spread on its balmy breeze,
Beneath thee gather a Christian band
Of wanderers on the seas!
Hang o'er that spot 'mid the idol's ground,
Like a hovering angel's wing,
Where sweet is the gospel trumpet's sound,
And the sons of Zion sing.

We send thee forth as a holy sign,
A sacred offering given
Above the house of our God to shine,
A guide to that gate of heaven.
And be thou true as the orient star,
That once o'er Bethlehem shone;
Where many shall come, from their homes afar,
To worship the HOLY ONE.

Receive, oh, Father, enthroned above,
Great Ruler of earth and sea—
Receive as hallowed, our gift of love,
Thus offered unstained to Thee!
Our mariners guide with a tender care,
Wherever the deep they roam;
And through life's perilous voyage, to bear
Away for thy glorious home!

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

The First Voyage.

A letter addressed to a young friend about to embark as a sailor on his first voyage.

By Rev. T. H. GALLAUDET.

(Concluded.)

Drink ever so little spirits when you first form acquaintance with your shipmates, for company's sake, or to avoid being laughed at for being a temperance man, and do you think you will have courage to abstain the second, third, or fourth time you are invited? If it should be soon seen that you can indulge a little in loose and low conversation, or listen to it with satisfaction—that you can pass or enjoy a joke on religious people or religious things—how hard it will be to turn about in opposition of the remarks of those around you, and do these degrading and sinful things no more.

Profane the first Sabbath, and let the irreligious on board see that you belong to their class, and will you be able to resist their enticements or sneers, and keep the second and following Sabbaths as you ought?

Set out from the very beginning with a fixed determination, (looking to God in frequent and earnest prayer to help you to keep it,) that you will converse and conduct as a Christian, discreet, and respectable young

man ought to do; and carry this determination into effect without cant or boasting—in a calm, cheerful, kind and yet decided manner, bearing a few hard rubs, and perhaps some sarcastic or bitter remarks good naturedly, and you will be gratified to see how soon all this will cease, and you take your proper stand among those around you, and be respected and well treated even by the most profane and licentious men on board.

But to do this, you need *divine strength*; you need to be a Christian in heart. This will constitute your only true security; many and new temptations will surround you. You will need moral courage to resist them.—Look then to God, in humble and earnest prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit, to lead you to sincere repentance for sin, and to a cordial faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour. Continue to look to Him, in the same way, for those daily supplies of wisdom, grace, and strength that you will peculiarly need.

Read the Bible daily, if it is only a few verses. Read it more fully on the Sabbath, and also such other religious books as you may have. *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.* I know there will be certain duties which, as a sailor, you will have to perform on that day, but notwithstanding this, you will have opportunities and modes of observing the day properly. You can abstain from all conversation and conduct that is inconsistent with its sacredness, and you can let those around you see, that you are under the influence of Christian principle in this respect. Avoid intimacies with the profane, licentious, and the irreligious, while you treat all in a kind and gentlemanlike manner.—Pray for such persons, and try to do them good in all wise and proper ways. Avoid bad and loose books and pictures (if there should be any such on board,) as you would avoid poison. Show your disapprobation of them in a marked and decided manner.—They have ruined thousands.

If there are any decidedly steady, and, still more, religious sailors on board, seek their acquaintance, and cultivate their friendship. Two or three can greatly strengthen each other in what is right and good. Think of your dear father and mother, of your family and friends. Conduct well for their sakes. Think of God, whose eye will ever be upon you. Think of death; it may overtake you unawares. Think of eternity; how soon you will be there, to partake of its indescribable joys or sorrows. May the Lord bless you, guide, and keep you in the way of duty, of safety, and of peace.

"In foreign realms, and lands remote
Supported by His care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air."

SHEET ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have



as an anchor of the soul."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Seamen's Convention at Baltimore.

A convention of preachers to seamen, and other friends of the sailor's cause, will be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance is requested.

We are requested to state that Delegates to the above Convention will call at the Bookstores of ARMSTRONG & BERRY, and ISAAC P. COOK, Baltimore Street; or at the house of Rev. H. BEST, Market Street, Fell's Point, near corner of Pratt Street, where they will find the names and residences of the persons with whom they are appointed to stay during the Convention. The Convention will be held in Dr. BRECKENRIDGE'S Session Room, Baltimore Street, East of Jones' Falls.

Editorial Correspondence.

BUFFALO, Sept. 27, 1844.

My passage from New York to this city of the Lakes, has been a flying one. I did not stop, day or night, except a few hours at Rochester. The easiest part of the tour, thus far, was up the Hudson in the "Knickerbocker." This is certainly the most perfect specimen of a steam boat I have ever seen. I am told the "Empire," owned by the same company, is her superior. I do not see how that can be possible—but I shall probably have an opportunity of knowing on my return.

I make but a short stay in Buffalo, intending to remain longer on the passage home. There is evidently an improvement in the condition of the sailors and boatmen from what I saw when in the city some eight years since. The new Bethel looks well, and has a fine location for doing good. I hope to be able to give further particulars hereafter.

ASHTABULA, Ohio, Sept. 29.

This Sabbath is spent away from my beloved charge, on board the steamboat in one of the harbors of Lake Erie. We had expected to arrive in Cleveland last night, but a severe gale has been blowing for some hours

that prevents us. Probably the storm is much more severe on the Atlantic coast, but it blew very heavily here all night. Let me assure the persons who suppose these inland seas to be a kind of fresh water ponds that are hid among the trees and always calm, that they are very much mistaken. What sailors call "a head-beat-sea," a short, angry, troublesome kind of waves, is always found here in a gale in great abundance. Western sailors suffer much more, and especially late in the Fall and early in the Spring, than is generally supposed. The tempest to which we were exposed last night, while it excited my love of the ocean, and made me tread the midnight deck, through the howling blast, gave me fresh reasons to labor for the best good of Western sailors. I rejoice that the SHEET ANCHOR is increasing its sphere of usefulness among this numerous and valuable class of men.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 30.

I must not omit to mention my obligations to Captain TITUS, of the steamer "Julia Palmer," with whom I left Buffalo on my upward voyage. This gentleman is a superior officer. He commanded the "Erie" when she was lost in 1841, by fire—a memorable disaster in which 250 persons perished. His conduct during the late gale has been every way commendable.

We had a large temperance meeting, and religious services on board. I never saw better attention on any occasion than I enjoyed while preaching to the large audience in the cabins of the "Julia Palmer." It was a deeply impressive scene. We had all just escaped from the dangers of a severe gale—we met together from different parts of the world—we were about to disperse through various sections of the country—probably never all to meet again until we were summoned together at the dread tribunal of Jehovah. The young and the old—the rich and the poor—the learned and illiterate—were before me, fellow-travellers to eternity. Such thoughts were of themselves a sermon. I felt solemn as the judgment; and if I ever prayed fervently that I might preach Christ faithfully, I think I did then. God grant that the seed thus sown in His blessed name may produce a glorious harvest!

I went on board the "Buffalo" at Ashtabula, which made but a short stay at this place. But I perceive, after an absence of ten years, a great outward improvement.—The sailors here have a faithful preacher in Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, and a convenient chapel.

DETROIT, Oct. 1.

Seldom have I enjoyed natural scenery more than that which greeted me on approaching the Peninsula City. It is truly splendidly located. There is an appearance of ripeness in Detroit, arising from the coun-

try around, it having been early settled by the French, that is not often observed in the Western towns. The voyage from Lake Erie through Detroit river is one of the finest, in pleasant months, that can be made by any traveller. All around you, on the lands of the British and American shores, are signs of cultivation and taste alike surprising and delightful. Such is the impression produced by this city itself. After sailing along the woody cliffs of Erie, for hundreds of miles, you pause at this port amidst glittering spires, and crowded masts, to have placed in your hands two daily papers with news from all parts of the world, and to be greeted with the whistling, puffing sound of the rail road car! Truly, "Westward, the star of empire takes its way."

I leave here to-morrow morning for Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, which is near the termination of my journey. At that place—some fifteen hundred miles distant—the readers of the Sheet Anchor shall hear from their humble servant again. C. W. D.

For the Sheet Anchor.

MR. EDITOR,

To a person placed in the responsible and laborious situation you occupy, in conducting a paper devoted to the benevolent and praiseworthy object of advancing the interests and promoting the moral welfare of the sons of the ocean, a few words of congratulation and encouragement from a friend who has thus far admired the course you have pursued in the management of the "Sheet Anchor," and the high moral and religious tone of its articles, will, I trust, not be unacceptable.

Of all persons filling public stations, who need friendly sympathy and encouragement, the minister and the editor are the most needy and the most deserving. And why? Simply because they are engaged in ministering to the public mind, and are in one sense the leaders of the people they may reach, by their words or their pen.

I know something, Mr. Editor, of your early struggles in establishing the "Sheet Anchor;" at times almost alone and single-handed, you attempted to raise it up, and cast it into the firm, hard, solid, holding ground of public support and favor. You have at last succeeded—thanks to your perseverance and industry; thanks to the assistance of kind friends; but above all thanks, aye, glory to that good Providence from whom cometh every blessing, both temporal and spiritual, whose hand was plainly seen in the undertaking—"Except the Lord build the house, the workmen labor in vain."

Your paper has exerted, and is destined to exert a powerful influence on seamen; its articles are written in a plain, impressive style, which must take hold upon the sailor's heart, though it be buried up in sin, and

crusted over with crime; for beneath all this rubbish of sin, there beats a heart that once throbbled sinlessly upon its mother's bosom, and which even now can be awakened to a recollection of those days, when life was all sunshine, and its path strewn with the flowers of joy and love, when the balmy air to him was vocal with sweet music, and redolent with perfume; when the heart was like a gushing fountain of sweet water, and he danced along heedlessly by the home of sorrow and mourning, and over the graves of the dead.

O! the sailor has a soul. There are some green and sunny spots left yet amid the arid waste, which need but pruning and cultivating, and by the blessing of God, "the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—There is yet a spark of feeling and affection left in that almost frozen heart, which needs but fanning to produce a flame, which shall rekindle the feeling of former years. There are yet streakings of morning light in that dark soul; but dissipate the clouds, gloomy and black, which hang around, and this faint glimmer shall become the brightness of the noon day sun, which, with beaming light and warming rays, shall reanimate the whole moral being with high hopes of future bliss. To such a work you have devoted the SHEET ANCHOR.

Be it an admonition to the sailor to secure for himself the Sheet Anchor of the gospel, "that hope which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast;" that when the storms of life shall assail him in all their fury, upon its dreary ocean, and death itself appears, he may safely outride the storm, and heaving in his cable link by link, may at last moor himself fast by the throne of God.

Go on brother DENISON, in thy work of faith, and labor of love; still preach to dying men the tidings of the cross, trusting in God for strength and success. God's people are with thee to sustain and cheer; their tears, their prayers, are thine; God himself is in thy cause; his promise is thine. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Toil on till death release thee from thy labors, then

"Take thy seat above,

Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word."

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. frigate Boston was at Montevideo on the 4th of August—officers and crew all well.

U. S. frigate Constitution, Capt. Percival, was at Rio Janeiro, August 28, to sail in seven days for the East Indies.

U. S. steamer General Taylor, Lieut. Commander Farrand, arrived at Mobile, 28th ult., from the Navy Yard at Pensacola, bringing over the officers comprising the Court of Inquiry, lately in session at that place, for the investigation of certain charges preferred against Commodore Lavalette, commanding the Navy Yard. Capt. Farrand reports that the bark Phinney, from Boston caught fire, and was burned to the water's edge, with most of her cargo, rigging, &c.

U. S. store ship Lexington sailed from Gibraltar, August 29, for New York.

A large steam ship, supposed to be the Union, from Pensacola for Vera Cruz, via Galveston, was off the Balize, 24th ult.

U. S. frigate Columbia, Capt. Breese, from Gibraltar and Cadiz, was at Lisbon, 1st ult.

Report of the United States Marine Hospital, Chelsea.

For the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1844.

Sick or disabled seamen in Hospital, July 1,	39
Received during the quarter,	222
Discharged, cured or relieved,	185
Died,	5
Remaining, Sept. 30th,	71
	261

Names of Deceased.

John Smith,	aged 29, born in Philadelphia, Pa.
Martin Baker,	" 23, " in Newburg, N. J.
William Gifford,	" 46, " in Westport, Mass.
Daniel Sullivan,	" 22, " in Cork, Ireland.
Edwin Manchester,	" 27, " in " "

J. BACON, Steward,

Chelsea, Sept. 30, 1844.

LAUNCH.—A splendid bark of about 400 tons, called the Lycurgus, was launched by Messrs. Bourne & Klingsbury, Kennebunkport, 30th ult. She is owned in New York and Boston, and is intended for the New York and Mediterranean trade, under command of Capt. James Adams.

It is proposed in Portland to extend a rail road from that place to Canada.

Fondness of the Chinese for Sage Tea.—The Salem Observer mentions it as a fact, that the Chinese are as fond of sage, as a beverage, as we are of their best teas, and would readily exchange two chests for one.

The President of the United has recognized Albert Schumaker, of Baltimore, as Consul of Hamburg for the United States.

The Naval Commission, consisting of Capt. Rosseau, Commander Adams, and Lieut. Johnson, have just secured the titles for the site of the Navy Yard at Memphis, and the titles have been forwarded for the approval of the government. The whole cost of the site was twenty thousand dollars, the city of Memphis liberally contributing its interest in the commons in front of the city. The Commissioners have devised a plan for the works, and should the whole be completed, according to the plan, the effect from the river will be very fine.—*Louisville Jour.*

Not long since, two sailors passing along by a tailor's shop, observing the tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different colors of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the

poor fellow; when one of the tars observed to the other, "look ye Jack, did you ever see as many sorts of cabbages grow on one stump before?"

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Captain Roberts, who arrived at New York lately, reports that the port of San Juan de Nicaragua was still blockaded on the 5th of August by the British schooner Petril. The inhabitants were making every effort to raise money to pay the debt due to their British creditors, and the blockade would be raised as soon as the money arrived on board her Britannic majesty's ship of war.

Five English ships have, within the two last years, been captured and destroyed by savages of the South Sea Islands, and their crews barbarously murdered.

Steam Vessels in the British Navy.—The number of steam vessels now in commission in the navy of England, is eighty. The number of sailing vessels in commission, including cutters and other small vessels, is one hundred and thirty-three. This shows a ratio of three steam vessels to every five war vessels of all other descriptions, and the proportion of war steamers is constantly increasing.

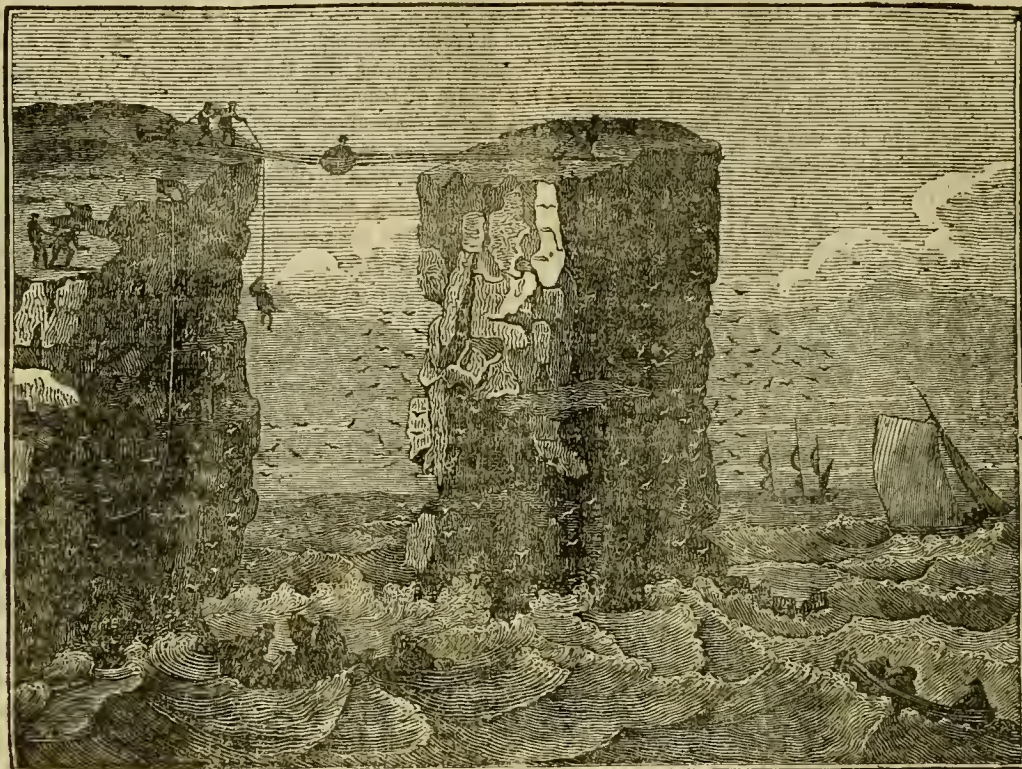
A Vessel run down by a Steamer.—The Dublin mail steamship, *Iron Duke*, 600 tons burthen, came into collision with the brig Parana, of 200 tons, from Liverpool to Montreal, about three leagues to the eastward of Point Lynas Light, by which the latter vessel was nearly cut in two. So sudden was the accident, that six of her crew, including her commander, out of eleven on board in all, were thrown into the water and perished. The brig, it appears, had a light on her poop, and her mate also elevated the binnacle light in his hand, and shouted towards the steamer when he saw her coming into dangerous proximity; but, as he conjectures, he was not heard, owing probably to the noise of the engines, and the steamer, before the brig could effectually alter her course, ran into her abreast of the fore hatch. The night was very thick.—*Liverpool paper.*

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Important to Owners and Commanders of Vessels.—A letter received at Lloyd's, from their agent at Sidney, Cape Breton, dated June 12, 1844, says—"I send you an extract from a provisional statute, whereby all ships wrecked on the coast, with passengers, are to be taken possession of by the Collector of the Customs, or such other persons as the Lieutenant Governor may appoint, and the proceeds made available for the maintenance and transport of the passengers to their original destination. Perhaps it would be as well to let this circumstance be known, that masters of ships may govern themselves accordingly, and not dispose of the property without proper authority."

Important to Vessels trading to the West Indies.—The British brig Cecily Large, has been lately found on the S. E. point of Mayguana, derelict. The captain and crew, it is supposed, took to their boat. It is not known to mariners that within a year or two several settlements have been made at the S. W. point of Mayguana, where shipwrecked persons may get relief by running down in their small boats, and both lives and property would in consequence be saved.

The Tuckernuck Light Boat did not resume her station as reported. She attempted to get to her moorings 28th, but was obliged to put back on account of head winds.



NOSS-HOLM.—On one of the Shetland Islands, called the Noss of Brassa, is a ragged rock, supposed to rise 1800 feet above the level of the sea; upon which a great many fowls have their nests, whose eggs are taken in the summer, as also some of the fowls, by letting a man down from the top of the rock by a rope tied about his middle. This rock is serviceable to mariners in directing their course while sailing to the West.—*Pinkerton.*



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In Pawtucket, Capt. ALEXANDER R. BARKER, of N. Bedford, to Miss LUCINDA M. ALMY, of P.

In Portland, Me., Rev. JAS. S. BLISS, of Fort Wayne, Ind., to Miss ELIZA, daughter of Capt. WM. MERRILL.

In New York, Capt. CHARLES B. PENDLETON to Miss MARY H. BELDEN.

In Philadelphia, 24th ult., Capt. C. JOHN VALLEY, of Gelfy, Sweden, to Miss MARGARET ANN MATTHEWS.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Charlestown, Mass., Mrs. SARAH H., wife of Capt. THOMAS W. WYMAN, U. S. N.

In Philadelphia, Rev. G. W. SWAN, U. S. N.

On board brig New Castle, of New York, on the passage from Nickerie, Mr. ROBERT J. VERNON, 1st officer, aged 24 years.

Lost overboard from brig St. Marks, on the passage from New York to Porto Rico, August 3, Mr. JOHN N. PEPPER, of Portland, Me., 1st officer.

GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

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DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,

General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—*New York.* Roosevelt Street. Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Fierce.

Rockets, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcorn.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

Alexandria, D. C. Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

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SHEET ANCHOR.

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Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to
HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the
same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

A Man Overboard.

The following incident was related to the writer by a
veteran East India Captain :

One day, towards evening, as the vessel
was running about five knots an hour, the
appalling cry was suddenly heard—"A man
overboard!" Instantly every effort was made
to lay the ship to—a boat was lowered, and
several stout hands and bold hearts were em-
barked in her, and pulling astern with all
their might, in quest of their lost shipmate.
The general concern and anxiety for his re-
covery was greatly increased when it was
found to be *Venis*, (a soubriquet for *Sylvanus*)
an excellent sailor, and a general favor-
ite with the ship's company. The chances
were, however, but slender. The ship had
made a very considerable headway before the
boat could be got in readiness—the sea was
rough, and the shades of night were already
gathering over the deep. A man was, how-
ever, sent aloft with a glass, the moment the
accident happened, and the captain took his
place at the stern, trumpet in hand, to direct
the motions of the boat. For a while, the
man in the top saw the poor fellow struggling
in the waves, but by and by lost sight of him,
and the boat itself was fast dwindling to a
speck. He then called to the captain, "They

havn't found him, sir; but I'm afraid it's no
use to try any longer. I've lost sight of him
for some time. They're far astern, and it's
growing dark." The captain at last slowly
and reluctantly gave the signal to return. A
general sorrow filled the ship. But as the
boat came alongside, what was their surprise
and joy to behold poor *Venis*, drenched and
exhausted, but alive and safe, in the bottom.
Just as the boat was turning, in obedience to
the captain's orders, the sudden drop of a
wave had discovered him to them, and he
was thus, at the last moment, and beyond all
hope, rescued from a watery grave.

Reader! do you know any poor soul who
has fallen overboard, and is struggling in the
waves of temptation and sin? Hasten to
their rescue. God has given you the means
of saving them. No bark in quest of a
drowning man was ever so swift, so sure, as
the life-boat of gospel mercy. Hasten in
that to the rescue of drowning, perishing
souls. Alas! there is not one only, but many
in this wide sea of the world sinking around
you every moment into endless perdition.—
O, let love nerve your arm to unceasing ef-
forts to draw them up out of the deep. Give
not up the pursuit while a spark of hope re-
mains—for at the very last moment it may be
that you will find and save them. You may
be happily successful in bringing many of
them, and depositing them in the ark of safe-
ty—and then how glorious your reward, when
"they that turn many to righteousness shall
shine like the stars forever and ever."

Reader! are you yourself, still floating on
the waves of sin and misery, tossed by the
billows of temptation, and ready to sink in
the floods of perdition? Let your eye be to-
wards the bark which glides past you on the
waves, ready to pick you up and convey you
to the Ark of Safety. Every sanctuary,
every preacher of the gospel, every means
and ordinance of grace is such a bark. A
fleet of them are abroad, in quest of sinking,
drowning souls. Nay, the glorious Ark it-
self floats in your sight, on this ocean of sin
and wo, and the Lord Jesus Christ, the
Almighty Captain of Salvation, is looking

abroad for those who are willing to be rescu-
ed from the deep. O, let your hand and
heart and voice be lifted up to Him for help!
Cry to Him from the deep, "Jesus, Mas-
ter, have mercy on me! Lord, save me! I
perish! O, take me, draw me, weak, faint-
ing as I am, out of these floods of guilt and
temptation—place me in safety by thy side!
Let me make with thee the voyage of life,
and enter with thee the port of eternal rest,
and spend eternity with thee, on the blissful
shores of the heavenly Canaan!"

The Broken Leg.

A sailor, who had broken his leg, was ad-
vised to communicate his case to the Royal
Society. The account he gave was, that
having fallen from the top of the mast and
fractured his leg, he had dressed it with noth-
ing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days
was able to walk as well as before the acci-
dent.

The story at first appeared incredible, as
no such efficacious qualities were known in
tar, and still less in oakum; nor was the poor
sailor to be credited on his own bare asser-
tion of so wonderful a cure. The Society
very reasonably demanded a fuller relation,
and we suppose, a corroboration of evidence.
Many doubted whether the leg had been
really broken. That part of the story was
amply verified. Still it was difficult to be-
lieve the story; and some half dozen letters
passed between the Society and the patient,
who persevered in the most solemn assevera-
tions that he had used no other remedies.—
The wonder had increased to an amazing
pitch, when in the sailor's last letter, he said,
"I forgot to tell your honors that *the leg was*
a wooden one!"

AN OLD SAILOR'S ADVICE.—"Charley,
don't you ever forget your home; don't you
go inside such dens as I did; don't you touch
rum; don't you trust the landlords that offer
it to you; don't you have any thing to do
with lawyers. Rum, bad women, landlords
and lawyers, have been the ruin of me."

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Effects of the Temperance Cause on a Cargo.

The Halifax, N. S. Herald, says: The Spanish brig Beatriz arrived at this port lately, from Porto Rico, with a cargo consisting of 124 hogsheads molasses, 125 barrels sugar, and six pipes old rum. The sugar and molasses sold, and sold well; the rum, however, could not command a price. It was at length offered at one shilling per gallon, in bond, which it could not obtain. An offer of it was made for the payment of the duty on it, at which it was refused in the Halifax market, and the Beatriz sailed from this port, taking back to the West Indies the six pipes of rum which she had brought into this temperance place.

Sabbath Movement.

The more we contemplate it, the more do we hail the Sabbath movement as doing great things for temperance. The vast travel on the line of railroads and the business on the canals and at public depots, offered great temptations to the rum seller. His business on that day seemed most important of any in the week; for, as idle loungers had more leisure to drink and less need of clear heads and firm limbs, they gave themselves up to degrees of inebriety which were often exceedingly shameful. In the cities, too, Sabbath rum-selling was a great nuisance. The trade acknowledged that one-fifth of their profits for the week was gathered in on that day. But the tide is turning. Railroad speed is rendering Sabbath travelling needless and unprofitable. More than seven hundred miles of railroad in the U. States now rest on the Sabbath; and as soon as the Post Office Department, now suffering a blight from the Almighty, shall learn righteousness and yield up the practice of sending the mail on the Sabbath, scarce an engine will be fired up on that day, appointed for universal rest.

In New York State, more than 1200 captains of canal boats have signed petitions that the locks may not be opened on the Sabbath. More than eighteen out of twenty of the boatmen who have seen the petitions have signed the same, and all the forwarders from New York to Buffalo.

In Pennsylvania, a large number of boats have long ceased running, and in New York, Boston, and other cities, our municipal authorities are coming promptly up to the execution of the laws against promiscuous sale, on this day, of intoxicating drinks. Surely when all things are thus conspiring to aid the temperance reformation, its friends should

take courage and renew their strength, and press forward in the conflict to their sure and glorious victory.—*Temp. Union.*

From the N. Y. Sailor's Magazine.

To the Inconsiderate Sailor.

Will you never think before you ask?

Often have we proposed to your friends to furnish the means for social and moral improvement, and they have often responded to our call. Now, sailor, we have a word for you. Scores of your shipmates have knocked off their grog, and their sins. They have ceased to do evil and have learned to do well. So that these friends have abundant reason to thank God and take courage. Yet such cases as your own sometimes make us sad; and some who have not quite so much patience are thereby thrown aback. We hear much of a sailor's promise; but where is yours? Did you not promise your captain before coming into port, that you would give the land shark a wide berth? But instead of this you allowed one to come along side, and within an hour you were a helpless victim. Did you not promise to knock off that abominable grog forever? But instead of this you were persuaded to take a single glass, and then another, and shortly not a spar of what was once a noble ship, was left standing.

Did you not promise to pocket an insult as the better part of wisdom, rather than resent it? But instead of this, when that abusive fellow, employed by a certain pettifogger who wanted some professional business, put his fist in your face and dared your courage, you knocked him into the middle of the street. You remember the hard floor of the cell, and the hard dollars you had to count out for that job.

Now will you never think before you act? O, when shall we see you standing erect like a man! We read of One—"Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their hands." But he manifested no resentment. He did not return the blow. When they lied about him, and mocked him, and were murdering him, instead of pouring on them storms of vengeance, he prayed, Father, forgive them! Oh, when will you be in this respect like Jesus? A sober thought might have saved that blow. Why didn't you know that he who is so mean as to insult a sailor is not worth striking? And do you not remember the words of Solomon, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Had you kept your temper, you might have been "better than the mighty;" better than "he that taketh a city." And with it, you would have kept your character, your liberty, your comfort, and your cash. Had you kept your promises, the land sharks and the grog, would not have made you such a wreck.

But, my dear fellow, I did not come to prey on your wreck; but to help you off a lee-shore, get you into a dry dock, and have you thoroughly repaired, and put to sea again to mark the best voyage of your life. I come to persuade you. 1. *That you can be a man.* Can he? How can the sailor be otherwise than a man! 2. *That you can be in the highest sense a good man.* A good man? Yes, a Christian man, a child of God, and an heir of glory. Have you been wicked? So was Peter; "and when he thought thereon he wept." Have you wandered from God? So did David; but he said, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." Now, like Peter and David, think and weep, and turn. Think, not only of what you have done, but *think before you act.* It may save many a shipmate from a broken head, a ruined character, a lost soul.

O, sailor, think, think, on your ways,
And turn your heart to God;
Think, till your tongue is turn'd to praise,
And yours the path which Jesus trod.

S.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

From the Barnstable Patriot.

Home.

There is something in the word HOME, that wakens kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear, but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of our nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in earlier years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or evening hour found us gay as the birds that warble over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-docked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet or lily, or to twine a garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the world's fierce strife, and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Osian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to

the soul. The Swiss general, who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp, and fly away to their own green hills. The African, torn from his willow braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and stripes and toil may have crushed his spirits—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the oceans; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood's dreams!

The New England mariner, amid the ice bergs of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green Isles, or coasting along the shore of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a mother, or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but these will not usurp the place of HOME.

New York Bethel Missionary.

Sept. 21st. On board a ship nearly ready to start. I supplied the passengers, after supplying the crew, with tracts and papers; they appeared to be very glad to get them. Conversing with the mate of a bark, who said he once drank a great deal, but his wife persuaded him to sign the pledge—"and now," said he, "I enjoy myself very well in my family, and am resolved never to taste ardent spirits again." He remarked also, that his wife was a Christian, and belonged to the church. Here, thought I, is one of the many instances of the glorious effects of temperance—a man raised from the lowest state of degradation, and made happy in the enjoyment of his family, and the family made no less so by the restoration of a father and a husband.

23d. While conversing with the steward of a ship, he remarked that he was a professor, and knew by happy experience what it

was to serve God. The steward of a brig said he had seen much hard service, having run away from home, and embarked on a whaling voyage. Since then he has seen harder times, having been engaged in the Florida war, in which his horse was shot under him, and fell on him, breaking his shoulder, which now troubled him very much.—He remarked that he had been cured of his propensity for wandering, and had recently made a visit to his friends. Another steward of a vessel wanted some tracts and papers to distribute in the port where he was bound, and I was happy to supply him.

24th. On board a ship bound to New Orleans, found a passenger who was interested in giving me some account of his labors. He said he was a Methodist minister, and had resided in N. Orleans for a number of years, and had met with much discouragement and persecution on account of the iniquity that abounds there—but he had oftentimes been enabled to rejoice in the midst of trials, and to trust confidently in Him who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." He very gratefully received the tracts and papers which I gave him, and said he would distribute them among the crew, and also at New Orleans when he arrived.

25th. Talked with a mate to-day, who said that sailors were growing worse and worse every day, and had been for a long time. He had been to sea a number of years, had seen a great many sailors, and had heard people say a great deal about temperance sailors, but he never saw one, and never saw but one who was a Christian. In his estimation, the condition of sailors could not be elevated, for they would not be any better, nor take a step higher in the scale of being, if they could. Finally, sailors' homes were the worst places that could be found, and the greatest scoundrels went there. I attempted to reason the matter, but found it of little use. We have reason to rejoice that there are those who have not been to sea many years, yet have seen more than one temperance sailor, and more than one humble follower of Jesus Christ among them.

28th. Visited a sailor who had recently been put in the tombs for intemperance. He landed only a day or two before, went to one of the low sailor boarding houses, where he was induced to drink, and lost all his money, amounting to one hundred and eighty dollars. Now was justice rendered here? Who most deserved the prison—the sailor, or those who gave him rum, and then robbed him of his money?

During the past fortnight, have distributed 535 papers, and 1942 pages of tracts, on board 21 ships, 3 barks, 7 brigs, 11 schooners, and 12 sloops.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy Life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Shall I go to Sea?

In our last we discussed the question—"Shall my son go to sea?" We now address ourselves to the youth of our land, and propose to discuss briefly the question above.

This question is agitating the minds of many of the youth, especially in the country; and a wise decision to such, is a matter of no small importance. To the question.

Our first remark is—go to sea by all means, if you have a strong desire to do so; but be sure on this point, for it is right here, that a correct judgment is to be formed of what is best, and here alone. Study and know yourself; this you must do in order to know the strength of your desire for a sea life. Many a youth, for want of knowing himself, has gone to sea, made shipwreck of character, and blasted all his prospects in life, long before reaching manhood.

And here we would remind you, that there is a wide difference between an idle and vain curiosity—a mere desire "to see the world," which prompts many a youth to run away from home; and that strong desire of which we speak. This last is a noble and generous spirit of adventure, which, while it is strong enough to carry a youth to sea, will not prevent his experiencing the deepest heart-searching sorrow, when at length he launches forth from the home that has sheltered, the mother that has borne, and cherished, and loved him; and that will continue to love him, to the end.

Before, then, you venture to cut adrift from that safe harbor of the affections—your cherished home—from that magic circle of blessed influence of which your mother is the centre and soul: pause and weigh well your motives, and learn the strength of "the ruling passion." We say to you, as deeply experienced in this matter, "there is no place like home," and that home, is home, be it ever so homely. You will therefore do well to study and know yourself, and be satisfied you are right, before undertaking to decide this—to you—important question.

Of one thing be assured—that the youth who betrays the confidence reposed in him by his parents, especially his mother, and dares to go to sea without their consent, in so doing, tramples on the parental heart, and makes an enemy of God, who has said—"Honor thy father and thy mother." Such an one may expect disappointment and sorrow, and defeat throughout the voyage of life; they will come upon him as the necessary consequence of transgression. Such an one, too, may rest satisfied he has not the

true spirit of adventure which makes good sailors and good officers. No; not a particle of it. His, is the idle and selfish desire to see the world, which is sure to defeat itself—"for the eye is never satisfied with seeing;" and he may thank himself for abuse and ill-treatment, should he meet them on board of every vessel in which he sails.

The characters of men—come out—at sea, and they are valued at what they are really worth; and the selfish, runaway from home, is regarded by every true hearted sailor, when he is found out, with the contempt he so richly merits. Sailors, more than other men, love and venerate their mothers, and if you hope to gain their confidence in coming among them, you will not run away from home.

Are you hoping to rise in your profession, and ere long become an officer—a commander? Then you must have self-confidence, and self-respect; without which, all your efforts will be in vain. But this is a thing impossible, if you dishonor yourself at the commencement of your career.

In our next on this subject, we propose furnishing you with some facts by way of illustration. We close the present article by referring to a fact of importance to yourselves, and your parents. There is a *crimping* system at work in our country different from that practised upon in London, about which we read in the last Sheet Anchor.

Individuals, having the appearance of real sailors, but who are as hollow hearted as a pumpkin, come among you in the country, and beat up recruits for the whaling service. They appear to be flush of money, which they spend freely, are sure to haunt the taverns, where they get a crowd of youth around them; and being highly gifted with the gab, they spin long yarns, about the sea—what fine employment it is, how fast money is made, &c. &c. Their object is to deceive and lead you astray by false statements; they have come from the sea-board for that purpose. We warn you against them; we know of more than one noble youth who has in this way been decoyed away from home.—We know of more than one mother who has been made wretched by these unprincipled crimps. If you really desire to go to sea, and choose the whale fishery—which is a noble and adventurous employment—have nothing to do with the *crimping* or *land-shark* systems, for they are one and the same. But when you come to the sea-board, go direct to the ship-owner himself, and make your own conditions for the voyage. This is our advice.

FORE AND AFT.

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Beauties of the Bible.

What topic can suggest more interesting thoughts to the Christian sailor than the sub-

ject of the Bible; the Bible he has loved from the time of his escape from the bondage of sin. We may well love this sacred treasure, for we are told to search the Scriptures, for in them we know that we have eternal life. The sailor's Bible, with its well worn pages, preaches in gentle accents as it tells us of the joys and comforts it has sent into the bosom of its faithful owner and follower of Christ. The Christian sailor knows that the precious book of life is to him a beacon-light, situated at the entrance of a heavenly harbor to which he may safely direct his course. It is a compass that points steadily and unerringly to the crown of hope. It is an anchor to which he can safely moor his fragile bark, when tossed upon the angry billows of life's tempestuous ocean, amid the reefs and rocks of temptation and sin.

Relying upon the blessed religion of the Bible, the Christian sailor starts not when the forked lightning shatters his home on the ocean. He sees in the mighty roaring of the waters, and the mad raging of the midnight storm, the hand of the mighty Jehovah, in whom he has learned from his blessed Bible to put his trust. He has learned to feel that the grave over him can have no victory; that death for him can have no sting.—He has learned from his Bible not to put his trust in horses and chariots, but in the living God, the King of kings. From his Bible he has learned that man born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower and is cast down, he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. He has learned from his Bible that riches, earthly comfort, and earthly emoluments and honors, take to themselves wings and fly away; but that whosoever drinketh at the fountain of Christ, shall never thirst.

Sailor! read your Bible. If you have this blessed chart of life, you are rich, though you have nothing else beside. Read your Bible; ponder over its truths, and let its precious seed fall upon good ground, that your light may shine among men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.

Life Boats and Preservation of Life.

We are happy in recording another proof, in addition to those already published, of the value and efficacy of the Life Boat, and with it another example of brave and successful humanity.

The brig Tremont, of New York, captain LEEDS, went ashore at Point Alderton, on Monday morning, Oct. 7, having been driven in by exceedingly tempestuous weather, and almost dashed to pieces. She grounded on the bar, at low water; and the captain and crew, seven in number, expected nothing less than immediate destruction.

Mr. MOSES B. TOWER, of Hull, discovering their perilous situation, hastened to obtain assistance, and with the help of two men and of his own horses, succeeded in conveying the life boat from the house in which it is kept, to a suitable place for launching, being at the distance of a mile and a half. On his way he procured five other men, who, together with Mr. Tower, and the first two, launched the boat—and, rowing to the distance of somewhat more than a mile, they at length reached the wreck. They found the captain and the crew clinging to the quarter deck, where they had been for more than seven hours in extreme peril, and though greatly exhausted, they were all brought safely to the shore. Captain Leeds gratefully declares, that he owes his own life, and the lives of his crew, under the blessings of God, to the exertions made in their behalf. He has made a communication of the case to the Trustees of the Humane Society; and we are confident, that it will receive the consideration, which it so obviously merits.

This is the third instance in which this boat, stationed at Hull, has been the means of preserving life. The first was that of the crew of the Emeline, from which five men were saved; the second, that of the Mohawk, when twelve were saved; and, thirdly, this of the Tremont. Had the Legislature of Massachusetts made provision only for this single boat, such results would alone have sufficiently attested the wisdom and humanity of the appropriation. The names of the individuals, all of whom are inhabitants of Hull, who were thus happily instrumental in saving the lives of their fellow creatures, are:

Moses B. Tower, John W. Tower, Wm. James, Saml. James, Albertus James, Rienier James, Winslow Loughton, F. Mitchell.

I Strike my Flag.

It is the peculiarity of minds truly great, to enbalm, in the utterance of single sentences, great truths in the memory of all future generations. The characteristic of such sayings, is, that the time, place, and form of their utterance are such as, on account of their felt beauty, propriety and fitness, to fix them indelibly upon the mind. For the same reason, the thought expressed assumes an interest with us never possessed before. What a deep and solemn interest is thrown over a future state by the phrase—"That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." We never forget the sentence when we have once heard it, and the impression made, is never erased from our minds. The individual who is permitted in the providence of God, to give utterance to one such sentence, has not lived in vain. We have seldom met with a sentence of this kind, to our minds more impressive than the declara-

tion recorded above, of the celebrated Commodore Hull, when he found himself upon the bed of death, and when he saw that his end had come. He had met his sturdy foes before, but to none had his flag ever been struck. But now a solemn moment had come, in which he found himself in the presence of the sceptred king of the dead. O, how weak is man in the presence of such a power! In conscious weakness, the hero of the waters yielded his breath, with the exclamation—"I strike my flag." Was ever any thing more appropriate? What a solemn comment is that exclamation upon the pride and the weakness of man. What a deep solemnity it throws over the closing scenes of life.

Reader! the time is not distant, when you and I must also bow to that awful power.—Happy, thrice happy for us, if we then surrender, not to a foe, but to a friend.—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

The following verses were sung at the close of a meeting of the Young Ladies' Bethel Circle of Bradford, Mass., who meet semi-monthly, to read about the sailor, pray for him, and labor with their hands, to send to him the gospel.

It is commended to other societies, kindred in their objects, as peculiarly adapted to produce emotions, in keeping with those deeply interesting occasions. The writer was present at the meeting alluded to, and speaks from his own impressions at the time. The verses will be found set to music, in "The Odeon" collection.

NAUTICLER.

Are there tidings in your vessel
Proudly bounding o'er the wave?
Are there tidings for a mother
Who is mourning for the brave?
No, no, no—she is freighted with fond tidings,
But no tidings from the grave.

Do not ask me why I hasten
To each vessel that appears;
Why so anxious and so wildly,
I wait the cherished hope of years.
No, no, no—though my search prove unavailing,
What have I to do with tears.

Do not blame me when I seek him
With these worn and weary eyes;
Can you tell me where he perished,
Can you show me where he lies?
No, no, no—yet there surely is some record
When a youthful sailor dies.

Had I watched him by his pillow,
Had I seen him on his bier;
Had my grief been drowned in weeping,
But I cannot shed a tear.
No, no, no—let me still think I shall see him,
Let me still think he is near.

The Widow.

If there is any one person more lonely than another, and one who should be more entitled to our sympathies, it is she who has been deprived of the companion of her youth.—Perhaps her children have all been called away by the voice of death, and one by one she has watched over them, until they breathed their last, and deposited them in the house appointed for all the living. Poor woman! she is a widow indeed! As she muses on the past, when she was contented and happy in the society of her husband, surrounded by a group of smiling children, an involuntary sigh escapes her, and a tear is seen to trickle down her cheek. Now, the path of life is dark and dreary; the sunshine that blessed her cottage and home, has departed, and night, dark and cheerless, broods over her head. Poor woman! we repeat. There is nothing on earth to cheer again her spirits, raise her heart and thrill her bosom with joy. When her Father in heaven, whose kind hand has wonderfully sustained her, shall call her hence, she will depart with a willing spirit. She feels that earth is but a vale of tears, and she has looked above for consolation and peace. A few more suns, and she will be at rest, and the cold grave will receive the lifeless clod—and then who will remember the widow and childless? Who will visit her grave, and plant flowers beside it? None; for her relations and offspring are all dead. Poor widow! we say again. May she find kind friends while she lives, that all her wants be supplied, and when she dies, we are confident she will rest in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Sailor's Boy, and the Sailor Boys.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

In this communication we propose to give vent to such reflections as may be suggested by the contemplation of the above wise saying of the wisest of men. Train up a child, says Solomon, in the way he should go. In contemplating the above text of Scripture, we are at once led to reflect upon the nature of a parent's responsibility; and those to whom Providence has entrusted the training of the young, should see to it that they qualify themselves so as to faithfully discharge the important trust. None need expect to succeed in training the young in the way that they should go, unless they have succeeded in training and governing themselves. Let it be remembered that self-government necessarily precedes the ability to govern others, and

without governing, there can be no training

The caption we have selected, reminds us to turn our thoughts to the caring for the children of those who leave their happy homes on shore, and "go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." And also to think of the welfare of those juvenile sons of the ocean, who, oftentimes bereft of parents and guardians on shore, are to have their lot in life cast upon the boundless sea. Ah! who are to train up these children in the way they should go? Who are to interest themselves in the physical and spiritual well-being of these buds of humanity? Who is to instil into the youthful minds of this numerous and interesting class of young persons, the principles of religion and virtue, which alone can make them wise unto salvation, and will enable them to steer their frail barks safely over life's tempestuous ocean?

Reader! if you would do something to train up the sailor boys in the way that they should go, do all in your power to elevate the character of seamen. Spread all your canvass, and strain every nerve to reform and spiritualize every vicious sailor with whom you meet. Feed them with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink of the water of life. Elevate and christianize the sailor, and you then have the means at hand to train well the children of the sea. If you would do something to advance the temporal and eternal welfare of the youth, who plough the ocean, strive with all your power to remove the temptations to sin to which too many of them are often now exposed. Banish the *grog tub* from on board your national ships, and consign it to oblivion. Abolish *rum* from every thing that floats the sea, and you have destroyed a prolific source of misery and woe. Intoxication, and its attendant vices, has snatched from Neptune many of her noblest sons, and hurried them to graves of infamy and shame.

I well remember a fine hearted and noble officer, who had stood at the head of his profession, in the navy of his country, in whose service he had enlisted. But alas! he was an unfortunate victim of an insatiable appetite. The *demon of the still* had marked him for his prey, and had fatally fastened his fangs upon him. I visited this sad relic of departed worth, for the purpose of attempting his reformation; and when assured that the object of my visit was one of a friendly nature, the dejected man wept like a child, and although greatly under the influence of intoxicating drink, seemed to realize his wretched and miserable condition. "Oh, what would my poor wife say to see me in this condition," said he. I learned this unfortunate and erring being had a wife, mother and sisters dependant upon him for support. Oh, what

broken staff to lean upon was he; and how sad must be the reflections of that mother, if she nursed the appetite that slew her son.—If she failed to inculcate into his mind the principles of sobriety and virtue; if, by bad example, she induced the appetite for the poisonous draught. Train up a child in the way he should go, says Solomon, and there are none wiser than he.

We have spoken of the good influences that should be brought to bear upon the Sailor Boys. Let us now turn our thoughts to the Sailor's Boy, whose lot is cast upon the land, while his father is far away upon the billows; deprived as he is of the father's counsel and care, the claims of the sailor's boy upon those able to assist in the training of the rising generation, are of no slight nature. Circumstances have taken from him one of his natural protectors; and although a mother's fostering care is constantly bestowed upon the object of her deep maternal love, the sailor's child should not fail of receiving a large share of the sympathies of those who would train up children in the way that they should go. The Sunday school teacher, and the day school teacher, should feel an especial interest in those who are partially deprived of the full benefit of parental instruction.

We have spoken minutely in relation to the interest that should be shown in behalf of the sailor's child, because we feel that he has a right to the assurance, that those he leaves behind, and from whom he dreads to separate, shall be cared for in his absence.—How cheering the thought to the lonely mariner, as he paces the solitary deck at the dead of night, when picturing to his imagination his home on shore, to know that the dear objects of his affections are objects of attention. Think of the joy that many a mother is now experiencing, in consequence of the efforts that have been, and are being made to improve the condition of seamen, and sea boys. Let all see to it, that we train up our children in the way that they should go, and let none forget the Sailor's Boy and the Sailor Boys.

YOUTHFUL COURAGE.—A little boy, about three years old, who had been in the habit of straying away from home, was found one day sitting on the edge of a wharf, with his legs hanging over the water, and apparently absorbed in calm contemplation of the beautiful scene before him. The father thinking it a good opportunity of curing him of his erratic propensity, crept cautiously up behind him, and pushed him headlong into the cooling brine—immediately jumping in himself to the rescue. No sooner was the little fellow safely landed on the wharf, than shaking himself with delight, he exclaimed, "Oh, do that again, father, do!"

SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Editorial Correspondence.

STEAMER "ST. LOUIS," }
Lake Michigan, Oct. 8. }

My journey is now nearly ended. The noble steamer on board of which I am seated, is off Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory, where I shall land. But my stay among my kindred must be short, as "the King's business requires haste," and I shall pass on as soon as possible to the Seamen's Convention, in Baltimore. The particulars of that meeting will appear in the next Sheet Anchor.

Several incidents have occurred to delay the voyage from Detroit to Milwaukee. Lake Huron was quite stormy. At Mackinaw we were detained two days. But this gave me an opportunity to plead the cause of the sailor in the mission chapel there. It was a peculiar occasion. The congregation was composed in part of the ship's company, and passengers, who represented different parts of the land. They all seemed interested in the subject; and many of them, it is hoped, will keep the facts they heard as seed sown in good ground.

I wish to acknowledge the kindness of Captains BRUNDAGE, of the "New Orleans," FOLGER, of the "Rochester," and FLOYD, of the "St. Louis." They have all shown a disposition to aid the cause of the sailor, for which our friends should be grateful, and remember them.

Every moment of my time is occupied in the great work. Next Tuesday evening, there will be a meeting in Milwaukee. This I hope to follow with another on board the steamer down. Sabbath next will be occupied in this Territory, and the following one at Cleveland, Ohio, on my way to Pittsburg and Baltimore.

Let us "work while the day lasts."

STEAM PACKET "EMPIRE," }
Off Cleveland, Oct. 21. }

That kind Providence, which ever watches over the dwellers on the land and the sea, has brought me thus far in safety on my re-

turn voyage. This large and splendid steamer has been well tried since we left the upper Lakes. Soon after sailing from Mackinaw, and while crossing Saginaw Bay, we encountered heavy gales, accompanied by snow and hail. It was the heaviest blow that has visited the inland waters for two years. But the "Empire" has done herself and her commander and officers great credit. She is the largest steam packet afloat on the Western waters—being no less than 265 feet long, and 1220 tons burthen. Her cabins are finished and furnished in a style of the utmost splendor and comfort. There are thirteen steamers in the same line from Buffalo to Chicago—all worthy the patronage of the travelling public. The readers of the Sheet Anchor may be assured that a tour of these Lakes, especially in summer, will be eminently conducive to their health and pleasure.

I have spoken three times in aid of the sailor's cause since my last—at a meeting on the prairies, in Milwaukee, and on board the Empire. The audience in the steamer was quite large and attentive. It was convened in the superb upper cabin. The exercises were accompanied by several appropriate tunes on the piano. Persons were present from abroad, and from different parts of our own country, who, I trust, will not forget the claims of the noble mariner.

In a few moments my face will be turned land-ward, as I commence my journey over the mountains of Pennsylvania to the Seamen's Convention in the monumental city. More anon.

C. W. D.

Our readers will perceive, by referring to the "Editorial Correspondence," in the last two or three numbers, that the Editor has not forgotten his beloved "Sheet Anchor" and "Bethel." In a private letter to a friend, dated Milton, Rock Co., Wis. Ter., October 10, he says:

"I have arrived at the end of my journey. It has been longer than I expected, but every thing will be for the best. I find my friends all well, and glad to see me—as you may well suppose, after a separation of nine years. We had a weeping time, for a little while, I assure you."

Friends of the Bethel throughout the country, pray for the Editor; and more especially those of the Bethel in this city, whom he has so faithfully presided over, that he may return to them in due time, full of health and vigor, and be not only a blessing to them, but to all, who may come within the hearing of his voice.

G.

The communication to the Editor, under the Boston head, published in our last number, should have been over the signature of "C. D. L." We would express our thanks (for the Editor,) to our kind friend, for his

favorable notice of the Sheet Anchor, and trust that he will continue his contributions as opportunities may present. We are glad to know that our paper finds favor in the eyes of those interested in the cause of seamen. We hope that its course will ever be such as to meet with continual approbation. Friends of sailors! while we are working hard to ameliorate their condition, will you not put your shoulders to the wheel! G.

True Benevolence.

A notice in the Philadelphia Courier, of the 6th ult., announcing the opening of the "SEAMEN'S BETHEL UNION," on the East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine Streets, says:

We wish now to call the especial attention of the really benevolent and philanthropic to the aid of this valuable and praiseworthy enterprise, which has been brought into operation thus far, by the individual exertions of Mr. THOMAS PORTER, Seamen's missionary. It is intended as a free church, and during the winter a course or series of suitable moral lectures are contemplated. We trust that merchants, and all others interested in "those who go down unto the sea in ships and do business on the great waters," will not pass this idly by as unworthy of their notice, but give of their abundance to aid and sustain the benevolent intentions of the founder.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

Collections by Capt. T. V. SULLIVAN, for the gratuitous circulation of the SHEET ANCHOR.

METHUEN.—Mr. Sawyer, T. H. Spencer, 50 cts. each. ANDOVER.—Daniel Abbott, Enoch Abbott, Maj. Gleason, Mr. Shed, Chs. Richardson, Rev. Mr. Green, Daniel Foster, G. Manning, each 50 cents.

GREAT FALLS, N. H.—J. A. Burleigh, T. B. Moses, J. Porter, John Philbrick, J. H. Titcomb, C. F. Elliot, \$1 each; Augustus Lord, 50 cents.

WESTMINSTER, VT.—Individuals, \$2.

WOBURN.—Capt. Wm. Martin, \$5; Horace Conn, N. B. Frye, J. D. Tidd, Silvanus Wood, Jona. Fowle, \$1 each; E. Richardson, Mr. Vaughan, Mrs. Eaton, Leonard Thompson, Josiah Walker, A. Buckman, W. Buckman, 50 cents each; other smaller sums, \$1 50.

SOUTH READING.—Emmie Nickols, Thos. Emerson, Wm. W. Cutler, \$2 each; Jacob Eaton, Thos. Skinner, Mrs. Spaulding, David Smith, Benjamin B. Bancroft, \$1 each; Dea. Bryant, L. A. Rhodes, N. Smith, 50 cts. each.

FRAMINGHAM.—Dr. Salter, \$2; S. S. Wheeler, Wm. Clark, Lawson Kingsbury, each \$1; Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Wheeler, H. T. Hastings, Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Whittemore, Dea. Rice, Mrs. Bent, each 50 cents; other smaller sums, 75 cents.

SAXONVILLE.—William H. Knight, \$5; M. H. Ripley, John Hallard, Ab. Stone, each \$1; in the mill, \$1 60; Angier, 75 cts.; cash, 75 cents.

FITCHBURG.—Wm. S. Whitwell, \$10; Benj. Snow, Benj. Snow, Jr., \$5 each; Rev. E. W. Ballard, Roby R. Safford, each \$2; David Boutell, \$3; Tolman Holmes, Alpheus Kimball, Ebenezer Torrey, John Farwell, J. T. Farwell, S. N. Dole & Co., Wm. Atherton, Lucy Davis, James B. Lane, John Dole, Thomas R. Boutell, Wm. B. Town, Samuel A. Wheeler, Abraham Osborn, Patrick Quinlin, Ephraim Osborn, Jr., Ivers Phillips, Stephen Dole, N. A. Tufts, Charles D. Bond, Jacob H. Merriam, each \$1; other subscriptions, in small sums, \$6 58.

GEOROX.—Miss Capells, \$5; Mrs. Elizabeth Amadon, \$4; Dr. Amos Farnsworth, \$2; Joshua Green, Joshua Eaton, Joseph Brown, Joseph Moores; M. H. Wells, J. S. Adams, Dr. Cummings, George S. Boutelle, Rev. J. C. Smith, N. P. Smith, Lucinda Rockwood, Solomon Nutting, a friend, Noah Torrey, Jonas Eaton, Lydia A. Thayer, each \$1; Mary Woodbury, \$1 50; other subscriptions, in small sums, \$3 35.

KEENE, N. H.—Jona. Bowker, Levi Chamberlain, Lebanon Brown, Hannah Rodgers, Mrs. Hastings, B. F. Adams, Mrs. Sumner Wheeler, Mrs. Dinsmore, E. M. Edwards, a friend, L. H. Briggs, Calvin Page, G. Tilden, John Prentiss, a friend, Mary Milliken, each \$1; Silvanus Titus, T. H. Leverett, each 50 cents.

WALPOLE.—Abel Bellows, Thos. Sparhawk, \$1 each.

BRAINTREE.—Fog family, \$3; Samuel Capen, B. V. French, H. W. Shed, Levi Thayer, Shadrack Thayer, \$1 ea.; friends in Rev. Mr. Storr's congregation, \$1 50.

RANDOLPH, NORTH.—Samuel Page, A. A. Prescott, Mr. Freeman, each 50 cents.

N. BRIDGEWATER.—In small subscriptions, \$1 50.

E. STOUGHTON.—In ————— \$2 50.

NAVAL.

Commodore Smith, with the American squadron, was at Malta, September 25.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Fairfield, arrived at Malta on the 11th Sept. She was from Palermo, having called off Tunis and Tripoli, but notwithstanding a declaration that she had not had communication with either of those places, she was put on quarantine for nine days, and was in port on the 15th.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Plymouth, took pratique at Malta, on the 13th of Sept., and paid the usual compliment to the Admiral on the 15th.

The U. S. frigate Raritan, was at Bahia about the 6th Sept., and was expected at Pernambuco on the 12th.

It is reported that orders have been recently issued by the Navy Department, prohibiting officers from granting leave of absence (as was formerly the case) for one week, to any person under their command, without special permission of the department.

The U. S. frigate Columbia, sailed from Cadiz, August 27, for Lisbon,—all well.

The Pensacola Gazette of 15th ult., says, that a Naval Court Martial was convened at the Navy Yard the week preceding, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, for the trial of such persons as might be brought before it. The following officers compose the Court: Commander Joshua R. Sands, President; Lieuts. C. W. Chauncey, J. A. Russ, E. Lanies, of the Falmouth; Lieuts. Wm. S. Young, James Lockhart, of the Vandallia; and Lieut. Thomas W. Brent, of the Navy Yard. Walker Anderson, Judge Advocate.

STEAMBOAT EXHIBITION.—A beautiful model of a steam boat—one of those exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair, recently—may now be seen at the Marlboro' Chapel, and its mechanical principles examined. It is running in a basin of water fifty feet in circumference, and it is well worthy the attention of all persons interested in the mechanic arts.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—During the late storm at Portland, Capt. Simeon Stover was instantly killed by falling down the main hatch of schooner Citizen, of Harpswell. Capt. S. was about 38 years old, and has left a wife and three children at Harpswell.

DROWNED.—George Gorham, an interesting child of Mr. G. W. Gorham, aged about three years, fell from a wharf, leading from Harlow Street, Portland, and was drowned. He was seen in the water by a man upon the opposite side of the stream, whose outcry arrested the attention of a young man, Henry Nowell, at work on a building in Harlow Street, who fearlessly run to the wharf, plunged into the stream, and brought

the boy to land. The child gasped several times, but could not be restored to life.

Loss of Steamboats by Fire.—The Ithaca, N. Y. Democrat states that the steamboat De Witt Clinton, which plied between Ithaca and Cayuga Bridge, or Lake Cayuga, took fire lately, while at anchor near the head of the Lake, and was entirely destroyed, with all her machinery and furniture; no lives lost.

The steamer Fairport, Capt. Arthur Edwards, was destroyed by fire, while lying at a wood wharf in the river St. Clair, near Point au Chien. She burned to the water's edge, and the hull sunk. The Fairport was about 300 tons burthen, and chiefly owned by Capt. Edwards. The policy of insurance had expired but a few days before the accident occurred.

Capt. R. F. Stockton is again quite ill, of one of those attacks, resembling bilious cholera, to which he has been subject since the bursting of the Peacemaker. Several of the officers and crew of the frigate Princeton have been liable to similar attacks, since that unfortunate occurrence.

It is reported that the U. S. Revenue Cutter Vigilant was capsized, having been blown out of Key West harbor, the 5th ult., and twelve out of fourteen of her crew perished.

Commodore Moore, late of the Texan Navy, has arrived at New Orleans, having been acquitted by the Court Martial, before which he was tried. The citizens of Galveston, without distinction of party, gave him a public dinner.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF PATRICK McMTLLEN, a seaman, of Boston, who sailed from this port a year ago last January. He was 5 feet 7 inches high, stout built, ashy hair, slightly curled, very light blue eyes, rather dark complexion, about 27 years old. Any information respecting him, left at the Office of the New England Washingtonian, Minot's Building, Spring Lane, will be thankfully received.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The following description of a floating light, moored off Falsterbo, has been communicated to the Department of State, by the Charge d'Affaires of Sweden and Norway:—"The floating light vessel will be lighted up from the 15th of March to the 1st of December, every year. She lays in 6½ fathoms water, one minute from the outermost point of Falsterbo reef, and whence Falsterbo light bears N. E. 6' distant; and Stevensklint's light house bears W. N. W. ¼ W. by compass. A bell will be tolled on board the floating light during thick and misty weather. The lights are about 50 feet above the level of the water, and may be seen two German miles or more in fair weather.

"The floating light will have five pilots stationed on board, and lays in such deep water that the largest ship may approach her and obtain a pilot. She will carry a pilot flag as long as pilots are on board; and the flag will be taken down when they are all out."

FLOATING LIGHT OFF MARTIN'S INDUSTRY.—Collector's Office, Savannah, Oct. 5, 1844.—Notice is hereby given, that this vessel has been returned to her moorings, and after this date will be regularly lighted up.—Her anchorage is in lat. 32° 07' N., long. 80° 34' W. The following are the soundings at the anchorage of the vessel: High water, 6½ fathoms; common tide, 5½ do.; low water, 5¼ do. Tybee Light House bearing S. W. by W. ¼ W., distance 15 miles; Hilton Head bearing N. W. ½ N., distance 8 miles; and Bay Point bearing N. N. W. ¼ W., distance 3 miles.

EDWARD HARDEN, Sup't of Lights, &c.

District of Savannah.

CATCHING TURTLES, ON THE COAST OF CUBA.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 2d ult., Lieut. B. F. SHATTUCK, U. S. N., to Miss HANNAH BARTLETT DOANE.

In New York, Capt. AZARIAH BARTLETT, of Plymouth, Ms., to Miss O'NIEL.

At Bellows Falls, Vt., Sept. 26, Capt. WM. SWAN to Miss FRANCES S. KEMP, both of Keene, N. H.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, 12th ult., ARCHIBALD KIRK, of New York, aged 39 years, late seaman on board U. S. frigate United States.

At Boston Light House, 15th ult., Mr. DAVID TOWER keeper of the Light.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., JAMES H. CLARK, Esq., Purser U. S. N., aged 61 years.

In Gloucester, 7th ult., Capt. JOSIAH HERRICK, aged 83 years.

GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. SILAS BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

Committee

For Gratuitous Distribution among Seamen.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, Sheet Anchor Office.

REV. E. T. TAYLOR, North Square Bethel.

REV. D. M. LORD, Purchase Street Bethel.

MOSES GRANT, Esq., Cambridge Street.

REV. SETH BLISS, Tract Depository, Cornhill.

“ W. B. TAPPAN, American S. S. Union Depository, Cornhill.

DEA. T. THWING, City Missionary, 96 Washington St.

BENJAMIN ABRAHAM, Esq., Atkins' Wharf.

REV. WILLIAM HOWE, chapel, corner of Friend and Deacon Streets.

DR. J. C. AYER, Treasurer of the Committee, corner of Hanover and Prince Streets, Boston.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN,

General Agent for collecting funds for this object.

Mariners' Churches.—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. “Boston Bethel Union,” Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Thomas Porter, Missionary.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Philpot St., Rev. H. Best.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oneego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Broadhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Beckett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 4 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844. No. 22.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not seclarian, devoted exclusively to the CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the
same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

From the New York Mercury.

A Thrilling Incident.

Some years since, in one of my passages
to India, we were laying becalmed near the
Equator, or in the parlance of the forecas-
tle—the "horse latitude." Heavy clouds,
surcharged with rain, were hanging down,
and apparently almost touching the ship's
mast heads; the night was dark, and a long
southerly swell made the old ship tumble
about much more than was agreeable to either
passengers or crew. The pale, blue compass-
sant was flitting from spar to spar, or in the
beautiful language of Falconer—

"High on the masts with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze,"

making the darkness still more impenetrable.

Six bells of the first watch had been struck,
and now the rain began to fall, in the way
that it only does between the tropics; loud
peals of thunder broke above our heads, and
the lightning flashed around us, illuminating
the ship fore and aft.

"The ethereal dome in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath imperious shade;
Now flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night."

At this time the danger from the electric
fluid was so great, that the first mate ordered
all the watch to go under the shelter of the
poop, so as to be less exposed to danger, and

at the same time ready in case of an accident,
and on no account to go forward near the
anchor, or to stand in the way of the chain
topsail sheets. We had thus remained in a
close body until near midnight, the thunder
and lightning becoming more and more ter-
rific, quailing the hearts of the stoutest men
on board, when lo! the ship's bell on the
forecastle, gave one loud peal.

"Who is that at the bell," cried out the
mate.

No answer. Dong, dong.

"Forward, there! what do you mean by
tolling that bell!"

All was silent for a moment, and then an-
other toll louder than before. "Go, some
of you, and see who is tolling the bell;" but
no one seemed inclined to obey the order.
"Why don't you move!" he said again, "are
you afraid to go?" "Let him go himself,"
said an old tar, "he is better paid for it than
we are."

The party were huddled together like a
flock of sheep, probably thinking there was
safety in numbers. "What can it be?" said
one. "Old Davy Jones will have somebody
in his locker before long," said another.—
"Aye, boys; this comes of letting the pas-
sengers shoot the mother Cary's chickens,"
said a third. "It's Bill Young's ghost," (al-
luding to a youngster who had died a few
days before,) whispered a young lad who
stood trembling by my side; "he was always
fond of striking the bell."

The excitement was now so great that the
boldest heart seemed struck with terror; and
men who had braved every danger of the seas
for years, were apparently paralyzed and
nerveless. Peal after peal of thunder broke
above our heads, the lightning flashed and
hissed around us, the rain poured down as if
a second deluge was coming, and every mo-
ment we expected the electric fluid would
strike the ship, and wrap her in a sheet of
flame. At intervals went the bell—dong—
dong—dong—making the scene still more
appalling.

For a few minutes there was a cessation of
the rolling thunder, and the mate thought

this a good opportunity of discovering the
unknown bell ringer. Advancing a few pa-
ces, he said, "Come men, we will go in a
body, and so find out who is amusing himself
with the bell." So saying, he led the way,
and we all followed, rather closely packed,
and a great inclination for each one to be the
last. In this way we had reached the main
deck, when one of the most intense and with-
ering flashes—no, not a flash—but a stream
of lightning sealed up our eyes, and was fol-
lowed by a volley of thunder which broke
directly over our heads, shaking the ship to
her very keelson. As soon as we recovered
from the shock, a rush was made for the quar-
ter deck, and there we stood breathless and
horror-stricken—dong—dong—dong. "Ah!
hear that sir?" said one of the men; "it's no
use tempting God and Bill Young's ghost.—
A shark was alongside this evening which
bodes no good, and some poor fellow will
have to leave the key of his chest with his
mess-mate before long."

A breeze of wind at this moment taking
the ship aback, the order was given to haul
the mainsail up, preparatory to bracing the
yards round. Now, although sailors have a
great dislike to encounter any thing in the
shape of ghosts, invisible bell ringers, &c.,
they never think of disobeying an order when
they know it is for some necessary duty.—
Away started the whole party, the clew gar-
nets were rove through the windlass holes,
(I must speak technically)—dong—dong—
dong—the ropes were grasped, but just as
the word was given to haul up, a burst of
thunder, louder than the roar of ten thousand
heavy artillery, rent the air, simultaneously
with a most vivid flash of lightning, and
every man was prostrated on the deck; how
long I lay there stunned and blinded, I know
not; but on recovering my feet, I began to
feel around me, when my hands came in con-
tact with a rope yarn stretched fore and aft,
from the cook-house to the foremast, and as
I pulled it, the bell began again such a suc-
cession of sounds that completely astonished
me; but by tracing along the yarn, I found
one end fast to the tongue of the bell, and

the other to the finger of one of my messmates, Jemmy McD—, who was snugly seated in the cook's coal bucket, taking a comfortable snooze in the galley. It being his turn to strike the hours during the watch, he had adopted this method to shelter himself from the storm, and a loose rope swinging across the deck with the rolling of the ship, caused all the alarm. Master Jemmy only escaped tasting the virtue of a rope's end, by pleading unconsciousness of the storm above and around him. How he could have slept under such circumstances, always remained a mystery.

When daylight came, we found the sails much scorched, and the main royal mast shivered by lightning—nothing but the torrents of rain which fell during the night, saved the ship and all on board from certain destruction.

T. W.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Interesting Meetings on the Atlantic.

THE following minutes of temperance meetings held on board the ship *Hendrick Hudson*, on her recent voyage from England to America, are taken from the New York Organ. They were furnished by Mr. JAMES LATHAM, who has just returned from England:

SEPT. 24, 1844.—N. lat. 46° 33'; W. lon. 25° 55'.—Capt. GEORGE MOORE, of the *Hendrick Hudson*, in the chair. After calling the meeting to order, the Chairman made some appropriate remarks. Mr. Carpenter sung part of a hymn. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. Latham, (President of the Washington Temperance Benevolent Society of New York,) and Mr. Lounsbury of London.

The Chairman concluded by an affecting appeal to all present to come up and sign the pledge—when fourteen passengers and seamen came forward and enrolled their names upon the Washingtonian pledge. The meeting then adjourned until Friday evening, at half past six o'clock.

WM. BUTCHER, of Buckinghamshire.

Secretary.

The weather being unfavorable on the evening appointed, no meeting was held till Wednesday evening, at half past six o'clock, lat. 45° 3', lon. 43° 32'. A hymn having been sung from Rev. J. Wesley's selection, and the minutes of the last meeting read, captain Moore delivered a telling speech, in the course of which, he stated that a sailor in his service, some time since, named Bishop Clarke, refused to take his grog, at which he was exceedingly surprised, yet somewhat pleased, and the more so as he found him steadfast in his purpose. In the course of two voyages, the captain having occasion for a second mate, elevated Clarke to that position. After serving him faithfully in that

capacity for a long time, in which he entirely abstained from liquor, he left him, and the captain lost sight of him for nearly six years. One day a gentleman came up to him and offered his hand. The captain did not recognize him. "I am Bishop Clarke, sir," said he, "and I have gratitude enough about me to return you my hearty thanks for the good advice you gave me, to which, in a great measure, I owe my prosperity and respectability. I am now commander of one of the finest steam vessels that runs upon the Lakes—and I am owner of two vessels, besides other property. So much for a life of temperance."

The Reformed Captain.

Some time after Temperance Societies had attracted public attention in the old world, I was passenger in a steam boat. After dinner, when a drinking apparatus made its appearance, a brisk cannonade upon Temperance Societies commenced, and all except myself, were loud in expressions of condemnation or of ridicule. Among other things, the captain said—"I would as soon part with that right arm as with my glass of grog." Observing, after some time, that he did not drink, though all were drinking around, I asked the reason. "I am going on deck," he replied, "to remain for some time, and I have found by experience, that I am more liable to be affected by cold after having taken spirits." "Why," said I, "that is exactly what temperance societies say; they teach, that spiritous liquor, instead of being beneficial, is decidedly injurious, under exposure to cold." "But," said he, "I take my allowance after coming off deck, just before tumbling into my berth, and I could not enjoy a sound sleep without it." "Did you ever try?" I asked significantly. "No," said he, "nor do I intend to." Here the conversation dropped.

Six months after, while strolling around the quays, I met the same captain, who, running to me, and shaking me most affectionately by the hand, asked me—"Do you recollect what you said to me the last time we met?" I answered, "no." "You asked me," said he, "if I ever *tried* to go to bed without my spirits and water? I *have tried*, and so long as I live I shall have reason to thank you. I took a little jam and hot water for a few nights, and soon found a very happy change; my sleep became sound and refreshing; my appetite became keen as the morning air; and my whole body and mind became renewed with fresh vigor. Perhaps you recollect a slight inflammation on my cheek and round my mouth—that used to annoy me sorely; O, what a horrible business shaving used to be! and then, the moment I caught cold, which was very often,

the inflammation ascended and settled in my eyes. All that, however, is long since gone; and now I am as hale and as hearty as the day I was married—thanks to you and the Temperance Societies—that I used to laugh at, but I would fight for you now."—*Professor Edgar*.

Extract from a letter to the Editor of the *New Haven* Freeman, dated Hartford, October 4, 1841.

"Nothing new here, only *intemperance* is gaining ground. But still, let us not be discouraged; the old ship is good yet, always ready to receive all who will sign the papers. Still, there must be caution enforced, and look ahead, for the *See Serpent* is constantly watching the careless, and those who neglect their duty. The name of our Captain is *Fortitude*. The ship is insured by every good teetotaler on earth. In the policy is written, 'Be thou *faithful*, and thou shalt have health, happiness, and plenty, as a rich reward.'"

C.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

New York Bethel Missionary.

Sept. 30. A captain remarked that he was very glad to receive any thing upon religion or temperance. The mate of a ship said that there had been a great change in seamen within a few years, but he knew not what had produced it, whether tracts, or temperance, or what it was. I told him it was tracts, and temperance, and religion, all combined, and nothing else could do it. The effect was beyond dispute, but the cause was as mysterious to him as the opening of the eyes of the blind man, whom the Jews cast out of the synagogue, was to them.

Oct. 2. The captain of a brig had a long story to tell me about the idolatry and superstition of the Catholics in Palermo. He received me with the most marked respect, thanked me heartily for my tracts and papers, and said they would be highly appreciated by himself and his crew. He also showed me his library, which was very excellent. He had sailed sixteen years without the use of ardent spirits—and not only so, but he endeavored to make his men teetotalers if they were not so; and when he last came into port, all his crew signed the pledge. The captain and his wife spoke like excellent Christians, and were very much interested in Sailor's Homes, and in every agency now being employed for the amelioration of the condition of seamen.

3d. The captain of a brig was glad to see me, and said that we had a long talk a few months ago. I found that he was a pious man, and had long sailed without ardent spirits, and allowed no profane language on

board. He remarked that he hoped the time would soon arrive when every sailor would become a missionary.

The crew of a vessel were much gratified at receiving some tracts and papers, and one of them eulogised the captain, saying, that he was a pious man, and that there was not a better man on that line; he was interested in the tract cause, and all the good causes of the day, and he endeavored to have others become interested also. The captain of a packet was very glad to get tracts and papers for his crew, for, says he, "they will do Jack no harm."

5th. The captain of a ship remarked that he would read the tracts and papers himself, and then give them to his crew. In an interview with the mate of a vessel, I found he was one of those who say that the sailor is no better than he ever was, and can be made no better. He however made one remark which I believed, viz: He had been to sea a number of years, had been out in a great many different ships, but had never been on board one where there was no profane language, though he had often heard people tell of such ships. I believe he told the truth, for he used profane language at almost every breath, and I could hardly conceive of any place being free from profane language where he was.—He was in favor of strict discipline, and was for using brute force on every trifling occasion, and he thought that law arbitrary and unjust which forbade such discipline.

8th. On board a brig, found a pious sailor who said he was born in Denmark. He had been in New York about two months, had boarded at the Sailors' Home, and attended the Mariner's church in Roosevelt Street.—Here the truth had taken effect—he saw himself a sinner, and was led to flee to Christ for help. Said he "I thought I was safe before, but I was trusting to my own good works—now, I put no confidence in these—I see that I am entirely helpless; all my strength is in Christ." He appeared very happy, and it was good to hear him talk, as he had such correct views of himself, and of his dependence on God, for help. He pointed out a shipmate, who he said was pious.—Thus we see that the preaching of the gospel to seamen is not altogether in vain.

Sailors, Good Tract Distributors.

Last evening an old sailor called on the Superintendent of the Sailor's Home, asking for a few tracts. On inquiring, he said he belonged to a vessel running between this city and Machias, Me., and that he was in the habit of getting a supply of tracts to distribute among the young people at home.—He is a member of a church of Christ, and by the distribution of religious tracts, and in other ways is laboring to bring others to the

enjoyment of the same hopes and prospects which cheer his own soul. He was furnished with a good supply, and bid God speed in his labors of love.

He reminded us of another sailor of our acquaintance, who gave a handful of tracts to a young man on the Coast of North Carolina. The young man distributed them in a neighborhood in the interior, destitute of the preaching of the gospel, and the result was a revival of religion which brought twenty persons into a Christian church.—*Sailor's Mag.*

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

Shall I go to Sea?

In addressing our young friends in the country on the present occasion, we propose to consider some of the trials of a sea life.

To the question—shall I go to sea? We answer yes, if you are prepared to go. Do you ask what we mean by being prepared? We reply—every occupation in life has its trials, that of the mariner among the rest comes in for its full share. Of this you will become satisfied, should you make the experiment of going to sea. In most cases the misfortune is, that a youth desirous of going to sea, cannot obtain the requisite information in relation to the true character of a sailor's life. If he contemplates farming, or trade, a mechanical or professional employment, he will find around him men experienced in these employments severally; but it is not so if he turns his attention to the sea. Sailors are rarely met with in the country, and they are the only persons to depend upon for counsel and advice in matters of this sort. And here we would remark, that few comparatively that go sea from the country, return again. This is a sad but true statement; and yet this very circumstance operates on the minds of many, we doubt not, and induces them to go to sea, the impression being that it is the superior charms of a sea life that keep sailors so long from home.

We may say something in a future number by way of undeceiving our young friends on this deeply interesting point. To return.

Shall I go to sea? We answer yes; if you are prepared to abandon your home.—In our last we alluded to the subject of Home. We refer to it again, in order to impress, if possible, our own convictions of its importance upon the minds of those we are seeking to influence.

Are you prepared to submit to self-denial, and meet with hard fare at times? Then go to sea; for be assured you will not be able to escape either. The wisest heads in planning, and most liberal hearts in devising,

among our ship-owners, are not always found equal to the exigencies of a voyage. Long continued and adverse gales, and a disabled vessel, may possibly bring you to a shorter allowance of provisions and water, than might suit either your convenience or comfort. If you love eating and drinking, and comfort then—we recommend you to stay on shore.

Are you prepared for sickness, in circumstances where you can obtain neither medical advice or the kind attentions of a mother, or a sister; and where, should you be on board a whale ship and have an arm or a leg broken, you must suffer for want of professional skill, and exposure? Then go to sea. Are you prepared for shipwreck and total loss? Then spread your sails and away to sea. It may be that you are now employed by a farmer or mechanic, or other person on the land; if so, you have a lien on their property for services, while any of that property remains. But if the ship in which you are embarked, and the cargo on board are lost, and you thrown, naked, on a foreign shore, remember you cannot recover one cent from your employers, though your services be protracted to months, and even years. We have had some experience in things of this sort, and know something of the history of others. We know of an instance in which a young man of enterprise and character, made three successful whaling voyages—successful so far as getting a full cargo was concerned—and in every instance the vessel was wrecked, attended with total loss. And all the young man obtained for eight years of hard and faithful service, was what he ate and drank and wore, during the time.

Are you prepared for a subordinate life? Then go to sea. There is a degree of liberty and equality on the land not met with at sea. We have been struck with the difference between the familiarity of the farm and the workshop, and the austerity and silent discharge of duty on ship-board. Bear in mind, then, that a species of discipline is deemed necessary at sea, that admits not of equality; and should you go to sea, be prepared not only to submit to that discipline, but cheerfully to acquiesce in it.

Are you prepared to give up the Sabbath and all the religious instruction and influence connected therewith? Then go to sea. The Sabbath was made for man, but the sailor is deprived of it, for there is no Sabbath at sea. There are good, Christian men, that command vessels—"who remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," but their numbers are small; and he is a fortunate sailor that falls in with one of them. We have said nothing of the religious influence of friends over you, which you must be prepared to give up, as well as the Sabbath. We know of persons that have followed the sea for ten, twenty or

more years, who cannot record a single instance during their whole sea life, in which they have been addressed personally on the subject of religion. It is the sailor, more than most men that can say in truth—"no man cared for my soul."

Are you prepared to sicken and die, and be buried at sea, or in some foreign land, or perhaps to meet with a sudden and violent death, which falls to the lot of many a sailor? Then go to sea.

In conclusion. We have not written on this subject to deter one of you from going to sea, but that you may go with your eyes open, and prepared to meet the realities of a sea life.

In our next we shall furnish some of the facts by way of illustrating this whole subject—as promised in our last by

FORE AND AFT.

An Extraordinary Barometer.

The mate of a vessel belonging to Boston, the brig *Grand Turk*, a few years since received a severe blow with a club over the left eye; the skull was probably slightly fractured, and is so tender as to indicate with unfailing accuracy, any change in the weather. The captain of the brig says:—"Generally about six hours before the commencement of a gale, his head begins to ache, with more or less violence, as the case may be, the position higher or lower on the head, and the degree of pain denoting squall or gale, moderate or severe—and so peculiar are the sensations, and so infallible in their indications, that he is able to foretell the commencement, and generally the duration and severity of a gale with a greater degree of accuracy than I have ever known a barometer to do."

Prayer—Its Power and Utility.

"Is any among you afflicted, let him pray."—JAMES.

In performing the voyage of human life man necessarily encounters many storms, and losses—much to test the strength of his anchor hope. But were we in full possession of Gospel hope—were our minds properly illuminated with its doctrine, and our hearts sufficiently enlivened with its spirit, those storms would cause but little alarm—those storms would be small. And, if to outride the storms of the ocean a knowledge of navigation be necessary, to outride the storms of human life a knowledge of the Gospel is necessary. If the compass be necessary for the mariner when darkness overspreads him and winds howl around, the Bible is indispensably necessary for us when disappointments approach us and afflictions assail us. This will prove a sure guide.

"It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true."

Singular Phenomenon.

The Key We-l Light of the Reef, of the 14th Sept., gives the following description of a singular phenomenon witnessed at sea:—

"On Wednesday the 11th inst., at about 9 o'clock, was observed from the deck of the sloop *Mount Vernon*, by Capt. J. P. Smith, and also by his crew, what to all appearance was a star; but of such a size and brilliancy, considering the sky was unclouded, and the sun pouring down his rays with unusual lustre, as almost to lead to the belief that it was some supernatural vision. The singular phenomenon is represented as being, in appearance, nearly equal to the size of the moon. It remained visible nearly the whole day; and disappeared only as the shades of night were fast approaching, when all expected to have a better and more distinct view of this brilliant and apparently erratic heavenly body. Capt. S. states it to have presented an appearance, in color, similar to that of the planets at night, only a shade whiter. The ignorant and superstitious may see in this, signs of portentous moment. But such things have been seen before.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

The following letter from an intelligent lady, upon the subject of Temperance, to the Temperance Society with which she is connected, will be read with interest:

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—Having been prevented for some time from meeting with you, I have endeavored, on the present occasion, to substitute for my personal attendance, a written communication. I desire to do this, not because I have any thing new or particularly interesting to say, but because I wish to express in some way, the deep interest I still continue to feel in the good cause in which you are engaged. Though I have been absent much from you of late, I have often been with you in spirit, and not unfrequently have followed you in imagination, as you have been prosecuting your deeds of benevolence. Would I could tell you I had been actively cooperating with you, and that I now had many interesting and encouraging facts to relate as the result of that cooperation. This, of late, has not been in my power; but permit me to assure you, that as far as strength and opportunity permit, I shall ever be found ready to contribute my feeble aid. I fully rejoice in the efforts that are being made for the amelioration of the sufferings of mankind. But if there is one department of benevolence dearer to my heart than any other, it is the cause of temperance; and happy should I feel to be the honored instrument

of bringing "*one* wandering star of virtue back to its own native heavenward track."

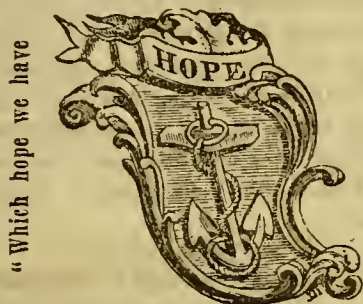
It has been too much our wont in days that are past, to regard the poor inebriate with feelings of disgust rather than with those of pity and commiseration. We are unmindful of the weaknesses of human nature, and forget the difficulty, even in trifling instances, of correcting any habit when once it is formed. What, then, must be the effort requisite on the part of an intemperate person to break the chain which binds him to his evil courses. O! how bright and beautiful this world would again appear, were sin to retire from our borders, and intemperance itself be forever banished from our land. To expect, in any degree, so glorious a result, let us hope and pray for the dissemination of our holy religion, which diffuses purity and peace wherever it is found.

I was exceedingly interested a short time since, while attending a public religious meeting, to hear a young man, who had recently become a convert to temperance, declare his determination, in the strength of God, to live henceforth as a religious man. Oh! that such instances of the effects of the temperance reformation might be multiplied; and while, my friends, we are zealous to promote this cause, let our strongest efforts, our warmest sympathies, be exerted in behalf of those of our own sex. Poor, unfortunate, suffering woman! how often are her fondest hopes blighted by him to whom she confided her all of earthly happiness; or her lonely hours embittered by the waywardness of some darling child. Known only to a mother's heart is the agony of such hours. She chooses to suffer in solitude, rather than expose to a cold and unfeeling world the vices of him she loves. How many such hearts have been made to rejoice, since Temperance, like an angel of mercy, has been passing through our land. But woman, too, she who was sent to soothe and bless mankind, how often do we find her the victim of this degrading vice! She, whom kind heaven gave as a ministering spirit, but in too many instances proved herself "a thorn in the flesh," and instead of bringing up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," leaves them dependent upon the cold charities of the world. Let us seek out such in their haunts of misery, and whenever an instance can be found, of one who is struggling to break the spell which binds her to sin, aid her by every means in our power to persevere. Let us alleviate, as far as possible, her physical sufferings, and shed around her the influences of that religion, which elevates the character, and purifies the heart. Undoubtedly, you will meet with much to discourage you, but there are also many inducements to urge you onward. Much good has already been ef-

fectured by your Society—much more remains to be done; and that, too, in a short time.—Life is the season of activity, and how brief is that period! My own mind has been painfully reminded of this fact, by the recent sudden death of several with whom myself, and some of you, I presume, were acquainted.—Their season of influence and of exertion has terminated; they are consigned to the silent grave, where neither work nor device are found; and a voice comes to us from their cold resting place, “your opportunities for benefitting others will soon be past, and you, too, will have gone the way of all the earth.” “*Tempus fugit*,” (time flies,) should be our motto through the journey of life.

* *

SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1844.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

Editorial Correspondence.

BALTIMORE, November 1.

The Seamen's Convention in this city, the official account of which is given below, has been a good one. All the proceedings were marked by a delightful harmony. It is hoped the resolutions will meet the approbation of all the friends of seamen, and be extensively copied.

The cause is advancing in Baltimore. The new Bethel will soon be completed, and occupied. It has an excellent location. A full description, and engraving of it, will be given in a future number of the Sheet Anchor.—Mr. BEST, the seamen's preacher, is indefatigable in his labors. May the blessing of Heaven crown them with abundant success!

A young men's society of the friends of the sailor have opened another Bethel on Pratt Street. The prospects of usefulness are encouraging. Further particulars of this new enterprise will be furnished our readers hereafter.

The seamen's Home, under the direction of Captain ROBERTSON, is doing a good work, and is worthy of patronage.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.

The business of the paper detains me for a few days, but I trust it will not be in vain for the cause. I have preached three times on behalf of the sailor, to attentive assemblies. The Shippen Street Bethel, in charge of Rev. J. S. TAYLOR, has a large congregation in attendance. It promises to be productive of great good. The new Bethel opened by Rev. T. PORTER, in Front Street, is well attended. It enjoys the patronage of Christians of different denominations. The Homes are doing well.

I expect to spend a day or two in New York, on necessary business. I shall then hasten my return home.

Thine, dear readers, for the sailor,

C. W. D.

Baltimore Seamen's Convention.

A Convention of Seamen's Chaplains, and other friends of the cause of the sailor, was held in the Session Room of Rev. Dr. BRECKENRIDGE, in Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 30, 1844.

Rev. H. BEST, seamen's preacher at Baltimore, called the Convention to order.

Rev. J. S. TAYLOR, was chosen President.

“C. W. DENISON, Secretary.

The President opened the session, by reading the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and offering prayer.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Business Committee.

Rev. H. BEST,

“THOMAS PORTER,

Capt. WILLIAM GRAHAM,

THOMAS SYMINGTON,

CHARLES THOMPSON.

The Committee reported the following resolutions, which were discussed and adopted:

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

Resolved, That this Convention heartily commend to the patronage of the people of this country, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, located in the city of New York. It is the oldest institution of the kind in America, and, in the opinion of this Convention, is calculated to accomplish much good for the sailor's cause. Its chaplains are now to be found, ministering to the welfare of seamen, in various parts of the world. It has recently taken steps to secure the services of Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, (well known to many of the citizens of Baltimore, and to this Convention,) as associate Secretary with Rev. JOHN SPAULDING. It has a Board of Managers, at New York, every way qualified to control its affairs. Its next anniversary will be held in that city, the first week in May next, when the annual report of its proceedings will be read, and addresses delivered by friends of the sailor.

We, therefore, as a Convention of the friends of seamen, renewedly commend this noble institution to the confidence and benefactions of the American people.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS.

Resolved, That the great and good work in which chaplains to seamen are engaged, requires them to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with each other; that they should correspond and exchange as often as possible; that they should take pains to introduce to one another such sea-

men as may usually attend on their ministry, and as may be passing from port to port; that to secure this desirable union, the various chaplains be cordially recommended to be present, whenever it is in their power, at the anniversary meetings at New York, of our national institution—the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Resolved, That our experience in this cause has fully convinced us that its interests will be greatly promoted if chaplains can be continued at least six years in succession in each chapel; and we express the firm conviction from what we know of the itinerant character of the sailor, that the more permanent the chaplain can be, the greater is the prospect of doing good.

BOARDING HOUSES.

Resolved, That while we approve of the sailor's homes already established on Christian principles, it is the opinion of this Convention that the moral and religious condition of seamen may be greatly improved by the establishment, and encouragement of suitable private boarding houses, kept by the widows and families of seamen. In these families sailors may be brought into association with those who possess paternal feelings, and who may exert a reforming influence on their habits and characters.

Resolved, That we recommend this subject to the consideration of Seamen's Friend Societies, and to kindred associations.

SEAMEN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Resolved, That we are thankful to the God of grace for the increasing influence for good exerted by the “SAILOR'S MAGAZINE,” at New York, the “SHEET ANCHOR,” at Boston, and the “BETHEL FLAG,” Buffalo; and that we trust greater efforts will be made by the friends of seamen to place these publications on board the ships, and in the navy yards and boarding houses of our country.

Resolved, That we have heard with pleasure of the work commenced by Rev. B. C. C. PARKER, rector of the Floating Church of our Saviour for seamen, in New York, to supply the ships visiting that port, and other places, with a religious Manual for Seamen; and that we hope his benevolent object will meet with the success it so richly deserves.

Resolved, That the design of the American Seamen's Friend Society to furnish well-selected libraries for such ships as may desire them, or as may be presented with them, at small prices, is eminently Christian and patriotic in its character; and we earnestly ask for it the cooperation of our fellow citizens. Donations for the object may be made to any of the seamen's chaplains named in the Sailor's Magazine, or Sheet Anchor, or to the Seamen's Friend Society, at New York.

THE SABBATH.

Resolved, That this Convention deprecate the practice of sailing from port on the Lord's day; and that we earnestly entreat all shippers, merchants, keepers of seamen's boarding houses, and others concerned, to unite in preserving the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, by declining to aid in getting vessels to sea on a day so sacred to God, and so necessary to the moral and religious improvement of the sailor; that we call on the community to consider the fact, that many hundreds of seamen are deprived of the means of grace, who have but few opportunities to hear the word of God, and enjoy the ordinances of his house; that there is a fearful responsibility resting somewhere, involving the displeasure of God, and the loss of many human lives, among those who do not remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the Sabbath Convention to be held in this city, the 27th of November, [inst.] and that we recommend the friends of seamen generally to attend.

FEMALE SOCIETIES.

Resolved, That the formation of Ladies' Seamen's Friend Societies, in the different parts of our country, is an event of the most auspicious character to the cause of the sailor; that they have already done much, and may, with the blessing of God, do still more, in providing the sea-

men's chapels and boarding houses with many useful articles; and it is the fervent prayer of this Convention that such excellent associations may be speedily multiplied a thousand fold.

JUVENILE SOCIETIES.

Resolved, That the youth of our country are cordially invited to organize themselves, under the direction of their seniors, into Juvenile Seamen's Friend Societies, that they may raise funds to carry forward the moral improvement of the sons of the sea; that they are advised to hold monthly meetings, in appropriate places, and read extracts from publications devoted to this cause; to correspond with seamen's chaplains, christian seamen, and their friends; and make a yearly report of their doings to the American Seamen's Friend Society, or to some institution of an auxiliary character.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Resolved, That prayer moves the hand that moves the universe; and therefore we most earnestly entreat the friends of seamen every where to set apart a stated season, or seasons, for special prayer to Almighty God, for His blessing to descend and rest on the sailor's cause.

SEAMEN'S CLOTHING STORES.

Resolved, That the establishment and maintenance, especially under the direction of Female Seamen's Friend Societies, of Seamen's Clothing Stores, employing, when practicable, the families of seamen, is an object of great importance; and we commend all such stores, wherever established, to the patronage of seamen and their friends.

SEAMEN'S SAVINGS BANKS.

Resolved, That the Institutions for Savings, established in whole or in part for the benefit of seamen in several of the ports in this country, have proved themselves worthy of public confidence; that we recommend merchants to advise seamen receiving wages, to deposit their money in Savings Institutions; and we indulge the hope that our seafaring friends will avail themselves of these Institutions to save their hard earnings from the hands of the unprincipled persons who may yet be found in every port.

SEAMEN'S CHURCHES.

Resolved, That it is becoming more and more evident that seamen are as much in need as others of the stated ordinances of the gospel, as administered in the Christian church; and we respectfully commend to the friends of seamen the inquiry whether the interests of the cause do not require the establishment of distinct seamen's churches in all ports where they can be sustained.

TEMPERANCE.

Resolved, That our hearts are greatly rejoiced to hear of the success attending the total abstinence movement among seamen; and we hope Marine Temperance Societies will be increased, on ship-board and on shore, until the tyrant dominion of intemperance shall be forever expelled from the sea.

The Secretary read letters received by him from Rev. JOHN KENNADY, of Wilmington, Del., recently appointed associate Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and Rev. CHARLES SAMUEL STEWART, chaplain U. S. Navy, of New York, expressing their deep interest in the objects of the Convention, and their regret that they were compelled to be absent.

Resolved, That the resolutions passed by this Convention be forwarded to the Sailor's Magazine and Sheet Anchor, and that other Editors friendly to the cause be requested to give them an insertion.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to call a future Convention, at

such time and place as they may judge expedient:

Rev. H. BEST, Baltimore.

" C. W. DENISON, Boston.

" O. DOUGLASS, Philadelphia.

" H. CHASE, New York.

" W. B. YATES, Charleston.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Convention be presented to the second Presbyterian Church for the use of their Session Room on this occasion.

Adjourned, with prayer by the Rev. Dr. BRECKENRIDGE.

J. S. TAYLOR, *President*.

C. W. DENISON, *Secretary*.

Report of Gratuitous Distribution.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE OBJECT.

In the progress of an agency, on behalf of the SHEET ANCHOR, in the interior of the State, commencing in the fall of 1843, I met with oft repeated instances of warm and generous devotion to the seamen's cause, in donations handed me by individuals, unsolicited, for the gratuitous distribution of the Sheet Anchor among seamen.

Encouraged by these manifestations of interest, and of confidence, I became solicitous that an experiment should be made, in order to test the practical utility of gratuitous distribution, and suggested to the Editor and Publisher, the formation of a Distributing Committee. My suggestion was acted on, and through their agency, the Committee was procured.

It becomes my duty now, to report, for the information of the friends who have contributed to the object, the results of this experiment, as far as obtained.

The entire collections, before and since the formation of the Committee, all of which have been reported in previous numbers of the Sheet Anchor, amount to the sum of \$371 76.

The gratuitous distribution commenced with No. 1, of the present volume; and the number of copies distributed has been increased from time to time, as funds have been collected, and fields opened, until the circulation, at the present time, amounts to 400 copies.

The channels through which your donations have gone forth to bless the sailor, are as follows: The Bethel stations, Marine Temperance Society, members of the Distributing Committee, the Custom House, and from the office of publication, in this city; the Sailor's Home, &c., in New York; the Bethel stations in Salem, New Bedford, Providence and Baltimore; and the friends of seamen at Nantucket.

The circulation is to be increased 342 copies, making in all 742; being two copies for every dollar received. The distribution henceforth will embrace such additional chan-

nels of communication, as a careful survey of the whole field may bring to view, including among others, the following: The Marine Temperance Society of New York; Seamen's Preachers in New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and New Orleans; Custom Houses, Sailor's Homes, &c.

With respect to the experiment as a whole, sufficient time has not yet elapsed, to furnish a full and satisfactory statement of the good accomplished. We are not, however, without encouragements to labor in this good work. From numerous sources we are hearing of the interest created by the introduction of the Sheet Anchor among seamen—on ship-board, in the Sailor's Homes, and elsewhere. Among the testimonials verbal and written, are the following:

ON SHIP-BOARD.

In conversation with Captain H—, of P—, who had enjoyed a precious revival of religion, during his last voyage, in which several of the crew were hopefully converted to God, stated to me that several copies of the paper had been introduced on board his vessel, at the commencement of the voyage; that they were read with the greatest interest by the crew, over and over again, and were decidedly happy in their influence upon all on board.

IN THE SAILOR'S HOME.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman officially connected with the American Seamen's Friend Society, at New York, and having much to do with the Sailor's Home, under the auspices of that society, is considered valuable testimony in favor of the work:

"Your Sheet Anchor has become an important affair at the Sailor's Home, and no paper is more sought after, or more admired by sailors and sailor's friends. I sincerely hope it may never get foul; if properly let go, and in good holding ground, it will never fail to bring JACK up all standing."

It should be borne in mind that the average number of seamen boarding at the Sailor's Home in New York, is about 200; affording a fair opportunity for judging the probable effect of the experiment as far as the Sailor's Home is concerned.

In submitting the foregoing report, the subscriber would express his grateful acknowledgements to the many friends it has been his happiness to fall in with, during his year of agency, and through whose kind hospitality and friendly aid, he has been enabled, by the Divine blessing, to make an experiment which promises to be of much benefit to the sons of the ocean. In his future labors, in connection with the Sheet Anchor, he will aim to promote this object to the extent that divine Providence may clearly indicate to be duty.

We have "cast your bread upon the waters," and shall continue to do so, until the

means put into our hands are expended.—We are now waiting the coming in of the waves, to gather up the result. As fast as they are obtained, you shall have them in the columns of the Sheet Anchor. Meanwhile we commend to you this cherished object, and ask your continued interest and unceasing prayers in its behalf.

Your servant, in the seamen's cause,
T. V. SULLIVAN.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

U. S. ship *Macedonian*, Com. Perry, was at Palmas, Grand Canary Island, Sept. 2—all well. The ship was bound to Cape de Verdes, to meet the U. S. brig *Truxton*.

The Mexican man-of-war brig *Santa Anna*, sailed from Vera Cruz, Oct. 6, for New York.

U. S. sloops of war *Falmouth* and *Vandalia*, and steamer *Union*, remained at Pensacola, about the 20th Sept.

U. S. sloop of war *Warren*, was at Tahiti, June 19.

U. S. frigate *Congress*, was at Rio Janeiro, Sept. 12, to sail in three or four days for River of Plate.

NAVAL COURT MARTIALS.—This Court met lately, when Mr. Hoban read the defence of Lt. West, late commander of the United States brig *Somers*, who was charged before the Court with intoxication. The defence took about an hour in delivery. The Court went into deliberation, and the room was cleared.

The Court at Washington, was, at the latest accounts, engaged in the trial of Midshipman Agaligan Cook, charged with scandalous conduct, in purloining two sums of money, tending to the destruction of good morals in the service.

The decision in the case of seaman Richard Muzzleton, tried for an assault on Midshipman Bohrer, is, that said Muzzleton be reprimanded, and that the Midshipman be censured, it being proved that that officer first made the assault on the sailor.

[OFFICIAL.]

Treasury Department, October 31, 1844.

The receipts into the Treasury for the quarter ending the 30th of September last, were, as nearly as can be ascertained, as follows, viz:

From Customs, about	\$10,750,000
“ Lands, “	450,000
“ Miscellaneous sources,	25,000
	<u>\$11,225,000</u>

The expenditures for the same period were \$7,233,844

THE MIDAS.—The steam schooner *Midas*, just built at New York, for R. B. Forbes, Esq., of Boston, for the China trade, and fitted with Ericsson's propeller and engines, made her first trial excursion in New York harbor, during the storm of Monday afternoon. To the astonishment of all who witnessed her performances, on being put head to wind, she made seven miles an hour,

notwithstanding her machinery was before altogether untried, and this was the first time she had been under way. This is the first steam vessel ever built in the United States, intended to trade to the East of the Cape of Good Hope. She is commanded by Capt. Wm. Poor. Her machinery has been constructed at the most liberal expense, and she exhibits a strength and symmetry which indicate that she will prove an admirable sea boat.

Double-Headed Shot Keys.—The Captain of the bark *Robert Morris*, arrived at New Orleans, reports that when off the Double-Headed Shot Keys, he saw a signal of distress flying from the light-house. He lay to, and was boarded by a boat, who reported that all the inhabitants were in a state of starvation—relieved them with beef, bread, medicine, &c.

BOAT AGROUND.—Three men probably drowned. The *Emerald*, a steam boat plying between Buffalo and Chippewa, as it was coming up, got aground on the reef at the head of the Black Rock pier, about noon. In the effort to get out the anchor, the small boat with the mate and two men in it, upset and went down the rapids, all three clinging to it. A raft was hastily constructed, and the captain started in pursuit. As he got down by the beach it became evident that he could do nothing; he threw a line ashore and was hauled in to the land. Two boats then put out as speedily as possible, but it is feared that the men belonging to the *Emerald* perished before assistance could reach them.

☞ The Coroner of Buffalo has reported the names of thirty persons drowned in the late gale, over whom inquests have been held. In addition to these, some twenty-five are missing.

☞ There was a terrific gale at Key West, Flor., on the 4th ult. The destruction of property was immense, and it is supposed that many lives were lost.

☞ The Norfolk Beacon says, that Martin Freeman, a free colored man, belonging to Maine, attempted to stab Capt. Lenont, of the brig *Casco*, lying at the Navy Yard, Gosport. He succeeded in stabbing Richard Serle, the mate of the *Casco*, between the fifth and sixth ribs. It was feared that the wound would prove mortal, but the next day he was considered better. Freeman made his escape from the vessel, but a warrant was issued for his apprehension.

Items from Wilmer & Smith's European Times.

STEAM SHIP GREAT BRITAIN.—A report is now current in England, that this magnificent vessel is just about to be released from her confinement. Our private accounts from Bristol state, that an amicable arrangement had been made with the Bristol Dock Company, for taking down the walls, to enable her to pass through the locks; and it is expected that she will float into the basin forthwith, and into the river sometime in November. Her dates of sailing, when they are fixed, will be given in the columns of this paper. It is not improbable, however, during the winter months, she may remain in a state of inactivity—either at London or Liverpool—ready to start on her Atlantic career with the early dawns of Spring.

DISPATCH.—The ship *Lady Milton*, sailed from Liverpool to Quebec on the 10th of August, discharged and took in a cargo of timber at that port, and arrived again in Liverpool in 62 days.

IRON LIFE BOAT.—An iron life boat, built at Havre, by subscription, the reservoir of air in which is divided into three compartments, so that any accident happening to one would not destroy its buoyancy; self-acting valves, and other appliances, is said to prevent the possibility of her swamping.

☞ A Spanish vessel, passing Europa Point, Gibraltar, without showing her colors, two shots were fired into her, to remind those on board of their neglect. Paying no attention to the intimation, and believing themselves to be out of the reach of their guns, a gun of a larger calibre was fired, which struck the vessel, and immediately sunk her. Fortunately for the crew, a Portuguese vessel was near, into which they got, and saved their lives.

PIRACY.—The ship *Royal Consort*, which has arrived in the St. Catharine's dock, from Batavia, had on board the captain and crew of the Belgian ship *Le Charles*, with their baggage, consisting of about one hundred packages, their vessel having been attacked and captured by pirates at sea, in consequence of which, they were obliged to seek protection, and obtained a passage on board the *Royal Consort*, on their way to their native country.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

TRINITY HOUSE, QUEBEC, }
August 16, 1844.

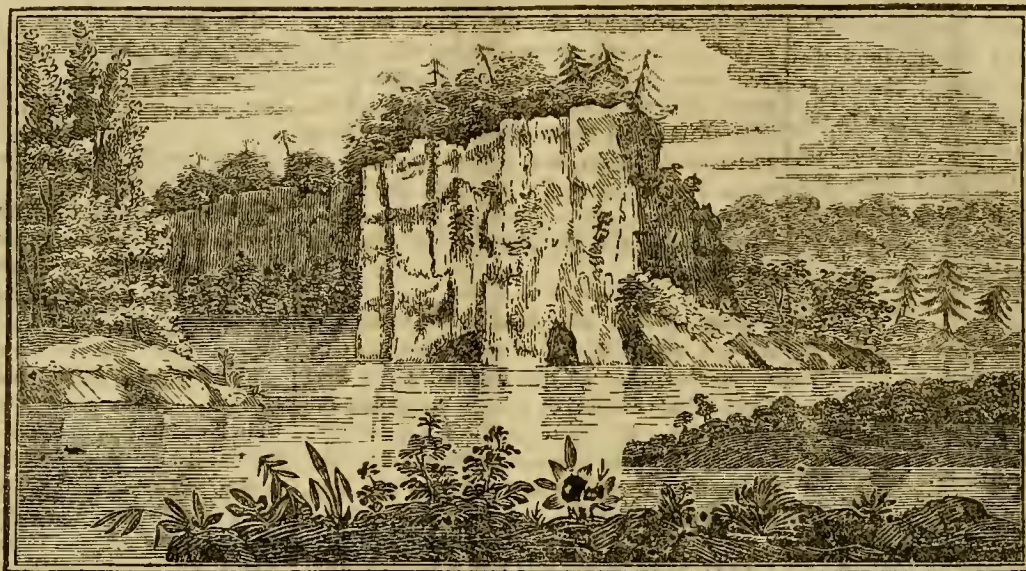
A light-house having been erected on the West end of the island of Biquet, in the river St. Lawrence, notice is hereby given, that a revolving light of the first class was shown thereon, for the first time, on the 9th day of August; and that the said light will continue to be shown every night, from sunset to sunrise, from the 15th of April to the 15th of December in each year. The tower is seventy feet high, and the light stands one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, the North West Shoal bearing from it West due West a mile and a half. This light will revolve at regulated intervals of two minutes. A nine pounder gun is placed near the light house, and will be fired every hour during foggy weather and snow storms.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

The brig *Saratoga*, of Middletown, Conn., captain Bedel, from New York for Apalachicola, with an assorted cargo, was totally lost off Orange Key, 3d ult. Mr. Simonton, 2d mate, and Samuel Smith, passenger, arrived at Boston, in the bark *Zaida*. The following persons were on board the S., and all no doubt perished: Passengers, Capt. E. G. Wood, Capt. John Perkins, Donald Campbell, Mrs. Larkin and two children, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. Hewins, M. Markham, Charles McKinney, wife and child, and two Germans in the steerage.

Also, Capt. Bedel, six colored seamen, steward and boy; the latter white.

Brig *Canary*, hence, for Wilmington, N. C., is stated by the steamer *Alabama*, at New Orleans, to have run into the A. The captain and three hands got on board the steamer; one hand lowered the brig's boat and got adrift without oars, and the night being very dark, was not again seen; another, a Portuguese, was asleep below at the time. Every exertion was made on board the steamer to save them without avail. The mate of the *Alabama*, accompanied by the captain of the *Canary*, went in a boat and were close to the brig when she espied on her beam ends, and appeared to be sinking. The steamer escaped with loss of bowsprit.



ROCK FORT, ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER.

This is an elevated cliff on the left bank of the Illinois, consisting of parallel layers of white sand stone. It is not less than 250 feet high, perpendicular on three sides, and washed at its base by the river. On the fourth side it is connected with the adjacent range of hills by a narrow peninsular ledge, which can only be ascended by a precipitous, winding path. The summit of this rock is level, and contains about three-fourths of an acre. It is covered with a soil of several feet in depth, bearing a growth of young trees. Strong and almost inaccessible by nature, this natural battlement has been still further fortified by the Indians, and many years ago was the scene of a desperate conflict between the Pottawatomies, and one band of the Illinois Indians.—*Family Magazine*, N. Y.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In Fall River, 14th ult., Mr. SADRACK SCHOLES to Miss ARRY BENNETT.

In Bath, Me., Capt. SAMUEL SNOW to Miss SARAH B., daughter of Gen. J. McLELLAN.

In Boothbay, Capt. JOHN C. POOL, of Eastport, to Miss MARGARET S. KNIGHT.

At Cape Elizabeth, 3d ult., Capt. MILTON DYER to Miss ELLEN JORDAN.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

At St. Mary's, Geo., 10th ult., Capt. ALEXANDER M. STAPLES, of Portland, Me., master of bark Walga.

On board ship Alhambra, of Boston, on the passage from Liverpool to New Orleans, Mr. WM. WARDLE, 2d officer, of Troy, N. Y. His death was occasioned by falling into the hold of the vessel.

On board brig Selma, of Portsmouth, Sept. 23, off Isle Vache, of yellow fever, JOSEPH OWENS, of St. Mary's, Md. 1st officer.

At Valparaiso, Mr. FRANCIS E. BAKER, late sailing master U. S. ship Cyano.

Lost overboard from schr. Illuminator, from Prospect for Peverly, CHARLES B. DEVEREUX, of Prospect, Me.

GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. SILAS BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

Savings Banks for Seamen.—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

Mariners' Churches.

—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mehane.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St.

John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 30 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

A. CLARK, 1 North Square.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelsinn, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombardy Street near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULNING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

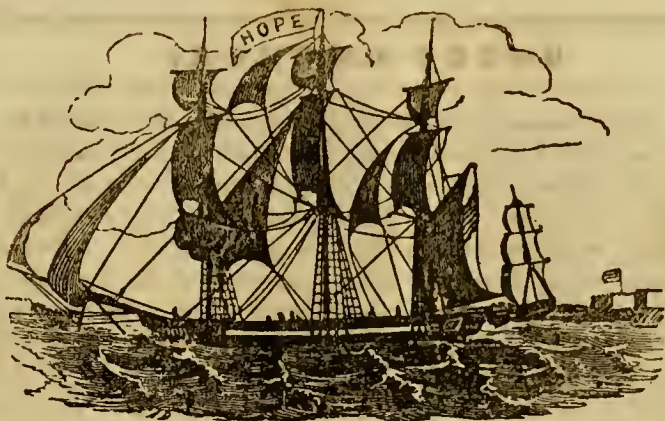
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PRINTING.

IN ITS PLAIN AND FANCY VARIETY,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE
SHEET ANCHOR OFFICE.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1844.

No. 23.

SHEET ANCHOR.

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Not a seclarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
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HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

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TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
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same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

[We give below an extract from a series of works now in
progress of publication by Mr. J. PUTNAM, 81 Cornhill, called
"Stories of the Sea"—edited by the Editor of the Sheet An-
chor. No. one is called "OLD SLADE; or Fifteen Years Ad-
ventures of a Sailor." See further notice under the editorial
head.]

CHAPTER XI.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Heber.

Our next place of sojourn was the Naviga-
tor Islands. This is a cluster worthy of great
attention. It is a very inviting field for
Christian missionaries. The largest of the
group is a splendid island. At the time we
were there, a small island, at the leeward,
was at war with the rest. It was thought
that the chief of that island would eventually
conquer the whole group. But this war did
not injure our operations. Mr. Marinna
turned it to good account. He furnished
arms and ammunition, of which we had great
quantities, to the best advantage. We would
sell a musket, costing us a dollar and a quar-
ter at the Sandwich Islands, for sixteen large
grunners, averaging from a hundred to a hun-
dred and fifty pounds each. They never
disputed our prices. And such muskets!
They would be more likely to kill the firer
than the fire. For a thimbleful of powder,
and one ball, we obtained a small squealer—
for roasting—plump as a dumpling, and fat

as butter. One flint brought us a pair of
fine large fowls. Four large blue beads pro-
cured a dozen of hen's eggs. Trinkets, of
the most trifling character, would bring us
loads of bannanas, plantains, and fruits of all
kinds. They used to throw us these on board,
and when we threw a bead in return, if it
fell in the water, down they plunged after it,
like a shark after his prey. Tortoise shell
was abundant. A piece that would bring me
in China three dollars, I traded for with a
small cluster of beads. Every thing else was
in proportion.

Mr. Marinna was induced to go on shore.
Several native chiefs were left on board as
hostages. He was the first friendly Euro-
pean who had ever landed on that island.
He had with him two interpreters—natives of
the group, whom he had picked up at Wal-
lace Islands. I lent him a pair of duelling
pistols, and the boat was well armed. Three
of the principal chiefs accompanied the party,
to introduce them in state to the "Eriki La
La Opi ti Oti,"—or head chief of the group.
He was a fine old fellow for a savage—a man,
like other kings, spending much of his time
in fighting and planning wars. He received
Mr. Marinna with distinguished considera-
tion—the two interpreters representing him
as a great ruler from the Sandwich Islands.
His hotel, at Oahu, was regarded by them as
a gorgeous palace—where the Fuka Popa
Langa, or the chiefs of the white man's ships,
were feasting every day. They supposed he
fed them for nothing, and formed the most
august ideas of his consequence.

On departing from the old chief, our party
received many presents—such as hogs, fruits,
and useful articles. Some beautiful mats
were presented, which I think of now with
pleasure. They covered our floors, some of
them ten or fifteen feet square, of the most
delicate texture and modest colors. The
tapa cloth is splendid in the extreme. This
is made of the bark of a tree, pounded skil-
fully, and prepared with real science. The
sound of the clubs in pounding, while the
native women keep tune with one another, is
not unpleasant to the ear. The men, mean-

while, are preparing their war clubs, spears,
and other implements of destruction, or build
and repair their canoes.

It was our intention to water here. The
streams came down most invitingly from the
hills. We could see the clean sheets of
water from our ship, dashing from the cliffs
and meandering through the vallies, on their
quiet way to the sea. The white man's eye
seldom rests on these limpid springs. Be-
side and among them the black man wanders
in solitary grandeur. His children play on
the heights, and leap into the streams, as if
that little group of islands, far off in the deep,
were all the world to them. The good man,
from a Christian land, may be of great use
there. As he passes toward the coast of
Japan, or over the fishing ground of the
whale, let him think of these savages of the
seas. Should he approach them rightly—
with the glow of kindness on his cheek,
heavenly love beaming in his eye, and pure
ardor kindled in his heart,—he will be well
received, and, cannot fail of doing a good
work among them. This may be looked
upon as only the opinion of a sailor; but it
is an opinion formed on the spot, and after
some experience among different nations of
the globe.

We set sail from the Navigator's under
pleasing auspices. The day was splendid.
I shall never forget it. A ten knot breeze
was blowing, that bore us swiftly from the
shore. As the land receded from view, hill
after hill, tree after tree, sinking in the dis-
tance, I felt as if I were leaving home. The
natives had been so kind, courting our friend-
ship, and showering their island favors upon
us, that I seemed to be parting from bosom
friends. Many a heart there beat more gen-
erously toward me, a lone wanderer over
life's stormy waves, than I have often found
among the civilized and professedly christ-
ianized circles in which I have moved. Oh!
how strange it is that man, who is so frail
and dependent, should so be the foe of his
brother!

It is melancholy to think that these dis-
tant isles, so lovely, so healthful, so abundant

in the fruits of the earth, shall become acquainted with the white man only to be cursed by the acquaintance. The rum cup will be a strange visitor to those rippling brooks. It will dip its brim beneath those breezy waves, only to bear a torrent of fire among the ignorant natives. The song of the bacchanalian will sound wildly amid the hills and dales of the sequestered islanders. Ruin, want, crime, guilt and shame, will stalk there in unwonted forms, to ravage and destroy. I look back on the scenes I passed with that benighted people, and feel a chill at my heart as I look. How shall they fall before the cupidity and cunning of men from Christian shores! How shall they perish miserably, ere a few chosen men of God go among them, with their lives in their hands! I turn away saddened from the thought, leaving the brief appeal of the sailor to work what good it can.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Jack and the Pledge.

"'Tis one thing to *sign* the pledge, and another to *keep* it," said Jack to a little knot of staunch teetotallers, who were discussing the merits of the grog tub upon the orlop deck of one of our seventy-fours one evening.

"Aye, aye," responded half a dozen voices, "we understand that business; the keeping of the pledge depends upon the nature of the motives which induce men to sign it; if you sign the temperance pledge because you believe the cause of temperance is a good cause, and deserves your countenance and support, there is little danger but that you will keep it as long as you honestly maintain these views. If you join in the temperance work because you love it, because you know it has been a good friend to you, because you know that it is your only safeguard against the sparkling cup of the angel of darkness, you never can break your vow until you have obliterated these solid truths from your mind."

"True enough," replied the skeptical short jacket, "but I've seen men aboard this ship sign the pledge for the purpose of currying favor with the officers, or perhaps for the purpose of obtaining their liberty, and as soon as they get on shore, you'll find these same men in some dirty grog shop, and drunk in less than half an hour. As long as such chaps sign the pledge, you don't catch me to put my name there."

"Well, Jack, we'll admit the truth of what you say respecting the infidelity of some on board to the pledge; but does it, after all, prove any thing against the signing? Ap-

pearances would seem to indicate, surely, that those you speak of, were influenced by base motives; but He who is the searcher of all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid, can alone judge rightly. You admit that the cause of temperance has done much good, and that it would be much better for all on board if the liquor ration was stricken from the list."

The fact is, Jack was emphatically a *practical* temperance man; he had never indulged in the use of intoxicating beverages, but he never could be persuaded to sign the temperance pledge. He, like many on shore, withheld a large portion of his influence from the cause of temperance, because, comparatively speaking, a few hypocrites and false dissemblers, have pretended to enlist in its favor. If there are wolves in sheep's clothing prowling about to satiate their hungry appetites upon this good cause, there is so much the more need of a plentiful supply of faithful shepherds to guide, and guard the flock. We would censure none for not joining our pledge, but we would appeal in the language of kindness, to those good men and true who drink no intoxicating liquors, whose names are not upon the pledge, to enrol them there the first opportunity that presents itself for so doing. Then there will be no need of your defining your position occasionally in relation to temperance; your name is there, and it tells its story; the moderate drinkers will not have you for a post to lean upon when their appetites have got the better of their judgments, or in common parlance when they are a little intoxicated. You sail in *one* boat, and let them sail in *another*. Sign the pledge, and by so doing, you will strengthen the good resolutions of your weaker brother, who is striving with might and main to break away from his maddening appetite. Sign the pledge, and the drunkard's child shall bless you, as it points its erring parent to your example, as an incentive for him to go and do likewise.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Be Consistent.

In a voyage I once made to South America, I shipped a crew on total abstinence principles; the conditions being inserted in the shipping articles.

My motive for such a course, was purely benevolent. I sincerely thought that liquor to a laboring man in health, was in all circumstances injurious. Having full confidence in my opinion being correct, I acted upon it; and told my crew at the time of shipping, my motives for withholding liquor from them, in which they appeared heartily to concur.

They behaved nobly all the passage out; no complaint was heard, and not a wish ex-

pressed for grog. In bad weather, hot coffee was served out in place of whiskey, and all hands appeared to be well satisfied with the substitute.

When we came to discharge cargo—it being excessively hot—I felt no little solicitude with regard to the result of the experiment I was making. I watched with considerable anxiety its progress; knowing full well, that if my men were able to discharge the vessel without grog, they could do without it on the coast of America in mid winter. The idea being quite as common among seamen as landsmen, that rum is as necessary to keep out the heat as the cold.

One day the steward told me that the crew had lost their appetites, and did not make half a meal. I inquired, "What is the matter? are they sick?" "Not exactly sick, sir," he replied, "but they say its *killing* for a man to work at the 'fall,' and in the 'hold,' in such a climate as this, without grog; and that it is enough to take away any man's appetite!" Here was a head flaw, that threatened to knock me off my course, and defeat my benevolent design. I went forward immediately, and found the crew lying on the deck, under the awning, and their food by their side untouched. I questioned them in regard to their health, and became satisfied, that most, if not all that had been told me was true.

I next went to the cook, and he confirmed what the steward had stated, and added that there was some grumbling among the crew about there being so much grog aft, where they did no work, and none forward; and also a free expression of opinion, that mine was a very questionable benevolence.

I waked up. The inconsistencies of my course for the first time flashed across my mind, and my occasional indulgence in wine, and sometimes strong drink, now appeared to give the lie to my professions of temperance. What was to be done? Benevolence prompted to my making the experiment, and the plainest dictates of benevolence demanded that I should alter my course.

But how alter it? By throwing all the liquor on board into the sea, and in so doing, cut off the supply for officers, as well as men, and place all on board on the same temperance level? The idea never once entered my head, that such would be benevolence. Oh, no! "they that are whole need no physician, but they that are sick;" and it must be given as a medicine. We, aft, were the physicians; and, (strange reasoning enough) we thought that the more of the medicine we took as physicians, the better for us!

In a word—I came to the conclusion, that either there must be a difference in the constitutions of officers and crew, or that liquor was needful for both; to the one in health,

to the other in sickness. I changed my course accordingly; and that very noon time commenced giving for dinner grog, a wine glass of brandy from the cabin stores—there being no liquor provided for the use of the crew.

The effect was electrical. Their appetites returned, and with it their cheerfulness and physical energy, which had all along been sensibly abating. With brandy appetite, and brandy cheerfulness, and brandy strength, they ate, they laughed, and joked, and worked, like new creatures.

But did it last? No! It was like "the morning cloud and early dew." It quickly passed away. The fact was, they were suffering from previous habits of intemperance, which had injured their health. And now, under the influence of a hot climate, they gave way. Had they been perfectly temperate men from the first, they would not have required artificial strength to fit them for their work. Here was the result of our experiment originating in benevolence, which, like all others of the same kind, made in ignorance of the great laws of man's physical and moral nature, terminated unsuccessfully.

I have no doubt my crew were confirmed in their intemperate habits, by the course adopted on this occasion. I have therefore noted down in my chart of life, to guide me in all my future temperance course, the following truth:—*The effect of intoxicating liquor on the laboring man, and upon the man that does not labor, is the same; and is alike fatal to both. And further—that temperance must begin afloat, if it is ever to prevail forward.*

Consistency, then, is the motto.

FORE AND AFT.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

Our friend Rev. S. P. HILL, of Baltimore, furnished some excellent reflections for the Boston Christian Watchman, while on a tour of observation in the Cutter Hamilton. We wish we had room for all of the article of which we give a part:

A Landsman's Cruise.

I told you, friend C., that we were on an excursion to the Light Houses. This is an important public duty, in which it is a pleasure to participate. How very beneficent it is to have such beacon lights established, at every prominent point of our perilous coast; and how admirable are the uses of government, when employed to guard thus, the interests and lives of that large portion of our fellow-countrymen,

"Whose march is on the mountain wave,
Whose home"——

is still on the loved spot, and among the sweet scenes where they sported in childhood,

around the paternal hearth-stone, and in the warm embraces of a wife's or a mother's love. And how beautiful as well as beneficent these friendly cressets! As we sail now, under a fine breeze this lovely evening, over this blue and billowy sea, beneath the azure-arched sky, where the stars hold their peaceful vigils, and the growing moon walks in splendor along her nightly path, I know of nothing that can add such soft and tranquil beauty to the scene, as that Boston Light we are leaving behind us,

"Looking lovely as Hope,
The star on eternity's ocean."

What a place for meditation is this! You have here not only the broad unobstructed arch of the heavens, filled with all their innumerable lamps, hanging over you, but the sea, the wide, the far-stretching sea; and what object can compare for grandeur and sublimity with this? "This great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable," and whereon, the gems of night are showering their sparkling brilliancy, as each successive and far-coming wave, throws up its azure bosom to their celestial glance.—With a little variation of that fine verse of old George Herbert, we might exclaim,

"Sweet night, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the sea and sky."

These open, noble-hearted sailors! I have always loved the sailor. From my earliest recollections, he won my heart. My brothers were sailors, and the mortal part of one now sleeps among the coral caves of ocean. Independently of this, there is much in the character of this class of men, that I dearly love. I regard them with peculiar interest, every where, and at all times. They are so kind and generous. I think that I can find a way to their hearts too, sooner than to that of most men. They are not so buried up in the cares, or so practised in the deceit of the world.

Boston Harbor.

This beautiful harbor, which lies out before our gaze, is not by any means devoid of interest. Starting, with a gentle breeze from the south-west, in the capacious and safe boat "ALBORAK," we find ourselves speeding away majestically on the "ocean wave."

On the one hand is Fort Independence, while on the other, your eye meets the large white building on Thompson's Island, called the "Farm School." On turning your eyes back, you behold the far famed metropolis of New England, with its towering spires and its forests of masts. Continuing our course; we run to windward of Long Island, with its light-house, and pass nearly opposite to Nix's Mate, a monument lying on a sunken island, which has long since become a matter of romance. A little farther on is a formidable fort, situated on George's Island, which could,

by one shot from its battery, have sunk us into the depths of the sea.

Coming to the fishing ground, we cast anchor, and all hands turn to and fish. After hauling in quite a number of the inhabitants of the deep, we find that our appetites have been wrought up to such a degree, that something in the shape of eatable matter would do more good than hurt. So taking up the anchor, we are soon on our way towards Spectacle Island, with a fresh breeze, and by the help of all sail, are soon able to land there.

If any one has ever enjoyed the pleasure of preparing, and then, by the help of a keen appetite, occasioned by the bracing air of the sea, demolishing a "fry" or chowder, he can form some idea of the enjoyment we had on this occasion. After sundry small delays, which seemed to last ages, every thing was ready, knives and forks were put in immediate requisition, and ample justice was done to the feast which met our eyes. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the old adage—"too many cooks spoil the broth," it was not true in this case; for all turned to, after the chief cook had done his duty, and each one seemed to make it his endeavor to cook something as different as possible from his neighbor.

With a smacking breeze, we started for home, all sail set, our boat ploughing the waves like a steam boat, and all holding on to prevent going down to leeward. Coming in to the wharf, she was rounded to in fine style, and jumping ashore, we left the boat in the hands of the pilot and skipper, and thus ended our fishing excursion in Boston harbor.

S. W. W.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Lost Brig.

In the month of November, 1830, a brig from the Mediterranean, with a cargo composed in part of rags, bound for Boston, was beating into Massachusetts Bay. It was night, in the midst of a severe north-east snow storm. The night was very dark, and thick with the driving snow. When the brig got abreast of Cape Ann light, the captain concluded to run into Gloucester harbor, and anchor for the remainder of the night, deeming it madness to attempt to make Boston during the gale. He therefore tacked, and stood for the light. This light house stands on what is called "Ten Pound Island," at the entrance to the inner harbor of Gloucester, and inside what is called Eastern Point, a promontory familiar to seamen who have entered Massachusetts Bay, and running out into the sea, far beyond the island. The

captain thought the light he saw was on the point, and accounted for the non-appearance of the island light by supposing that the darkness of the night prevented him from seeing it; when, in fact, there was but one light there, the one he saw, and that on the island, directly behind the point.

Not long after he tacked ship, the vessel went under full head-way upon the breakers, on the south-eastern side of the point, an ugly looking place even in a calm, but terrific when lashed into foam by the raging fury of the elements. The brig soon went to pieces among the rocks; and all, save two of the crew, met an awful death. These two individuals were scarcely saved; for after reaching the shore they were obliged to walk a mile in the deep snow, wet and cold, before they reached a human dwelling, narrowly escaping freezing. The news of the disaster was known through the town the next morning; and scores of boats put off through the floating rags to pick up the dead bodies of the seamen, several of whom were found and brought on shore.

I visited the wharf, and entered the low shed where they were stretched, stiff and cold in the arms of death. Sad were my feelings, though then a boy, while gazing upon those noble forms, so athletic and robust, frozen stiff in the very attitudes in which they met the "King of terrors;" scarred, bruised and mutilated, far away from home, kindred and friends. Poor souls! No fond wife was near to wipe the death-damp from your brows.—No tender mother to support with love's own hands your dying heads—no sister's prayers, no brother's farewell—no tears were shed when you departed. None of the consolations of religion were offered to sustain and cheer you, but the howling tempest, the moaning surge, the blackening clouds, and the eye of God, alone, witnessed your death.—Strangers saw you laid away in the grave, in a strange land. There, dead seamen! rest in peace, till the trumpet's blast shall shake your tombs, and bid you rise to meet your God.

This little incident is the history of many of old ocean's sons. And it has its moral for them. They are voyaging along the sea of human life, perhaps in sight of port and home, when their frail bark is assailed with the fierce storms of human passion which threaten to overwhelm them. A light beams across the dark waters, beckoning them to approach and find safe anchorage—but, as in the case described, it often proves a false light, luring but to destroy. The phantom pleasure hangs out her lights; they float above and before the theatre, the bar-room, gaming house, and the brothel; they are lights of brilliant hues, burning night and day, to entrap the unwary, in steering for

which you will run upon the rocks of dissipation and ruin.

Let me warn the sailor to beware of these lights. Steer clear of them; take only for your chart the Bible; for your compass the Holy Spirit; for your polar star, the blessed Saviour himself. You cannot in the pleasures and vanities of the world, satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind. The soul must feed on angels' food, and drink of living waters, or forever be discontented and unsatisfied. Listen not to the voice of the charmer, charm she ever so wisely. In every cup which she presents to your eager lips, are the bitter dregs of disappointment, which you will be forced to drink. In her hand, which, with winning manner she presents to you, there is a leprous disease; beware of the contamination. Beware of the *land-sharks*, that prowl around the wharves and docks, eager for their prey; they will filch from you all your hard earnings, and then bid you begone. Shun them as you would a pestilence. Seek the society of the good and virtuous; those that love God, and your own souls, and are ready to do you good—who will pray with and for you, and point you to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." God bless the sailor! May his hitherto desolate heart be visited by some heavenly messenger, with the olive branch of peace, and the cup of salvation, to minister to his spirit. Let the moralist, the philanthropist, and the Christian do all in their power to relieve the wants and woes of the sailor. Heaven's blessing will be your reward in this life, and a mansion in heaven your future home.

C. D. L.

From Hunt's Merchants Magazine.

Whale Fishery.

To the Norwegians may be justly credited the first pursuit of the whale. By them it was carried on successfully from the twelfth to the fourteenth century.

The South Sea Company, an English Company, entered largely into the business in the year 1725, but after being engaged in it seven or eight years, having found the operation a losing one, they abandoned it.

The enterprise and energy of our north-eastern Atlantic States had led them into the business to a larger extent, and they have been more successful than any other people. The engaging in it by the hardy settlers of the New England coast, was owing, in a measure, to the incapacity of the sterile and rocky soil upon which they were placed, to afford a livelihood; and from a want of confidence in the efficacy of such a soil to maintain them, the sea was made the field of adventure.

The people of the Island of Nantucket, were the first to make whaling a regular

branch of business. A whale having very unceremoniously made his appearance in the harbor, a harpoon was then invented and constructed, and the briny monster, having done his part of the fighting, was conquered.

The first spermaceti whale discovered, was one found dead upon the coast of Nantucket, but the first one captured was taken by a Nantucket whaler, named Hussey, during the year 1712. Large vessels were at length substituted for small boats, and in 1715, Nantucket numbered six vessels. The quantity of oil was getting greater than the home demand, and in 1815, the first vessel load was shipped to England. Ten years after this, the loss of several fine vessels, by shipwreck and capture, caused the profits to be materially lessened; but the vessels were soon greatly enlarged, and instead of being confined to the waters about the coast, the hardy fisherman extended his dominion far and wide upon the ocean.

From 1774 to 1775, the different ports fitted out annually, 304 vessels, with a tonnage of 27,840, employing 4,000 seamen, and producing 48,040 barrels of oil. In 1780, owing to the revolution, the business was, in a measure, suspended. Five years later, it had again become flourishing. From 1787 to 1789, the number of vessels fitted out annually was 122, their tonnage 10,210, and employing 1,611 seamen.

New Bedford, observant of the success of Nantucket, commenced the business, and in 1792 had made large ventures. The war of 1812 pretty much put a stop to the trade, but it was soon resumed. In 1819 it was extended to many new points, among which were Long Island and New London. In 1834, the number of vessels in the United States, engaged in the whale fishery was 434, owned chiefly by New Bedford, Nantucket and New London, their aggregate value upwards of ten millions of dollars, and employing about 11,000 men.

The arrivals of vessels and oil into the United States for the six years ending in 1843, were 235 vessels, of which 194 were ships and barks, 28 brigs, and 13 schooners, and 373,005 barrels of whale oil. What the manufacture of lard oil may do to lessen the profits of the whaling business, is yet to be seen; but it has not yet been a very serious competitor.

The Gulf Stream.

It may not be generally conceded that Dr. Franklin first made known to the world the existence of the Gulf Stream. It was made known to him by a Nantucket whaler when in London, in 1770. The stream had been previously ignorantly crossed, by European sailors, for nearly three hundred years before this. Franklin received from the sailor, whose

name is not recollected, a map of this current, and in 1775, discovered the higher temperature of its waters. The publication caused the trade of the northern ports to increase rapidly in consequence of the advantages of the winter season to be derived from it, in the management of vessels.

THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

What Ladies can do for the Sailor.

We give place to the following letter from one of the Managers of the New York Family Industrial Society:

New York, Nov. 10, 1844.

REV. C. W. DENISON,

Sir,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt yesterday of six copies of the "Sheet Anchor," forwarded to my address, I presume, by yourself.

I have read them with pleasurable emotion, and rejoice at your devotion to the cause of seamen. May the "Anchor" have good holding ground, and its Editor and Publisher be amply rewarded by its success in both a moral and pecuniary point of view.

In behalf of the Board of the Mariner's Family Industrial Society, I would tender you our sincere thanks for the voluntary notice in your number of the first of June, of our infant institution. Our success as a Society thus far, has not been commensurate with the necessities of the class for whom we labor; but when we consider that during the past and present year, collections have been steadily making for the Baptist, Episcopal, and Methodist Bethels; besides the collections of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and those sums required to sustain "Old Bethel" of "precious memory," I think we cannot accuse the sailor's friends in New York of niggardliness.

Yours, respectfully,

ALMIRA C. LOVELAND.

The Sailor's Parents.

A missionary to seamen in New York, gives the following facts from his journal:

Oct. 14. I visited the male department at the Tombs; had but little time to converse with any one. A sailor with whom I spoke said he was put in for fighting. I advised him to observe the rule laid down in the Scripture, and when he was struck on the one cheek, to turn the other also. One who was convicted for murder, showed some signs of repentance, and said he had thought some upon the concerns of his soul since he had been in prison. He appeared glad to get a tract, as did most of those to whom I pre-

sented them. There was one under sentence of death, whom I was pained to see stern and unyielding; he did not want any tracts, and my call seemed to be to him very unwelcome.

I was struck, as usual, with the youthful appearance of most of the convicts. I noticed one man, whose young wife, with her tender babe, chose to share with him his cold and gloomy cell; my heart was moved within me at the sight, and I could hardly help exclaiming, in the words of another, "O the depths of woman's love!" and I thought how often the affection of a mother for her son, so beautifully delineated by Irving, might be applied to the faithful and devoted wife in relation to her husband: "O! there is an enduring tenderness in her love that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. For her husband's convenience, she will sacrifice every comfort; to his enjoyment, she will surrender every pleasure; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune: and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him." So it is with the Christian mother of the sailor.

26th. Had a long interview with the mate of a vessel, and his friend, a seaman, who was on board. The mate did not want any tracts, as he considered them of little value. His friend said he had had a very pious father, who was now dead, and a great many prayers had been offered for himself. He was careful to conceal the place of his nativity, but said he was brought up in the immediate vicinity of a Theological Seminary. Finally, he remarked that he had been so piously educated, and had been the subject of so many prayers, that he was afraid he should become a Christian. The captain came on board, I asked him if I should leave some tracts and papers for the crew. He uttered a fearful oath, and wished me to be gone. I endeavored to reason with him, but found it of little use. Within a few days I have met with more rough treatment than for a long time before. I am thus reminded occasionally that the Millennium has not yet arrived.

During the past month I have supplied 26 ships, 16 barks, 29 brigs, 42 schooners, 48 sloops, 7 steamboats, and 4 canal boats; and distributed 265 Advocates, and 4085 pages of tracts.

When worldly man, engrossed in cares,
Turns from the sailor's piteous cry,
Woman his aching temples bears,
And wipes the tear-drops from his eye.

THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

A Child's Thoughts on Burial.

BY IRENEUS.

In the South Sea Islands, the child of one of the missionaries died. Its little brothers and sisters saw it buried, and wept bitterly when it was hid from their sight in the dark grave. Not long after, one more of their number sickened, and soon died; and as the friends were about to take it away to the grave, one of the youngest, more used to the language of the English, cried out, "O, don't plant it, don't plant it."

She had seen them planting seeds, and she had seen her little brother covered up in the earth, and it was natural for her to speak of her burying as planting, though she did not know how much beauty and force there was in the expression. The resurrection of the dead is not revealed and illustrated by any sweeter or more appropriate figure than the springing from the earth of the seed, that has been buried. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in glory; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in power."

As the sower goeth forth and scatters the precious seed, he is cheered with the hope that it will soon spring up in beauty, and reward him abundantly for his toil. So the parent who commits to the dust the precious form that he loved, is cheered with the hope that it will spring up again in beauty, and shine in glory.

Thought for Youth.

FORCE OF HABIT.—On the coast of Norway there is an immense whirlpool, called by the natives, Maelstrom, which signifies the navel, or the centre of the sea. The body of waters which form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst thereof, stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is washed with inconceivable fury; when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

No skill of the mariner, nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sea-beaten sailor at the helm, finds the ship at first go in a current opposite his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment, more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock, and entirely disappears forever.

And thus it fares with the thoughtless and hapless youth, that falls under the power of any vicious habits. At first he indulged with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him down the current, the violence of which increases and brings him

still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool; till at length, stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

Good habits, on the other hand, are powerful as bad ones; therefore no better advice can we give to youth, than the following:—"Choose the more rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it the most agreeable."

SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1844.

✧ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

The Islands of the Sea.

What glorious news comes over the wild waste of the ocean from the distant islands! "The Friend of Seamen and Temperance," published by Rev. Mr. DAMON, chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society, at the Sandwich Islands, gives an account of the annual gathering of the missionaries at Honolulu. It is customary for most of the missionaries to come to these meetings, with their wives and children. On the recent occasion the Lord's Supper was administered to the Christians present—including the believing natives. What a delightful scene in that far-off land!

Mr. DAMON states that the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, sailed from Boston in October, 1819. They arrived in Hawaii in March, 1820. In April, 1820, the King and Chiefs consented to their landing. Since that time, 61 males and 67 females have joined the mission from the United States. The amount of money paid for the support of these missions has been \$608,865, by the American Board of Foreign Missions, except \$50,000 by the American Bible Society, and \$19,365 by the American Tract Society. There are eighteen missionary stations and forty permanent dwellings, besides two printing offices, seminaries and school houses, built by the natives, &c. &c. The results have been in part that Christianity has been introduced and adopted as the religious sys-

tem of the nation. The language has been reduced to writing. Three separate editions of the New Testament, of 10,000 copies each, have issued from the press, making 30,000 copies. One duodecimo edition of the whole Bible, of 10,000 copies, and the purchase and circulation of a great many miscellaneous works. All elementary school books and scientific and miscellaneous works, have been issued at the expense of the American Board. Schools have been established and nearly one-half of the adult population taught to read. At present the schools are mostly confined to children, about twenty thousand of whom are gathered into them in the different parts of the Island.

Readers of the Sheet Anchor! will you not increase your efforts and prayers that the abundance of the sea may render these fruitful islands still more hallowed unto God?

Philadelphia.

Our new agent in Philadelphia, Mr. JOHN HEWSON, is commended to the friends of seamen there. He writes us, under date of Nov. 27, that there is a prospect of his obtaining a *thousand* subscribers in that city and vicinity. This opens before us a large field of usefulness, which we shall certainly be grateful to enter.

We have formerly encountered some difficulties in the delivery of the Sheet Anchor in Philadelphia. But our arrangements are now complete; and we are looking forward, with the blessing of God, to a still greater increase of our opportunities for doing good to our long-neglected brethren of the ocean.

"Stories of the Sea."

By reference to our first and last pages, it will be seen that we have lately been permitted to prepare the first of a series of works on the ocean, which we are designing to give the public. We invite the attention of our readers to the extracts and engravings taken from "Old Slade."

The design of these works is not only entertaining, but benevolent. We aim to teach, in the form of attractive sea tales, the great principles of Christianity and temperance—without the enjoyment of which no sailor or landsman can be really happy. Chaplains to seamen, keepers of seamen's boarding houses, and the friends of the cause of the sailor, who act as agents for the Sheet Anchor, are invited to aid us in extending the circulation of the "Stories of the Sea."

Orders, directed to this office, will be promptly attended to. The usual discount made to those who purchase in quantities to give away, or to sell again.

Number two of the series will be prepared as soon as possible. It will contain many

deeply interesting incidents, (all founded on fact,) connected with the residence of the narrator among the cannibals of the Pacific. We think we can safely promise that those who buy the book will get the worth of their money.

The Seamen's Cause in New York.

A friend of seamen in New York writes as follows:

MR. EDITOR,

You are aware, (as I perceive you have noticed it in your "Sheet Anchor,") of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Mariner's Church for Seamen; but perhaps you do not know that instead of the little chapel dedicated last February, there is now alongside of that chapel one of the most beautiful churches in the United States—built expressly for seamen. The chapel before spoken of became too small, and early in the spring the present church was commenced, and on Thursday the 31st October, was dedicated to the Lord, for the use of the sailor. Our minister, Rev. J. POISAL, than whom none more devoted can be found, is greatly encouraged; having now two hundred and thirty members upon the church books, whose names he hopes are also registered in the Lamb's Book of Life. Rather more than half of these are seamen, and the others connected with them. The little chapel, alongside the beautiful edifice now in use for seamen, has been converted into a Temperance Hall, under the name of the Seventh Ward Mariner's Temperance Hall, where every Monday evening a public meeting is held, to advance the cause of temperance, and aid in the reformation of the sons of the ocean. We held our first meeting (after having organized and appointed our officers,) a few evenings since, and obtained the names of thirty-eight seamen to the pledge. Mr. McNAMARA is our President, and the Society has taken the name of the "Seamen's Temperance Society," in order to distinguish it from the Marine Temperance Society, still held in the Rosevelt Street Church, and weekly augmenting its numbers—now approaching the vicinity of *eighteen thousand* members.

We intend, by the grace of God, to follow hard after them, and bear a humble part in this glorious work—this fore-runner of the gospel—as it has already proved in numerous instances among those who go down to the sea in ships.

So, my brother, you see seamen are cared for in this port. Although we now have four places of public worship in New York for sailors, in three of which the public ordinances of the sanctuary are administered, still on the 21st ult., another was added on the North River side, under the superintendence of a body of Christians called "Wesleyan Meth-

odists." These brethren have purchased a large ship called the "Henry Leeds."

She is now dedicated as a Floating Chapel, to the worship of Almighty God, for the use of the sailor on that side of our city, where she now lies moored, at the foot of Rector Street.

The new church in Cherry Street can accommodate about fifteen hundred persons, and is somewhat larger than the Roosevelt Street church. It is built in the most approved modern style; and in the words of Rev. E. T. TAYLOR, who preached one of the sermons at its dedication, "is the most beautiful craft of the kind he ever entered."

Its cost is about thirteen thousand dollars, not including land; being built upon lots for which the society pay a ground rent.

I shall take pleasure, if permitted to see you in this city, in giving you an introduction to our worthy pastor, and have no doubt shall have the delightful privilege of hearing the blessed gospel again proclaimed by you to the children of the sea. I sincerely pray, and earnestly desire that the day may speedily come when every Evangelical denomination shall do their duty in this matter, and build a house for the sailor; and when all shall *harmoniously* labor to extend the triumphs of the cross and advance the kingdom of the Redeemer among this class of our fellow men, until the multitude of the sea shall be gathered into the fold of Christ.

Those who are the most zealous in these labors, preaching repentance and faith, whether they be Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Methodists, will be the most honored instruments in gathering converts to Christ. Such will be found among that number who have turned many to righteousness, shining as the stars forever and ever.

A sailor, like a landsman, may be proselyted; and, like him, he makes but a miserable proselyte. There is too much of man's work about them. But let us all be willing to have God do the work, and whatever church militant he may connect himself with, his light will be a burning and a shining one.

Yours, in love,

A FRIEND OF SAILORS.

THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

NAVAL.

NAVAL MOVEMENT.—*Trial of Speed.*—We learn that orders have been issued from the Navy Department, that the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, now lying at Portsmouth, N. H., proceed immediately to Norfolk, there to join the sloop Jamestown. If the sloop-of-war St. Mary's can be fitted out in time, she will join the two vessels named above. The object is to test the sailing qualities of three of the six new sloops, finished within the year. It is to be hoped that the *St. Mary's* will

be ready to take station in this important experiment, as the exalted fame of her builders leaves no doubt that she would easily distance her competitors, and compare advantageously with them in every other respect.

On the above paragraph from a Baltimore paper the editor of the Portsmouth Journal comments in the following true Yankee spirit:

The "fame" of the builders of the "PORTSMOUTH" is no less "exalted" than that of the builders of any craft that rides the ocean, we venture to say. By good judges she is pronounced a good model; and we doubt not that like the beautiful and superb sailer, CONGRESS, and the PREBLE, she will be a "jewel" in the American Navy. Let them have a fair trial—and we think that the boasted St. Mary's will find, at least, a respectable competitor in the "PORTSMOUTH."

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From "The Friend," published at Honolulu:—

A Boat's Crew Lost.—On the 6th Dec. 1843, two boat-steerers and a boat's crew stole a boat from the Levi Starbuck, in the night, near Muriah Island, and started for the main land about 100 miles distant. Soon after they left it commenced blowing a gale, and there can be but little doubt that all were lost. Their names were George Maters, Halifax, N. S.; Augustus H. Bell, New York city; Thomas Higgins, Albany, N. Y.; John Oliver, James Flores, John Williams, Thomas Williams, unknown.

A Horrible Affair.—The following extract of a letter from Lahaina, gives an account of a most horrible occurrence which recently happened at a neighboring island, dated March 22d:

"You will have heard from Capt. Green, of the Ontario, that three men deserted from him last Friday night. To-day two of them returned; they were brought to the U. S. Consulate Agency, and made one of the most horrible statements I ever heard. * * * They, as they say, hired a boat of three natives on Friday eve, and started for Hawaii. There were three in the boat, viz. Walter G. Pike, of New Windsor, Orange co. N. Y.; Robert M'Carty, New York city; and Jacob Von Clief, belonging to Middletown Point, N. J.—the latter a colored man. They pulled all Friday night, Saturday, Sunday, and their nights, and became exhausted, and were unable to pull any longer. On Tuesday, they drifted on the rocks at Lanai, and, having been without food or fresh water the whole time, and having drank salt water, they were in a state of starvation. They were not able to get up the pali (precipice) and agreed to cast lots to see who should die for the benefit of the other two. The lot fell on Von Clief who was killed by blows on his head with a stone—they then cut his arm and throat, and drank his blood—after which, they cut a piece from his right arm and ate it. After they became strengthened, they got up the pali, and met with some natives, who gave them food, and brought them across the island, and to this place in canoes. The natives have been examined, and confirm the statement made by the men. The dead body was found as they described, and buried by them. The Governor will send to Lanai to-morrow for the women they first saw after loading, and for the remains of the boat."

These men were subsequently tried for murder, and acquitted—and subsequently tried for stealing the boat and fined \$80 and costs. Having no means of paying the fine, they were working it out on the public roads.

DEATHS IN HONOLULU.—Miss Sophia R. Marshall, aged 30, June 25th. She was a native of Boston, Mass., and had been a resident of less than three months upon the Sandwich Islands. June 23d, Mr. Elijah Coleman, aged 79 years. He was a native of Brighton or Watertown, Mass. For nearly 40 years he had been a resident upon these islands; and hence was among the very oldest of the foreign residents. At the U. S. Hospital, Honolulu, May 21, William Wells, aged 26. He was a

native of Hatfield, Mass. May 25th, Mr. Nathaniel Burton, aged 44—he was a native of Boston. April 20th, Henry A. Sherwood, a native of New York city. At Punahou, Honolulu, April 27th, Mrs. Emily B. aged 36, wife of Rev. Daniel Dole, principal of the Mission Boarding School. On board ship Ann, of Sag Harbor, March 20th, William E. Rogers. Drowned at Hilo, Hawaii, March 26th, Israel Britton, belonging to W. S. Nantucket.

Loss of Capt. Soule, and a boat's crew, of the Bowditch of Providence.—Arrived at Lahaina, June 2d, ship Bowditch, of Providence, 12 months out, 450 blbls. whale oil, and 4000 lbs. bone. Captain Soule, the former commander, with four seamen, Edward Ford of Providence, Samuel M. Tripp, Henry Brown, and Emeir Albert, were lost on the 10th of May last while fast to a whale—the boat filling and upsetting. At the request of the crew, 1st officer, John Fletcher, who assumed the command, put back for Lahaina. While in that port, the crew refused to proceed to sea with their present officers; but finally with the exception of one man, agreed to go for the remainder of the season. She is to leave as soon as her recruits are completed for the North West.

On board Calumet, of Stonington, Cyrus Kellogg fell from aloft and was drowned, soon after leaving home. John Healey, Thomas Shirley, Benjamin Sullivan, Henry Brown and John Brown, of the same ship, were drowned by lowering for whales off Cape Horn, Feb. 1844. F. Ryder, belonging to the whaleship Barclay, of Nant, fell from aloft and was killed in January, 1844. John Young of S. Helena, fell overboard and was drowned. He belonged to American whaleship Hamilton, of Bridgeport.

Honolulu, July 15.—Ship Samuel Robertson of New Bedford, recently underwent repairs in this harbor—mizzen mast defective and new one obtained. Whaleship Sophie, of Bremen, returned leaky, April 10.

Arrived at Honolulu, May 28, ship Hannibal, Brown, of New London. She returned from her cruise on the N. W. Coast, on account of Capt. Brown's illness. When she put away from the ground, she was in lat. 35, lon. 177.

Ship Ansel Gibbs of Fairhaven, parted her chain at Lahaina, April 13, lost her best anchor, and was driven to sea.

A boat's crew left the South America, at Lahaina on the 2d (no month given, supposed May 2d) and probably went to Molokai.

WRECK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA.—The owners of this vessel at Cleveland, have been informed that her stern is on shore, on a point below the mouth of Grand river, in Canada, opposite Gull Island.

It is supposed that the crew were all lost in the late gale on the Lakes.

DR. W. HASKINS, of Buffalo, in an article relative to the tempest recommends the use of the barometer to nautical men. The barometer he says is a sure index of an approaching storm, and was the subject of remark by those who had them of the approaching storm which lately destroyed so much property in that city.

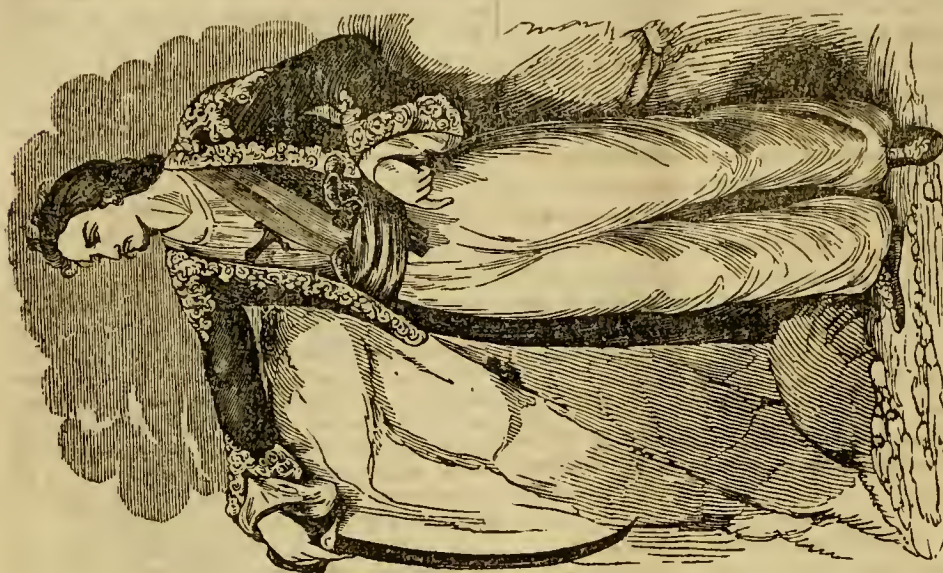
HUMANE SOCIETY.—At a late meeting of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Humane Society, a Gold Medal with the addition of ten dollars was awarded to Mr. Moses B. Power of Hull, and a like sum of ten dollars to each of his associates and fellow townsmen, for their humane and successful efforts in saving the lives of the captain and crew of the brig Tremont, when in imminent peril on the morning of October 7th.

Items from Wilmer & Smith's European Times, Liverpool, Nov. 5, received at the Sheet Anchor office.

We deeply regret to state that a murderous attempt was made at this port upon the life of Captain Woodhouse, of the New York packet-ship "Queen of the West," on the 25th ultimo, about 4 o'clock, P. M.

A fishing boat belonging to the port of Dieppe was wrecked on the night of the 19th ultimo, near Treport. Four of the six persons on board were drowned.

Last week as the steam-boat Waterman was passing Wapping Dock-stairs, she came in collision with a ferry-boat, by which two lives were lost and two persons seriously injured.



NUMBER I.

OLD SLADE;

OR FIFTEEN YEARS ADVENTURES OF

A SAILOR:

Including a Residence among Cannibals on Wallace Islands, and Sketches of other parts of the North and South Pacific Oceans;

EDITED BY C. W. DENISON, EDITOR OF THE "SHEET ANCHOR."

Published by JOHN PUTNAM, 81 Cornhill, Boston.



THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In Boothbay, Capt. JOHN C. POOL, of Eastport, Me., to Miss MARGARET J. KNIGHT.
In South Dennis, Capt. PRENTISS THATCHER to Miss DINAH H. NICHOLSON, of Yarmouth.
In Castine, Me., Capt. WILLIAM W. HATCH to Miss ELIZA JANE DENNETT.
In Burton, Me., Mr. FRANCIS FILES, of Gorham, to Miss HANNAH WATTS, of B.
At Mount Desert, Capt. HENRY MOSES to Miss SALLY R. Goss.



THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink
In sudden perils on its craving brink.
Readers! what portioo yet awaiteth thee,
When God's last tramp shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, Mrs. ELIZABETH STURGIS, aged 76 years, widow of the late Capt. THOS. STURGIS, of Barnstable.
In Lyme, Conn., 26th ult., Captain CHRISTOPHER CHAMPLIN, aged 49 years, for many years master of a New York packet ship, and recently of ship Toronto.
In Woodstock, Conn., on the 11th ult., Capt. WILLARD CHILD, aged 87 years.
In Kirkland, Oneida Co., N. Y., Oct. 12, Capt. JAMES POOT, formerly of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., aged 91.
At Port au Prince, of fever, Mr. GEORGE PITKIN, of New York, first officer of brig Ann, of Boston.
On board schr. Squirrel, on the passage from St. Jago to Boston, Oct. 5, GEORGE WYMAN, of Concord, Mass., aged 22 years.
Lost overboard, from ship Vespasian, on the passage down the Mississippi, 31st Oct., STEPHEN CHASE, of Portland, Me., 2d mate.

GENERAL AGENT.
CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, Boston, Mass.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.
REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.
GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

Savings Banks for Seamen.—*New York.* No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.
Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)
Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.
New Haven. In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

Mariners' Churches.—*New York.* Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 185 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.
Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.
Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Hoffman, over Quincy Market.
Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.
New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.
Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.
Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.
Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor. Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.
Baltimore. Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.
Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.
Cleveland. Rev. William Day.
Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.
Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.
Rockets, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.
Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 225 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 253 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.
Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 13 North Bennet Street.
MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.
Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.
DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.
MRS. STREET, 209 Ann Street.
A. CLARK, 4 North Square.
J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.
Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Dethy Street.
Portland, Me. Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.
Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.
Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 95 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) No. 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertsnn, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

Sailor's Magazine.—The Sailor's Magazine is published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their office, No. 71, Wall Street, New York, and is devoted to the improvement of the social and moral condition of seamen. It is issued monthly; contains thirty-two pages octavo. Price \$1 50, a year, payable in advance.

INFORMATION WANTED

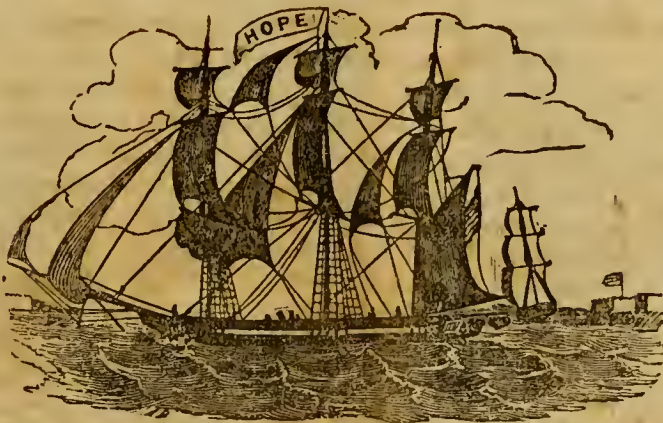
OF JAMES YORK, of Exeter, N. H., 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, by trade a stone cutter; went to sea in a whale ship from New Bedford, in 1820. Address Mrs. MARY YORK, Exeter, N. H.

Also, of JOSEPH LOCK SHAW, of the same place, 32 years of age, light complexion and hair, blue eyes, medium stature, and by trade a currier; went to sea in a whale ship, in December, 1832. Address Mrs. SARAH SHAW, Exeter, N. H.

Also, of JAMES STAR, of Hurlington, Vt., medium stature, dark complexion and black hair, by trade a shoe maker; went a whaling from New Bedford, in 1835. Direct information to Mrs. JANE STAR, Plainfield, Conn.

Also, of PATRICK McMULLEN, a seaman, of Boston, who sailed from this port a year ago last January. Any information respecting him, left at the office of the New England Washingtonian, will be thankfully received.

SHEET



ANCHOR.

"Which hope we have

as an anchor of the soul."

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER.

REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844.

No. 24.

SHEET ANCHOR.

[OFFICE, 39 MERCHANTS ROW.]

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit
the money, shall receive a sixth copy gratis, and the
same proportion for larger numbers.

AGENTS.

SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINS:
KEEPERS OF SAILORS' HOMES. } SEE LAST PAGE.

See list of names on last page.

THE STORY.

"Wonders in the deep."

The Sailor among Savages.

[See Cont on the last page.]

All affairs being settled, in regard to the management of the plantations, the canoes were refitted and launched, and early in the morning, the king, and all the forces with him, (about 4000 strong,) proceeded to Haano, about three leagues to the North, to join those who, according to orders, were waiting for them. At Haano the king was received with customary feasting and rejoicing, and, on the following day, the gods were consulted in regard to the expedition. The answer given by the priests was, that the king should proceed to Vavaoo with three canoes only, and offer terms of peace, in the most friendly manner. Finow, having by this time had sufficient opportunity to reflect coolly and deliberately, and therefore more wisely, upon this business, entered readily into the measure. Three canoes were got ready, and Finow, with some of the choicest fighting men, of such description as the oracle approved of, went on board. Mr. Mariner was in the king's canoe, and two other Englishmen were on board one of the others, and they proceeded towards Vavaoo. As they approached the shores of this island, they came up with several canoes belonging to it, endeavoring to make their escape; for

they fancied these were only the head canoes of a large fleet, drawing near to make an attack upon Vavaoo. The king, however, informed them that he was not coming with warlike intentions, but that his object was peace, and he was paying them a visit for the sole purpose of adjusting matters amicably; he then dismissed them, and they paddled away immediately for that part of the island where the great fortress was situated. As the expedition passed a point about five miles to the southward of the fort, a number of natives were seen on the beach, painted and dressed after the manner of war, and armed with clubs and spears; they menaced the visitors with every martial gesture, furiously splashing up the water with their clubs, and shouting the war-whoop loudly and repeatedly. When they had proceeded a little farther, there came up to them a canoe from the garrison, with a warrior, who wore a turban on his head; he demanded the object of this visit, and said he was ready to fight. Finow, in answer, told him the purpose of his coming, which was to make a peace; and, whatever his enemies might think of him, that was the object which was nearest his heart. No sooner did the Vavaoo warrior hear this unexpected declaration, than he pulled off his turban, and, taking a piece of cava root, went on board Finow's canoe, and, having presented the cava to the king, he kissed his feet as a mark of respect. The king then dismissed him, desiring him to relate to his chiefs the object of his coming, and that he should, the same evening, if they would permit him, pass on to Neafoo, to leave cava there, and the following morning proceed to the fortress to adjust terms of peace.

As soon as the warrior departed with his message, Finow directed his course up an inlet to Neafoo, where he arrived, and landed without any opposition; and, having left cava with the usual ceremony, he returned on board, and passed the night in another branch of the inlet leading up to the fortress; towards which, early the following morning, he proceeded with the three canoes. At first, he intended to land in person, and ascend

the hill to address the garrison; but from this he was dissuaded by his chiefs; he then determined to go near to the shore in a small canoe which they had in tow, and be led along the shelf by his matabooles, wading through the water, which was scarcely three feet deep. To this, also, his friends objected, being apprehensive that, if he left the large canoe in the way he proposed, and approached too near the beach, his temper might be so worked into a rage by the insults of the natives, as to induce him to rush on shore, and run the risk of being killed; but Finow replied, by way of apology for not yielding to their advice, that it was the part of a brave man to keep himself perfectly cool and collected when insulted, and that he was resolved to act up to this character. Matters being thus arranged, he went into the small canoe, and was led along by the matabooles.

The fortress, on the top of a steep, rising ground, as seen from the canoes, presented a most formidable and warlike appearance; its extent seemed enormous, and the tops of the white reeds, which were seen at a distance above the banks of red clay, the whole being strongly illuminated by the sun, represented to the imagination of Mr. Mariner the spears and javelins of ancient heroes, drawn up in battle array. On the top of the banks, a number of warriors, armed with clubs and spears, were running to and fro, with fine light streamers, full thirteen feet long, attached to their heads and arms, which, floating in the wind, produced a most romantic effect.

The king and his matabooles being now returned to their canoe, the expedition proceeded out of the inlet, and arrived shortly at a small island, on which they landed, and stripped it of almost all its cava root. It is here proper to mention, that all the islands adjacent to Vavaoo were deserted by order of Toe Oomoo, that the people might be more safely situated in or near the fortress, in case of an invasion. The three canoes afterwards proceeded a little farther onward, and put in for the night at a small island called Hoonga, about two miles from Vavaoo. The next

morning, they resumed their voyage, and arrived at Haano, the nearest of the Iapai Islands, in the afternoon.

THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

Rum and Rioting.

A late number of the Boston Mercantile Journal contained an account of a serious riot at the Sandwich Islands.

The following note will give a painful illustration of the affair. Rum and riot often go together, in other places beside the islands of the sea.

The French Government, through Capt. La Place, in 1839, compelled the King of the Sandwich Islands to sign a treaty admitting all French manufactures, especially wines and brandy, to the market of the Sandwich Islands. To that treaty the French Government still holds the King of the Islands, notwithstanding all his remonstrances through his Commissioners recently sent to France.

The French Consul at the Islands holds the government bound to give licenses or allow the sale of liquors; and this is the only reason why any licenses have been granted. There was a perfect prohibition on the sale of all ardent spirits, and consequently perfect peace at Lahaina, until the date of the above treaty.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Alas, the Poor Sailor!

A seaman by the name of HAND, arrived at New London recently, in a vessel from the eastward; and from some cause or other, being adrift and without money, sought assistance from some of the citizens. He was addicted to intemperance, and acknowledged that he had recently been on a "spree," from which it was evident he had but partially recovered. He stopped at one of the numerous boarding houses here, and was soon attacked with the delirium tremens, of which horrid malady he expired. His remains were carried to the grave by *three persons*, and he was decently and respectably interred in the city burying ground.

His native State was supposed to be Pennsylvania, and he was of German descent.

The New Yorkers Coming!

The "Organ," of New York, gives the following pleasing news:

A few weeks since a meeting was called at the Emery Institute, Cherry Street, next to the Mariners' M. E. Church, to organize a *Seaman's Temperance Society*. Mr. Peter McNamara was called to the chair, and Capt. Rowland Gelston and Joseph T. Bates were appointed Secretaries. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. John Poisal.

Capt. Gelston submitted a Constitution, which, after having been discussed by Rev. Mr. Poisal, Rev. Mr. Whittlesey, Capt. Adams, Capt. Griffith, Capt. Brower, Messrs. White, Bates and Oliver, was adopted with some trifling amendments. The following is a copy of the pledge:

We, the undersigned, solemnly pledge ourselves that we will neither make, buy, sell, nor use, as a beverage, any Spiritous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

After adopting the Constitution, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Peter McNamara; Vice Presidents, Capt. Wardle, John Parsons, Capt. Griffith, Capt. James Hart, J. B. Dickinson, Capt. Joseph Adams, Daniel Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. John Poisal; Recording Secretary, Capt. Rowland Gelston; Treasurer, John Braisted; Executive Committee, J. T. Bates, T. M. Minturn, J. H. Havens, Edwin C. Russell, Wm. White, George W. Felt, Jr., John Dunshee, Benjamin Snyder; Capt. Samuel Loveland, Peter Errickson, A. Morehouse, Geo. Sanders, Philip Reeves, Capt. Chester.

After being fully organized, it was agreed to get up a handsome Certificate of Membership, and to print the Constitution and Pledge; when \$43,78 were subscribed to defray the expense.

The Shipwrights and Calkers Society has discontinued its meetings, and the members will co-operate with the Seamen's Temperance Society. Its principal support will be derived from the Mariner's M. E. Church, and we feel assured, from the spirit manifested at the first meeting, that this society will be productive of great good.

Sea and Land Snakes.

A writer in the Maryland Temperance Herald gives a description of an animal which he calls a "Land Snake." We wonder if any of the readers of the Sheet Anchor ever met with the creature?

There have been a great many stories told about the Sea-serpent, and when he has been seen; and every once and awhile some new wonderment, or strange story is got up about his re-appearance, and the many new shapes and the strange doings which he exhibited; but with all the Yankee watchfulness, skill, and ingenuity, they have never so clearly ascertained his whereabouts, as to be able to fasten a harpoon in him, or tow him on shore. Now as there is but little prospect of our ever getting a fair view of this Sea-serpent, or more satisfactory accounts than those which we have already had, from time to time, in the daily papers, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to your readers to give you a short account of a kind of Land Snake, that may be found coiled up in all our large taverns or hotels, and in most all of our victual and oyster houses, and most certainly in all retail liquor shops. His first appearance

is so small, that he cannot only creep into a stone jug or bottle, but is frequently invisible when there, unless with the aid of glasses—and it is only when through their medium he is drawn out, that his full length is discernible. His most favorite lurking places are in casks and kegs, in baskets of champagne, and old bottled Madeira; and he is always found in that part of the house called the bar-room or place of refreshment, and he never leaves these, his favorite retreats, without fixing his lodgment in some human body, where the effects of his poisonous sting or bite is soon discernible in the languor and heaviness of the eye, and its bloodshot appearance, and the swelling of the eye-lids; the flushed cheek, and the rubicund and purpled appearance of the nose. As the poison strikes deeper, it is accompanied by a tottering gate; the ankle and knee joints refusing to do their duty—incoherent and half finished sentences, with mutterings and curses, attended with a demoniacal or savage look in some—with a silly, good humored, mellowness of the eye in others; mixed with an enlargement of all the imaginative powers—so that under the influence of the strong delusions of this Land Snake's bite, it not unfrequently happens that you hear one proclaiming his great strength; and while scarcely able to stand, swears he can whip any half a dozen that will come on. Another who cannot regulate his knee and ankle joints, knows all about regulating the government—and without a cent in his pocket, proclaims himself as rich as Cæsar, and knows more about the finances of the country than any banker in it. Neighbors who continue to resort to these hotels, taverns, oyster houses, and retail liquor stores, look out for these Land Snakes. One thing is not, however, to be slightly passed over, and that is, that ill health, loss of appetite, deformity of visage, and shabbiness of appearance, with destruction of all physical and mental powers, which are the sure and certain consequences of tampering with the drinks that contain these snakes, making true the declaration of the wisest of men, "*that at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*"

The Drunkard's "Hell Gate."

From Dr. Payson's Address to Seamen.

If you examine your chart, you will find put down, not far from the latitude in which you now are, a most dangerous rock, called the Rock of Intemperance, or Drunkard's Rock. This rock, on which there is a high beacon, is almost white with the bones of poor sailors who have been cast away upon it. You must be careful to give this rock a good berth, for there is a very strong current setting towards it. If you once get into that current, you will find it very difficult getting

out again; and will be almost sure to strike and go to pieces. You will often find a parcel of wreckers round this rock, who will try to persuade you that it is not so dangerous, and that there is no current. But take care how you believe them. Their only object is plunder.

Not far from this terrible rock, you will find marked a whirlpool, almost equally dangerous, called, the Whirlpool of Bad Company. Indeed, this Whirlpool often throws vessels upon Drunkard's Rock, as it hurries them round. It lies just outside the Gulf of Perdition; and every thing which it swallows up, is thrown into that Gulf. It is surrounded by several little eddies, which often draw mariners into it, before they know where they are. Keep a good look out then for these eddies, and steer wide of this whirlpool; for it has swallowed up more sailors than ever the sea did. In fact, it is a complete Hell Gate.

THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

From the Sailor's Magazine for Dec.

Sailor's Home, New York.

Frequent inquiries as to the present and prospective influence of this establishment, induce us to lay before our readers the following communications. They are valuable testimonials, coming as they do from gentlemen of at least three religious denominations, and who in their respective positions have had the best opportunity of forming correct opinions on the matters of which they testify. Capt. Proal has been many years in the mercantile, and Lieutenant Bartlett twelve years in the naval service; while one of the ministers has preached the gospel to seamen more than twenty years. Eight other gentlemen whose names will be given under the head of pecuniary acknowledgments, have expressed their sense of the importance and value of the Sailor's Home, by a donation of One Hundred Dollars each. Will not others follow their example, till this establishment shall be relieved from embarrassment occasioned by relieving the wants and mitigating the woes of shipwrecked, destitute and deserving seamen; and not only so, but be able to extend a discriminating and generous hand to every sailor who may need the kind aid of the good Samaritan. More than six hundred such persons were aided more or less within the year ending May 1, 1844. Their number will necessarily decrease as they become temperate and provident. Already, improvement in this, as well as in other respects, is most manifest. Yet much, very much, is to be done for the bodies and souls of these men, before our obligations to them are all

cancelled; before they shall have been rescued from the snares of the fowler, and have become to the moral world, what they now are to the commercial—"a magnificent agency for the good."

New York, Oct. 10, 1844.

E. RICHARDSON, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have personally known so many destitute, shipwrecked seamen, who have been received, fed and clothed, at the Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, New York, and sent to sea with good impressions, and grateful hearts, for the kind treatment they have there received, which on the part of the Institution exemplifies the gospel charity,—“I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me,”—that I must cordially recommend the Institution to the munificence of the merciful. Respectfully,

B. C. C. PARKER,

Minister of the Floating Ch. of our Saviour,
for Seamen in the Port of New York.

New York, Oct. 16, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—Experience has taught me the fact that well regulated homes and Temperance Boarding Houses for Seamen, are indispensable to their moral improvement. No general impression can be made, nothing can be effectually done for their benefit without such institutions. The Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, is regarded, and must be regarded, by all who are acquainted with its influence, as a mighty engine in the great work of reforming seamen. The relief it affords to shipwrecked and unfortunate seamen is an additional recommendation, and it is justly entitled to a liberal support.

HENRY CHASE,

Minister of Mariner's Church, N. Y.

New York, Oct. 21, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I have boarded at the Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street, for several weeks, and have been astonished and delighted with all its arrangements. The benefits it confers on the sailor, physically, intellectually, and spiritually, are inestimable. The benevolent feature in it, by which it relieves the bodily necessities of the shipwrecked and outcast seamen, I consider one of its chief recommendations; for it convinces the sailor that its founders care for his soul, by proving that they care for his body. I do not think that I am speaking extravagantly, when I say that this and like institutions are the greatest moral engines now in operation for the conversion of the world.

L. GROSVENOR,

Seaman's Preacher at Savannah.

New York, Oct. 30, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me pleasure to be enabled to give my feeble testimony in favor of the advantages resulting to seamen from that excellent institution, the Sailor's Home. During many years experience, I never remember receiving an entire crew on board my ship the day of sailing, until I received them from this Home, which I conceive to be vastly important to the Ship owners, Insurers, and Captains, independent of the evidence it exhibits to the world of an important improvement in the moral character of seamen.

It is a fact, notorious to all conversant with Seamen's Boarding Houses, that every effort of opposition has been resorted to by landlords, to injure the popularity of the Home; and when they have proved ineffectual, many landlords have resorted to the expedient of adopting the sign of the Sailor's Home, sail under a false flag, or discard liquor, and set up a temperance boarding house. If these are facts, and I think they can be easily substantiated, these alone I take to be of sufficient importance to establish a strong claim on the benevolence and charitable spirit of our citizens generally, for the support of the Home; especially that portion of them who are even in a remote degree benefitted by seamen. I cannot forbear adding, that it must be manifest even to the casual observer, that seamen are gradually improving under the favorable influences brought to bear upon them, at this and similar institutions, when as well conducted as this Seamen's Home of New York.

Respectfully, AUGUSTUS PROAL.

Nov. 6, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot conceive it possible, that at this day, there is any person in the great city of New York, or scarcely in the United States, in the least connected with our immense commercial Marine, and who takes the slightest interest in the improvement of our hardy seamen, who has not fully investigated the immense advantages they derive from the noble institution over which you so worthily preside. Twelve years passed in the naval service of our country, and recollections of my early associations with seamen show me how great is the contrast in the scene at your Sailor's Home, and those of my early recollections at Sailor's Houses in my native city. Of all the noble charities of our day, so well calculated to improve (what all desire to see) our generous seamen, I know of none which throws around them such holy influences, and lasting impressions as are found concentrated at the Home.

Whenever I have had the pleasure of visiting your house, I have not only been pleased with all I saw there, but have left with feelings of pride, that our noble city can boast of such an institution. Its influences are felt for good over every sea, while thousands of glad hearts have rejoiced over a son redeemed, or a homeless wanderer restored to grateful friends. Through its aid, thousands of seamen this day thank God, and bless the generous founders, that it has been their happy lot to have known and enjoyed the Sailor's Home.

That it will receive the continual support and fostering care of our princely merchants, and benevolent friends of the sailor, I have no doubt. Such are the prayers of

Your friend, and obedient servant,

WASHINGTON A. BARTLETT,

U. S. Navy.

Changes.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

The billows run along in gold
Over the yielding main,
And when upon the shore unrolled,
They gather up again:
They get themselves a different form,
These children of the wind,
And, or in sunlight or in storm,
Leave the green land far behind.

Life's billows on Life's changing sea
Come alway to death's shore,
Some with a calm content, and free,
Some with a hollow roar:
They break and are no longer seen,
Yet still defying time,
Divided, and of different mien,
They roll from clime to clime.

All water-courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth:
Life settles in the grave;—again
The grave hath life and birth;
Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
Grass grows from scattered clay;
And thus from death the spirit must
To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms:
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms;
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the drooping land;
So doth this life exult and wane,
And alter, and expand.

THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

The Good Work among Seamen.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I listened to a sermon at the Bethel, corner of Lewis and Commercial Streets, on Sunday, Dec. 1, 1844. Although a stormy morning, there were collected about two hundred seamen, and several females. God bless them, for giving their presence in such a tempestuous day. But when we remember who was first at the sepulchre and last at the cross of our Saviour, I am not at all surprised. I seldom have witnessed such profound attention in my life, during all the services. Prayers were asked for a captain and crew who were present. They had just been rescued from a watery grave, having been on a wreck forty-eight hours. They were taken off by a Cape Ann vessel. The captain, an old man, offered up the affections of a grateful heart to God, and those who saved him from death. Our text was, "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES;" and we were faithfully admonished to forgive our enemies, as we hope to be forgiven by our heavenly Father; even as our blessed Saviour forgave his, with his dying breath, saying "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Our Saviour's life and character were held up to the sailor as his chart, pilot, and guide through the stormy sea of life; through all our dangers and perils by sea and land; through passions, intemperance, and all the vices that seamen have to try them.

In the afternoon, the storm still continuing, our congregation was larger than the morning. The subject of the discourse was our Saviour's words, "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch." I scarcely ever listened to a better sermon in my life. Such

profound attention I have seldom witnessed. There sat the old captain and his crew. When he heard the preacher ask his hearers with what anxiety he must have watched for the breaking of the morning, and the coming of the vessel that rescued them from a watery grave, many a sun-burnt cheek was wet with tears to hear the preacher. To see the old man's countenance light up with joy, when he knew he was among Christian friends, who were watching and praying for him, was an affecting sight.

You must excuse me, as I am no sermonizer, and my limited education will not admit of my writing an article worth your notice; but for the sake of the poor sailor, whose special interest I love, I am induced to throw these few broken thoughts together.

Mr. Printer, our Bethel is supported by charity. A few have borne the burden. The Lord has blessed the preaching at this Bethel, and many a sailor has been made to rejoice that he ever entered there. Many a mother and wife have been heard to exclaim, "*This my son—my husband—was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again.*" Over 2600 have signed the temperance pledge at this place. Many a wife and child have offered up thanksgiving to God, this year, that could not do it last year, for a husband and father have been given to them this year, who were lost to them and society the past one. They now sit at their own table, clothed, and in their right mind.

Sir,—We want the aid of our merchants and captains. All the friends of the sailor should give us their help, for we need it. Our little chapel is crowded every pleasant Sabbath; and our object is to procure a larger place of worship. But I must close, hoping that God will verify his promise, and that soon the abundance of the sea will be converted unto him.

PATRIARCH.

*Boston, Sunday Evening, }
Dec. 1, 1844. }*

Kneel, There is no Hope left.

BY D'ARLINCOURT.

The shipwreck of the Pegasus, on the coast of Scotland, occurred during fine weather, and on a starry night. The captain of the steamer had determined to steer between some unknown rocks, where no one ever thought of risking a vessel. It was about half past twelve, and the passengers had retired quietly to rest. A terrible shock and fearful cries awoke them; the Pegasus had just struck on a rock, the water poured in on every side with irresistible violence, and the vessel filled rapidly. Men and women rushed, half dressed, on deck. Many jumped into the boats that lay alongside, but one of the boats sank, owing to a movement of the steamer, and the other disappeared in

the yawning gulf of waters in which the Pegasus itself was swallowed. What a scene to describe! A clergyman was standing on deck.

"Kneel," said he to the unfortunates who surrounded him, "there is no hope left in this world; lift your eyes to the next, my brethren! Kneel, and let us die with clasped hands and a prayer on our lips!"

Each prostrated himself on the instant; no more cries of despair were heard; a mute resignation succeeded to the frenzy of terror. The women, above all, pious victims, awaited death with a calm countenance; one of them held in her arms a newly born infant, and this infant unconscious of the approaching catastrophe and of its horrors, played with its mother's fair hair and smiled tenderly on her. What a contrast and what a picture! The frightful gulf and the bright sky, the sweet smile of the child and the terrified glance of the mother. The clergyman extended his hands over his fellow sufferers.

"Christians," resumed he, with a voice solemn as the grave, "behold the hour of eternity. May your sins be forgiven! I bless you." And as he spoke, clergyman, sailors, passengers, all disappeared in the midst of the abyss.

Fifty-five persons were on board the steamer, and of these fifty-three perished. Two sailors alone miraculously escaped, and it was by one of these, an eye-witness of the disastrous scene, that the details were related.

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A friend of seamen has presented us with a small volume of Tracts, bearing marks of having been often read. One of the tracts is the justly celebrated address of Dr. PAYSON, before the Portland Bible Society.

We give a short extract for the benefit of our readers.

### The Sailor's Best Chart.

I might proceed to describe the remainder of your course, but it is needless; for you will find it all in your chart, the Bible. With this chart, the Society which invited you here, this evening, are ready to furnish every destitute seaman; and they do it on purpose that your voyage may be prosperous and its termination happy. And now, shipmates, let me ask you one question more. Should a ship's crew, bound on a long and dangerous voyage, refuse to provide themselves with either quadrant, chart, or compass; or, being furnished by their owner with these articles, should stow them away in the hold, and never use them; never mind their helm, keep no look out, pay no regard to their pilot's directions, but spend their time in drinking and carousing; have you any doubt that they would be lost before their voyage was over? And when you heard that they were lost, would you not say, It is just as I expected; but they have no one



to blame except themselves? Just so, my dear shipmates, if you refuse to receive the Bible, the book which your Maker and Owner has given, to assist in shaping your course; or if you lay this book aside in your chests, and never study it; or if you study it, and do not shape your course by it, nor pay any regard to the directions of Jesus Christ, your commander and pilot; but make it your only object, to live an easy, careless, merry life; be assured that you will make shipwreck of your souls, and founder in that gulf which has no bottom; and while you feel that you are lost, lost, lost forever, you will also feel that you have no one to blame for it but yourselves. You cannot blame God, your Creator and Owner; for he has kindly given you his only Son, to be your pilot, and his book to be your chart. You cannot blame your fellow creatures, for, by the hands of this Society, they now offer you this book, "without money and without price."

## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

In the "Sunday School Teacher," (the best publication of the kind with which we are acquainted,) is a story of a wandering sailor boy, whose mother constantly remembered him in her prayers. The gracious answer to her supplications was the conversion of her son and husband in a foreign land, under circumstances of thrilling interest.

## The Mother and her Sailor Boy.

The mother's boy was wandering she knew not where; but God's providence was following him, and leading him to salvation. He had embarked in a vessel, and, after a long voyage, arrived in Charleston, South Carolina. Here he remained destitute and despondent several weeks; but, at the moment of his extremity, his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbor from Havre, France. The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to the arms of his parent, confessing his misconduct with tears. The juvenile romance of adventure had died in his bosom, but the tender remembrance of his home still lived, melting his young heart, and disposing him to return to its deserted altar, and mingle there his tears with those of a mother's anxiety and love.

The vessel sailed for Havana. It arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in the city. In a few days the poor boy, predisposed perhaps by his grief, was attacked by the dreadful malady. And now revived, in overpowering force, the recollections of his early religious instructions. The confused reveries of a fevered brain could not dispel them. The atonement, the duty of repentance and faith, the terrors of death, judgment, and

hell, were ever present to his mind. Ah, even in this extremity, the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven.

One day, when all hope of his recovery had gone, the father—a man of strong feelings—entered with a broken spirit the chamber. The dying boy, with his tears dropping upon his pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother: "*My mother, my dear mother, oh that she were here to pray for me as she used to.*"

The father bent over him, unable, for a time, to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Claspings his trembling hands, and casting a look of appalling earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed, "Father, I am dying with my sins upon me. I shall be lost in my present state. Send, O send for some one to pray for me."

"My child," replied the father, trembling with emotion, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you."

"O what shall I do, then, father," exclaimed the son.

"Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future.

"I do," responded the boy; "but I need the help of others. O can you not, will you not, pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life, but his heart melted over his child; he felt, as by consciousness, the necessity and truth of religion; he felt that none but God could meet this terrible emergency of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bed-side of his son; his spirit was broken, his tears flowed like rain, and with agony he called upon God to save himself and his child. The family and servants of the house were amazed, but he prayed on; and before he rose from his knees, his child's prayers were heard, if not his own. The suffering boy found the peace of God which passeth all understanding. He died, trusting in his Saviour, and full of tranquil hope.

Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself. He was deeply convicted of sin, and before long found peace in believing.

He returned to B——, his child a corpse, but himself a new man—the one in heaven and the other on his way. He brought to his wife the first news she had received of her missing son. She wept, but with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow; acknowledging that in afflicting her God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. Providence had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation.

Captain L. lived several years after this incident, a devoted Christian, and died praising God aloud for his mercy to him at Cuba.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## Father Matthew on Shipboard.

Extract from a Letter written to his sister, by a seaman on board U. S. Ship Cumberland," dated June 3, 1814.

DEAR SISTER,—You will please receive my warmest thanks for the books and papers you sent. Your truly sisterly advice shall not be forgotten. Enclosed you will find the Pledge you sent me, with my name affixed. So long as you keep that, I will preserve my pledge inviolate.

With regard to my being the "Father Matthew" of temperance on board this ship, you are a long way astern; for we already have our society here. It was formed in Boston Harbor. Since that time, out of the crew of 450 men, nearly 300 have signed the Pledge. I will not say they have all kept it, but it has been the means of much good. "Take us all in all," we are about as decent a set of tars as ever sailed. We have our temperance meetings the last Saturday of every month regularly. Don't think your land lubbers are going to have all the honor to yourselves, for Yankee tars are fast enlisting, to fight old King Alcohol. Our battle-cry is Onward! It may seem incredible, but out of 450 men only five draw their spirit rations.

\* This is the noble ship we had the pleasure of holding a temperance meeting on board of, in company with our friend, Mr. A. J. LOCKE, just previous to her sailing for the Mediterranean. Three cheers for the Cumberland!—ED. SHEET ANCHOR.

## THE YOUTH.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

## A Boy's Prayer.

Here is a beautiful instance of childlike confidence in God. Those who please may smile at the idea that this boy's prayer had any connection with the result, but the story is a fine one, as we find it in a speech recently delivered in London, by Rev. J. C. Brown, a young missionary about to sail in the John Williams, for the South Seas.

A boy who had been liberated from a captured slave vessel was landed at Sierra Leone, and placed under the care of a schoolmaster, named Thompson. On one occasion, the boys not being in school, and the door being shut, Mr. T., on passing, heard a murmuring; he listened and discovered that this boy was engaged in prayer. His petitions were to the following effect:—

"My Lord Jesus, me tank thee that wicked man come and catch me; and that good King George's big ship come and catch wicked man's ship, and bring me here, and

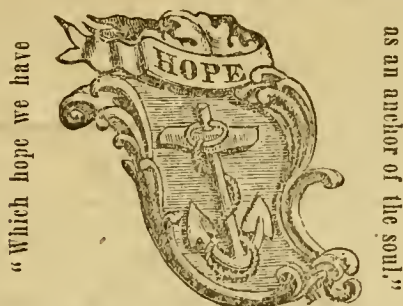


Massa Thompson teach me read, and teach me know thee. Me one very great favor to ask; send more wicked man eatch father and mother, and send King George's big ship, catch wicked man's ship, and bring father and mother here, and Massa Thompson teach them read, and teach them know thee; and we all go to heaven together."

Some might say, what a prayer! The boy told what he wanted, and in the words that his wants suggested. Mr. Thompson then went and spoke to him, and asked him whether he thought Jesus Christ would hear such a prayer. To which he replied that he (Mr. T.) had said Christ would hear all prayer.

In the evening of that day, Mr. Thompson was walking on the beach, and there saw little Tom. On asking him what he was doing, he replied, he had come to see whether Christ had heard his prayer. He continued frequently to visit the beach, and one evening returned dancing and clapping his hands. Mr. Thompson inquired the reason. He replied—"Prayer answered. Father and mother come." And dragging Mr. Thompson to the beach, he pointed out two aged negroes who had just been saved from a slaver by a man-of-war—his own parents. Thus Tom exemplified not only the spirit of real prayer, but showed a waiting spirit, anticipating the reception of the blessing asked.

## SHEET ANCHOR.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1844.

✠ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

### Close of Volume II.

With devout gratitude to our heavenly Father we close the editorial labors of another year. This number completes the second volume of the SHEET ANCHOR.

In reviewing our humble labors since we commenced this paper, we see much for which we have occasion to be thankful to the sailor's God. Amid many discouragements, many errors, we have been cheered by the sweet promise of our Redeemer: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." His gracious smile, whose countenance is the light and glory of heaven, has

ever been with us, since the first number of the SHEET ANCHOR was issued. We have never doubted for a moment its ultimate success. HE, whose we are and whom we serve, delighted when on earth to do good to the sons of the ocean; and we have labored faithfully in their cause, with the confident assurance that HE will not forget them in heaven.

"Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's wo."

The size of our edition has gradually increased, until we now print nearly 6000 copies—the number we expected to reach at the close of the second year. Many of these, however, are *gratuitous*—being distributed to seamen's chaplains, keepers of sailor's homes, and others friendly to the good cause—so that if all our actual subscribers were to pay punctually, the income from the paper would be small. It requires a large number of *PAYING*—please mark the word—*PAYING* subscribers, to meet our necessary expenses at the office. Without these, our laborious endeavors to do good to seamen will be seriously impeded.

There are some hundreds of persons who owe us for the Sheet Anchor from the first number. Their subscriptions just now would materially aid us in our labors of love for their and our brethren of the sea. Friends of seamen! friends of the Sheet Anchor! shall we not hear from you, without any further delay? *Remember, your post-master will remit your subscription, if requested, without any expense to you or us.*

Our agents will please proceed at once to make collections, and forward at our risk.—If any who receive the paper are too poor to pay for it, and will so inform us, they shall have it continued to them for nothing; but we earnestly ask those who are able to pay us *one dollar*, to send it *at once*. You shall have our thanks, friends, with our redoubled exertions to make the Sheet Anchor all that the well-wishers of the seamen's cause can reasonably desire it to be.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—Several choice communications, which came at a late hour, are crowded out of this number. Some of them will appear in our next. Among these is "The Story of a Bethel Flag," by Capt. BOWERS, of Boston, the official account of the presentation of a truly beautiful banner to the Boston Mariner's Total Abstinence Society, and reports of the re-organization of two Seamen's Friends Associations.

Besides these, we have a great variety of excellent selections in store for our readers. We wonder if they have their subscriptions in store for us?

✠ A friend to seamen, to whom we are indebted for several valuable articles, has furnished us the following. We earnestly call to it the attention of our readers.

### The National Grog Tub.

Now is the time for the friends of the sailor to bestir themselves, and make a grand rush for the abolition of the spirit ration in the Navy. Let the mighty avalanche of public sentiment roll in from all quarters of our country to the citadel, and knock loudly at the door of Congress, and plead the cause of the sailor; let petitions be sent from every hamlet, praying that the nation hold no longer the NOTTLE to the sailor's mouth; let those who have signed petitions upon this subject in days that are past, sign again; let them take courage from the prosperity of the past. Congress almost did its duty last winter in relation to the matter, and we have faith to believe that before the fourth of March, 1845, the spirit ration will be stricken from the list. The honor of the nation demands that the grog tub should be numbered among the things that were; the cause of humanity demands it; the cause of temperance demands it; the cause of God demands it. Friends of TEMPERANCE! send immediately respectful petitions upon this subject, "To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives at Washington," and depend upon it your prayers will be heard. Remember that activity and well-directed zeal in any good cause, ensures success. The price of liberty, it is said, is eternal vigilance, and we must strive earnestly for an object if we desire its attainment. As being intimately connected with the subject under discussion, we furnish the following extract from a letter received a day or two since, from the commander of one of our national vessels, now upon the Coast of Africa:

"Now, my dear sir, in regard to the good and great subject in which you are so nobly engaged—temperance among seamen, and all others. I am gratified in being able to say, that a large part of my crew voluntarily stop their ration of grog; but I am sorry to say, that almost all will get drunk when they go on shore. If it was not for the rum-selling land-sharks, the poor sailor would seldom require the aid or pity of the good Samaritan. But so it is; and nothing but a long continual series of faithful, vigorous and unremitting exertions, will put a stop to this monster traffick. May the Washingtonians continue their warfare against this tyrannical enemy, and not confine themselves to the shores of their own country, but carry the war to the shores of Africa against their own countrymen, who are there dealing out immense quantities of this should-be contraband poison. Let them hold this traffick up as an enormity—a twin sister of the slave trade itself.

"In regard to the Navy grog ration, I should rejoice to have Congress do it entirely away, and not only that, but prohibit by regulation, the introduction on board of all liquors, even wine by the officers. Such a regulation, I believe, would soon become popular, and the good example be soon followed by the navies of other countries."

Resolutions of Middlesex (Mass.) Temperance Society.

Resolved, That the moral and physical well being of our national seamen, as well as the welfare and honor of our country, demand that Congress should immediately abolish the spirit ration in our Navy. ✠



## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

### NAVAL.

The U. S. ship Lexington will sail in a few days for Mahon. Letter bags for the Mediterranean squadron will be open at the Naval Lyceum, Navy Yard, up to the day of her sailing.—The following is a list of her officers:

Francis B. Ellison, Commander; Dominick Lynch, Lieutenant; J. J. Abernethy, Surgeon; Thos. B. Nalle, Purser; S. Chase Barney, Acting Master; J. M. Duncan, Robert A. Knapp, Edward T. Tutnall, Passed Midshipmen; J. R. Bleeker, Captain's Clerk; John O'Brien, Surgeon's Steward; Simon Webster, Purser's Steward.

The U. S. schooner Shark was at Callao on the 21st August.

The U. S. frigate Savannah sailed about three weeks previous for the Sandwich Islands.

U. S. store ship Relief, sailed four days previous for Valparaiso.

At Masco, August 4, U. S. ships Brandywine, Com. Parker, from West Coast of America, Dec 1; St. Louis, Capt. Tilton, to sail on a cruise, Sept. 1; brig Perry, Capt. Keith, to sail on a cruise August 15.

U. S. frigate Potomac, Capt. Gwinn, dropped down to Hampton Roads.

Hon. Wm. Crump, of Virginia, U. S. Charge d'Affaires to Chili, and his son Richard Crump, his private Secretary, and Hon. J. H. Bryan, of Ohio, U. S. Charge d'Affaires to Peru, and son, Richard Bryan, his private Secretary, go out as passengers in the Potomac.

U. S. Steam Frigate Missouri.—Capt. Townsend, of the bark Douglass, states that a week previous to his sailing, a S. W. gale destroyed the works they had made to raise the steam frigate Missouri, that the bottom of the vessel had split, and that it was impossible to raise the wreck, or get any thing more from her.

The Ocean Battle Field.—On the 4th of July last, the U. S. frigate Macedonian, under Com. M. C. Perry, at about 3 o'clock, p. m., was on the Equator, 30° E. long., and fired 26 guns in honor of the 26 States of the Union. At ten minutes past 7, she was at the exact spot where the meridian of Greenwich crosses the equator; and on that point, equi-distant from the two poles and intersecting the geographical meridian, 13 guns were fired in honor of the original 13 States.

Lieut. WILKE's Narrative of the Exploring Expedition, will be published in five large volumes, comprising about 2500 pages of letter press; and the price to subscribers will be twenty-five dollars. It is to contain 68 steel engravings, 46 steel vignettes worked among the letter press, and over 300 wood cuts, with an appropriate number of maps.

Captain Newton has been suspended for two years by a court martial, for criminal neglect in the burning of the steam frigate Missouri a year ago.

Loss of an Indiaman and three Lives.—The ship Massasoit, (of Plymouth,) Barry, from Calcutta for this port, came into Massachusetts Bay on Wednesday evening, and soon after, a severe

N. E. gale commenced, accompanied by thick snow, and at 10, p. m. struck on Point Alderton Bar, near Boston Light, one of the points most exposed to a north-east storm. Soon after she struck, three seamen attempted to swim on shore, but two were drowned, and the other reached the shore with great difficulty. Mr. HOLBROOK, of Roxbury, a passenger was also lost.

RESCUE OF INDIANS.—On the 1st of February, 1843, the ship Martha, of Newport, R. I., whaler, while cruising in the neighborhood of the King Mill group, South Pacific, after a westerly gale, in standing in for Simpson's Island, at about 4, p. m., picked up a canoe to which clung five at a time of seven nearly drowned natives. They seemed to expect to be devoured. One of them was nearly exhausted—an old wrinkled man apparently 60. They were out fishing when the gale came on suddenly, and there being too many in the canoe, she swamped.

Whale Fishery of the United States.—The imports of these fisheries into the United States for the year 1843, are thus stated in the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Ships and barks, 193; brigs, 28; schooners, 13; making a total tonnage of 67,593 tons. These vessels brought in 165,744 barrels of sperm oil, 205,861 bbls. whale oil, and 1,908,047 lbs. bone.

The exports of spermaceti and whale oil, and whale bone for the nine months ending the 30th day of June, 1843, was in value, \$1,372,023, and \$243,208, in spermaceti candles. The Hanse Towns and Holland, are our best customers for whale oil, but England takes nearly all the sperm oil exported.

The quantity of fish caught, and smoked, and dried, in the U. States, in 1840, was 773,947 quintals; and of pickled fish, 472,359½ barrels.

The famous slave brig Bolladue, was captured by H. B. M. brig Albatros, on the 10th of August, in the neighborhood of Galenas.

A project is on foot at New Orleans, to build four iron steamers, to run between that port and New York, at an estimated expense of \$100,000 each.

A letter from Salonica says, that piracy is increasing in the Greek Sea. Dead bodies, it is said, are often found, the heads having been cut off by pirates, that they may not be recognized.

Capt. Wm. Crowell, of Yarmouth, master of schr. Blossom, hung himself in his cabin while she lay at Newport, R. I., a few days since.

THE WELLAND CANAL.—This work, says the Canada papers, is now nearly completed, and navigation will be opened in the spring for the passage from Lake to Lake, of all vessels of 26 feet beam and 124 feet in length.

STEAM BOAT EXPLOSION.—A vast proportion of the steam boat explosions on our western rivers may be traced to the intemperance of the engineers and hands on board.

MORE BIG GUNS.—Some large guns for the U. States government, have just been finished at Pittsburg. They weigh five tons.

The Insurance Companies in Wall Street, New York, alone, covered marine losses of the memorable gale of the 6th of October, to the amount of more than a million of dollars.

A captain of a ship said to a sailor who had fallen overboard one morning, "You have had but an indifferent breakfast." "Not so bad," replied the tar, "for I have had a good duck."

Items from WILMER & SMITH'S European Times, received at the Sheet Anchor Office.

NEW QUARANTINE REGULATION.—The Commissioners of Customs have been directed by the Privy Council to release from quarantine, immediately on their arrival, her majesty's ships of war as well as foreign men of war coming from the Mediterranean, provided all persons on board are in good health, and not less than fifteen days have elapsed since touching at a Turkish port in the Mediterranean.

The Hull Advertiser states that the docks of that port are so crowded, that the admission of more vessels is impracticable.

A coal ship of 130 tons burthen, built of iron, fitted with the screw propeller, and worked by an engine of twenty horse power, from New Castle to London, has excited a good deal of attention on the Thames.

An iron ship-building Company has been formed in Glasgow, for the purpose of bringing ships of that material into more general operation. One of the regulations of the new Company is, to insure all vessels built under the inspection of their engineers. The co-operation of several influential men in Liverpool has been secured.

An American seaman was fined £5, at the Liverpool Police Court, or he imprisoned two months, for an assault on another seafaring man, named McDowell.

### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The following have been received at Lloyd's, from the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, dated Oct. 25, 1844.

#### REVOLVING LIGHT ON THE ROCK OF LISBON.

The Portuguese government has given notice, that the light on Capa de Roca, on the rock of Lisbon, has been altered from a fixed to a revolving light, each revolution being completed in two minutes; during the first minute it will present a red light, the greatest intensity of which will continue thirty seconds; and during the second minute it will present a bright light of the greatest brilliancy, and which will also continue thirty seconds.—The light is in lat. 38° 45' N., and lon. 9° 29' W., and being 495 feet above the level of the sea, may be seen, in very clear weather, at the distance of 8 or 9 leagues.

The Danish government has published the following notices: GREAT BELT.

A fixed light has been established on the westernmost point of Zealand, called Reefs Nae, at the northern entrance to the Great Belt. The light stands on a tower, at the height of 70 feet above the level of the sea, and is visible at the distance of three leagues on all bearings excepting those between W. & N., and N. N. W. Sprogø Island light revolves four times in a minute, and will in future appear every night.

#### LITTLE BELT.

The fixed light on the island of Bargoë, has been elevated to the height of 33 feet above the level of the sea, and is now visible in all bearings except that of S. W. by W., where it is concealed by the tower of Bargoë.

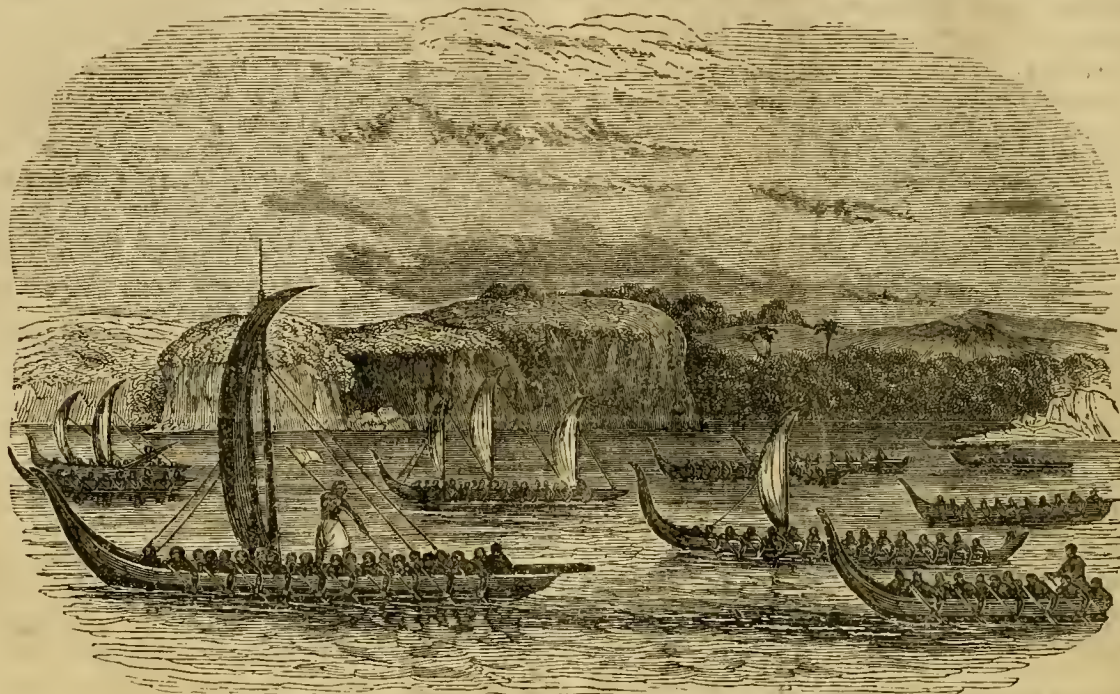
#### LIGHT SHIP OFF FALSTERBO REEF.

The following ordinance was issued by the Royal Navy Board, at Stockholm, on the 18th October last:

The Royal Navy Board hereby makes known, for the information of mariners, that the Light Ship which was placed off Falsterbo Reef, having been driven from her moorings, has been carried into port, and that the season being so far advanced, it is not intended to replace her on the station this year. Notice will be given in the papers at what period next spring the vessel will be replaced off the reef.



## THE SAILOR AMONG SAVAGES.



The grand War Expedition of Finow, in the Hafai Fleet, against Vavaoo. — Page 272.

In "Stories of the Sea" we have exhibited the peculiar dangers and sufferings of seamen, when cast by shipwreck among savages. The above engraving is connected with a story of this description. We take the narrative (see first page,) from a very pleasing nautical book, issued by Mr. PIERCE, Cornhill, Boston, called "The Voice of Adventure."



## THE HOLY KNOT.

The Knot which God has joined together: let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 28th ult., Capt. WM. ELDRED, of Fal-mouth, to Miss PATIENCE G. WITHINGTON.

12th inst. by Rev. R. H. NEALE, Mr. BARKER CROOKER to REBECCA, daughter of the late Capt. VICTOR BLAIR.

In New York, by Rev. J. POISAL, BENOIT M. JEHLEN (previous to his embarkation for Havre,) to MARIETTA A. MUNSON, Supervisor of the Clothing Store of the Mariner's Family Industrial Society of New York.



## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Dorchester, Capt. JOHN BUSSEY, aged 61 years.  
Drowned, from on board ship *Zone*, of Nantucket, on  
Off Shore Ground, April 20, MANUEL VALADO, 3d offi-  
cer. He was knocked overboard by a blanket piece,  
while in the act of cutting in. The steward of the *Z.* a  
colored man, died on board previous to that time.  
At Parimaribo, W. I., Nov. 3d, Capt. MICHAEL A.  
PARSONS, of Gloucester, Ma.

## GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—*New York.* No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

*Portland.* South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

*Boston.* Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

*New Haven.* In the building of the N. Haven Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—*New York.* Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

*Portland.* Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

*Boston.* Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "Boston Bethel Union," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, over Quincy Market.

*Salem.* Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

*New Bedford.* Rev. M. Howe.

*Providence, R. I.* Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

*Newark, N. J.* Rev. Frederick Pilch.

*Philadelphia.* Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev.

O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, be-  
tween Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

*Baltimore.* Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

*Buffalo.* Rev. V. D. Taylor.

*Cleveland.* Rev. William Day.

*Pittsburgh.* Rev. Hugh Kelley.

*Omego.* Rev. F. Pierce.

*Rockets, Va.* Rev. A. Mebane.

*Savannah.* Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

## GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

*Boston.* The Sailor's Home, established by the Bos-  
ton Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99  
Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the pa-  
tronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William  
Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington  
Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St.  
John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels,  
kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., 400 Street, corner of Langdon  
Place. Salisbury, No. 90 Commercial Street.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No.  
51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77 1/2 Commercial Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs.  
Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis,  
Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Sea-  
men's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between  
Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelfston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John  
McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (color-  
ed,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the  
American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P.  
Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93  
South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

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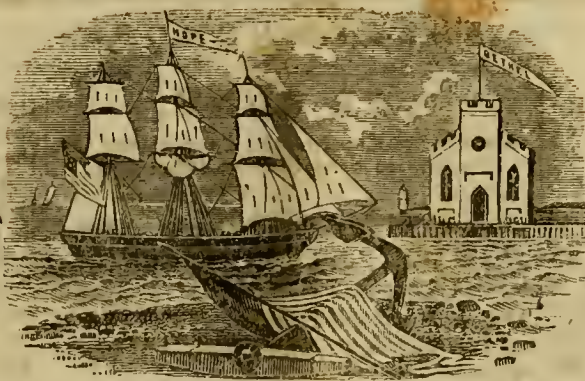
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# Sheet



# Anchor.

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## Sheet Anchor.

OFFICE 39 MERCHANTS ROW.

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

### INCIDENT OF A WHALER.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Perhaps there is no voyage attempted by man, where there is so much danger attending, as whaling. The hardy mariners engaged in this business have not only the elements to contend with, but also the great leviathan of the deep. Many ships cruise in latitudes but little known, and encounter severe gales and suffer many privations which are unknown to those engaged in the merchant service. It was once my lot to be engaged in this business, and an incident occurred during that voyage which may well be worth relating. There are several persons on the Island of Nantucket, who can vouch for its authenticity.

Early one pleasant morning, while cruising near the equator, the man on the main-top-gallant cross-trees, sang out, "there she blows!" which is the usual intelligence to the officers on deck that a whale is in sight.

"Where away?" lustily inquired the mate.

"Three points off the bow, sir. There she blows! looks like a sperm whale, sir," again sung out the man.

The mate had already ascended the rigging as high as the top-mast cross-trees, when he arranged his spy glass, and looked in the direction in which the whale was blowing.

"There she blows—that's a sperm whale," exclaimed the confident mate. "Mr. Emmons," continued he, addressing the second mate, who was on deck, "call the captain."

But this was unnecessary; the captain had already turned out of his berth, and rushed on deck, where he was finishing his toilet.

"Mr. Fisher, what is it? a fin back?" inquired he of the mate.

"No, no, sir, sperm whale—I could see

his hump very distinctly with the glass—but he is gone down now."

"What time is it, steward?" inquired the captain. After ascertaining which, he addressed the second mate, telling him to finish washing off at once, and order the boat-steerers to get their boats in readiness. The captain was all "eager for the fray;" he ascended the rigging, till having reached the fore-top-gallant yard, (the sail being furled,) he seated himself, and inquired of the mate, "how far off the whale was when last seen?"

"About four or five miles."

"Which way was he heading?"

"To leeward, sir, as near as I could judge."

"On deck there!" hailed the captain.

"Halloa, sir."

"Keep her off two points, and square in the yards a bit."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the second mate.

The yards were squared in, and the good ship *Cyrus*, of Nantucket, began to move a little faster through the water. The mate hinted to the captain that probably the ship might run over the whale, and asked him if the foresail should not be hauled down.

Nearly forty-five minutes had now elapsed since the whale disappeared; and every eye strained in looking for him.

"There she blows!" shouted half a dozen voices at once.

"I see him, my lads," said captain Hussey;

"There he is, Mr. Fisher, about a mile off, we will lay down and lower away."

The boats were immediately lowered from the davits into the water, and every man soon in his respective place.

"Use your paddles instead of oars; do you hear the other boats?" exclaimed the captain at the top of his voice.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply.

I belonged to this boat, and had the honor of steering. It was soon perceptible that our boat was the nearest to the whale, the other boats consequently ceased paddling, so as not to frighten the whale, which we were approaching so rapidly.

"Dick," said the captain to me, "don't miss him, for he is an eighty barrel whale."

"Never fear, sir, I replied, taking the head iron (the harpoon,) in my hand, and eyeing the huge whale as he slowly moved through the water, scarcely burying his hump.

We were now almost within dart, when the captain whispered to the men, "seize the oars and pull." In an instant we were alongside.

"Give it to him Dick," roared the captain.

"Bang," went one iron; "bang," went the other.

"Starn all—starn all—starn, you scamps, starn!" cried our elated captain, after having seen the second iron buried to the hitches in the back of the whale.

"Come after me, my boy."

Aye, aye, sir," I replied, going aft, seizing the line which was around the logger-head in the stern of the boat. The captain went forward preparing to use the deadly lance as the two other boats came up with the intention of also fastening. The whale which a few moments before was so quiet, now appeared more like an enraged bullock; his flukes (i. e. tail,) was often high in the air, every joint was cracking, making a sound similar to the snapping of a hundred whips; and then his head would appear several feet out of water, which, together with his formidable jaws and frightful teeth, plainly showed his strength, and what it was in his power to do. The second mate's boat approached the whale, and a young man by the name of Hale was standing up ready to dart the irons, but the whale caught sight of the boat and instantly made for it with his mouth open. Yet Hale was nothing daunted, but he darted the irons, one after the other, and then jumped overboard. It was all that saved him, for the jaws of the whale come down on the very spot where he had stood, and with so much power, that the head of the boat was bitten off. He swam to our boat evidently grateful for having escaped. Mr. Fisher now pulled up.

"Be careful how you go on that whale," exclaimed the captain, much chagrined at the catastrophe which he had just witnessed.

The mate, however, was not allowed to approach his whaleship, for he politely gave the boat a gentle cut with his flukes, which stove the bottom in, and sent the crew some rods from the boat in company with some whaling gear, such as harpoons, lancets, wail-poles, line-tubs, &c.

"By George!" roared captain Hussey, "two boats stoven, and the whale not having received a lance."

"Haul line! haul line! I will now see what we can do. Bow the line, Hale, and sit down upon the thwart," said he to the young man who had been taken into our boat and was standing up by his side. But he disregarded the captain's order, and still remained standing. The captain was in the act of darting a lance, when the whale turned upon us.

"Starn—starn—starn—starn all! Take the harpoon oar, Hale, and starn!" he exclaimed.

As Hale was about obeying this order, the whale rolled under the bow of the boat, and



## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"It is their own fault, sir. If sailors will get drunk, and allow themselves to be taken in, and robbed, they must abide the consequences."

The above was the closing remark of a merchant, in conversation with the writer, last summer, on the subject of doing good to seamen. It is the honest expression of sentiment in relation to a great subject, of a portion of the shipping interests of our land;—how large a portion cannot be determined.

The reason why reference is made to it in this way, is because it came from a professed Christian, and one largely interested in shipping, and presents one form of difficulty in the way of doing good to seamen, namely, the indifference of those who ought to be the warmest friends of the cause. It made a deep impression on my mind at the time, and has led me to think more frequently, than otherwise would have been the case, upon the extent of responsibility that attaches to those who employ seamen, and are getting rich by their toils, exposures, and deprivations.

The solemn declaration of holy writ is, "the sea shall give up the dead which were in it;" and sailors and landsmen shall appear together at the judgment seat of Christ. It is amazing how a Christian, with a Bible in his hand, can be so indifferent to the welfare of eternity-bound spirits. How he can forget, if he is truly a child of God, that much as he may pride himself upon his wealth, his intellect, his refinement, it is the grace of God alone that has made him to differ from the drunken and debased, whether landsmen or sailors.

As the winter set in with its cold, and sleet, and snow, the remark of my friend, the merchant, often occurred to me; and as often I thought of the exposed sailor, and my heart was sad. The wintry gales at length came on, and with unrelenting fury wrought their work of devastation and of death. It was after one of these, of more than usual violence, had in a measure abated, that I walked forth with a friend to note the ravages it had made.

The heavy surges of the ocean were rolling in, and thundering along the beach for miles, in one continued roar. We stood and gazed and wondered and admired, lost in the contemplation of one of nature's grandest exhibitions. As we watched the ever changing evolutions of the restless waves, we descried a dark object sweeping towards the shore. It reached the beach. A sudden movement, and we seized the prize, and bore it, reeking, from the briny wave, far from the returning tide.

It proved to be a vessel's hatch. But who shall tell its story? From whence did it come, and to what vessel did it belong? We looked long and earnestly seaward, but discerned nothing to satisfy our doubts. I thought again upon the remark of my friend, and again my heart was sad.

The following morning, news came that a vessel was ashore. We thought and spoke of our adventure the day previous, and with others resorted to the spot where lay the

striking it at the same time with his jaw, so that by the collision he lost his balance and fell overboard directly under the jaws of the whale! The whale lifted his head out of the water, showing the young man firmly in his mouth, as if in mockery of all our attempts to capture him, and then disappeared with his victim. How long the whale was out of sight, I cannot tell. In a few seconds, however, Hale's hat came up and floated upon the surface, and about a minute after, Hale himself appeared.

"Pull me in, for Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "I have been in the whale's jaw."

We soon had him in the boat; his scalp was hanging by a portion of the skin, at the back of his head. It was replaced and a handkerchief bound round to keep it in the right position. For some minutes he could not speak; but after a time he informed us that he was not injured elsewhere.

"Where's the whale?" inquired the captain.

"Blast the whale!" I almost exclaimed.

"There he is, sir," answered one of the men, pointing it out.

"Well, haul line, we will haul up close to him and then cut, for Hale must be injured more seriously than perhaps we are aware of."

We were accordingly hauled up, when the whale turned flukes and disappeared.

"Cut line, it is folly to hold on any longer," said the captain.

The line was cut, and we were soon alongside the ship. Hale was hoisted up in the boat and carried into the cabin, where he was examined by the captain and myself. On moving a portion of his clothes, several frightful wounds were discovered, one of which, in the lower extremity of his body, was so large that a portion of the intestines were hanging out. There were others also upon his thighs. These were all sewed up, and after being properly bandaged, he was placed in one of the berths. The stoven boats were picked up; others immediately rigged and put in order, while men were sent to the mast heads (with what hearts I will not pretend to say,) to keep a look-out for the whale that had cost us so much trouble.

"Pretty how-do-you-do," said the captain to the mate, who till now had been very busy in making the changes in the boats. "Two boats knocked in pieces—craft of various kinds lost, and what is ten times worse, one of the boat-steerers nearly killed—pretty morning's work, I declare. I want to see that whale once more, if it is only to ask him how he feels with those irons in his back."

Mr. Fisher expressed the same sentiment, adding that he had never witnessed such hard luck. What became of the whale I never learnt. If he was afterwards seen from the mast-head, no one announced the fact. After a few days, the carpenter had repaired the boats, and some of the crew had partially forgotten the occurrence. But not so with poor Hale. He was obliged to remain below some weeks before he was enabled to go in the boat again.

On being asked by some one what his thoughts were in the whale's jaw, he replied, he thought "the whale might make eighty barrels of oil!"

I will merely add, that he is now mate of a whale ship. Mr. Fisher now commands the Napoleon, and Mr. Emmons the Cyrus, both ships belonging to Nantucket. Captain Hussey is in the ship James Maury, of Salem.

stranded bark. A hasty examination of the wreck sufficed to confirm our suspicions, that the hatch belonged to this vessel. She was a perfect wreck—masts, spars, sails and rigging all gone—her stern broken off, and no trace of a human being left behind.

And where was the crew? Gone too,—swept away, for aught that we could tell, by the same desolating wave that stripped the vessel of her adornments and her strength! Their names, what are they? Their ages and condition too; and who their friends, that, ere many days, shall mourn over their uncertain fate? Were they wives, mothers, sisters? But, most of all, were these lost mariners Christians,—prepared for death, judgment, and eternity? As these questions came rushing to my mind, I thought of the remark of my friend, and still again my heart was sad.

How did I know but this ill fated vessel belonged to him; and, if so, had I not the most melancholy proof that, as far as he was concerned, the spiritual condition of the crew had never been cared for, and nothing done to make it any better? What if they were intemperate and vicious—blasphemers of the name of God; surely their end in such a case, must have proved a dreadful one. As to fixing the responsibility, in the present instance, upon the professedly Christian owner, of seeing that there was a Bible on board, (as well as provisions,) and that each man was kindly spoken to on the subject of religion, before leaving port; I shall attempt no such thing. A better way by far is to leave that merchant, and others similarly situated, to take just so much responsibility upon themselves, as in the day of judgment will be found placed to their account.

It is to be hoped that there will be prayer among those who read this article for ship-owners and merchants who fail to meet their religious obligations to seamen.

LAMATIER.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## MASS. TEMPERANCE STANDARD.

MR. EDITOR,—

I am glad to notice the appearance of this weekly journal, and doubt not that the staunch friends of temperance in the goodly city of Boston will have reason to rejoice that so able a paper has sprung into being in our midst. It is edited by DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq., (formerly a sailor,) recently of the Middlesex Washingtonian, under the patronage of those who have long since distinguished themselves as faithful, consistent, and efficient laborers in the blessed cause of temperance. This paper has made its appearance in the right place, at the right time, and with just the right persons at the helm. The obstacles in the way of the temperance reform in this city are multiform; and nothing but a constant firing of temperance truths into the camp of old KING ALCOHOL, will ever bring him to terms. His ranks must be thinned, his soldiers must be induced to desert, his Generals, his Colonels, his Captains, and his Lieutenants must be made to see the true character of the tyrant foe to mankind, in whose service they are enlisted. The cause must progress until the tyrant shall look around for his supporters, and find them among the missing.

We believe that the interest upon the subject of temperance in Boston was never



greater than at the present moment. We do not mean to be understood that there was never a greater excitement upon the subject than at this time; but the truths of the cause have forced themselves into the minds of the people, in spite of their own opinions to the contrary notwithstanding; and most, if not all, who now drink intoxicating liquors, do so against their better judgments, and their own convictions of right; and those who sell the liquid fire, undoubtedly do so, not so much because of a thirst for liquor, as a thirst for gain. Most of those who deal in ardent spirits would do so, if the traffic were ten thousand times more ruinous than it now is, provided they could treasure a little wealth. These dealers in human misery should be made to respect the laws of the community in which they carry on their murderous business, if they have no regard for the laws of their Creator. They are to society, what a rotten branch is to a thrifty tree—a moral excrescence on the body politic. They are like the pestilence that walketh in darkness and destroyeth at the noon-day. They cause thousands to fall beside us, and tens of thousands in our midst. Let the mighty arm of public sentiment bear down upon the traffic. Let all who have been wronged by the traffic in Rum, strike manfully for liberty, and victory will be theirs.

### TEMPERANCE IN THE NAVY.

Mr. Parmenter, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, recently presented a petition from Capt. Samuel L. Breese, and 30 commissioned and warrant officers on board the United States Frigate Cumberland, the flag ship of the Mediterranean squadron, praying the abolition of the spirit portion of the navy rations. It is stated, that out of 450 seamen on board this frigate, 445 have stopped their grog. We are glad to find our naval officers moving in this matter at this time, and doubt not that a large majority of them would gladly see it abolished. How much better would it be for our noble seamen, and how much more creditable to our national government, if Congress would raise Jack's wages six cents a day, instead of pouring money from their treasury into the pockets of the distillers of Rum, and Rum contractors.

### OUR NOBLE TARS.

It is stated, on the authority of Col. Hatch, that on the arrival at port of the whale ship Chas. W. Morgan, after a cruise of between three and four years, the pilot, on boarding her, produced a teetotal pledge, which was immediately signed by every one on board. A noble example, surely, and one which should be followed by every seaman that braves the ocean. The time is not distant when these "hearts of oak" will be redeemed from the curse of intemperance.

### THE RUM OCEAN.

The Kaleidoscope (for an account of which, see editorial columns) contains a graphic description of the Sea of Intemperance. We want all our sailor friends to obtain a copy.

Thirty thousand lives are lost every year on the Rocks, Shoals, and Quicksands of that part of the Ocean of Intemperance which lies within the United States.

It sometimes occurs that an individual after emerging from Destitution Sounds, seeing

the course of the winds and currents, wishes to escape the certain ruin that lays before him. He then makes use of all sail and oars; crosses the Gulf Stream, and hoists a signal for a Cold-water Pilot; this signal being seen by the Look-out at the Light-house, (alias the Bible and Cross,) near the entrance to the Sea of Total Abstinence, a Pilot immediately puts off, and conducts the mariner through the Strait of Repentance, up to the City of Sobriety. The Strait just named, affords the only communication from the Ocean of Intemperance to the Sea of Total Abstinence; and the navigator is perfectly safe, provided there are no Contraband Goods on board, such as Gin, Rum, Brandy, &c.; for if there are, the Pilot will not take charge of the ship, and she will probably miss the entrance to the Strait, and fall so much to leeward, as to get back again into the Gulf Stream, in which case there is little or no hope, and Ruin is almost certain.

## THE HARBOR.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

### LOG BOOK OF A BETHEL FLAG.

By Capt. JOHN F. BOWERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

I first took my station at the mast-head of the brig A—, at Boston, bound to New York and Hamburg. Before sailing, a good supply of charts and sailing directions\* was taken on board to give those who needed, during my voyage to H. The captain held conversation with the crew daily, and two enlisted under my banner. I arrived at H. on the Sabbath, being the day I always keep a look-out at mast head. I was soon visited by one who said I had proved a blessing to him, for as soon as he saw me he knew the Lord had sent me to warn him, and he had sought the Lord and found him. I found here some of the Lord's servants, and one, the zealous and beloved brother ONCKEN, came on board and spoke for my Master to about forty-five, who had assembled to hear the word of eternal life. Here the captain spread his charts and sailing directions freely, in two or three different languages.

From here I took my departure for Stockholm, and there found a dear servant of the Lord—Rev. M. SCOTT, who invited the crew to hear him, and they did during our stay.—I took my station here, but had no visitors. Charts and directions were given, and I took my departure for Alexandria, D. C. On my arrival, I found the people surprised at the good conduct of the crew, and more so when two went down the banks of the Potomac, and were baptized. The captain of the steamboat said he had never seen the like before. The whole crew went up to Washington and back in his boat; and did not spend a cent at his bar. He asked what these things meant?

Having taken a fresh supply of charts, I sailed for Amsterdam. Here I took my station and had some visitors. My stay here was short. Some charts and directions were given away. Returned to New York. During this voyage the crew chose darkness rather than light.

\* Bibles and Tracts.

Again I sailed for Amsterdam. During this voyage nearly all the crew came out on the Lord's side. In A. I held my station, and had more visitors than on the first voyage: consequently more charts were given. Returned home to Boston.

I again took my station at the mast-head of the brig M., bound to Antwerp. The captain had daily conversation with the crew—all being strangers. Only one had a chart. On our arrival, the captain was told it would be of no use here to take my station, for sin and iniquity abounded. Sabbath came. Up I went to the mast-head, and six, besides our own crew came on board. The old man visited the hospital here, and charts and directions eagerly and thankfully received, as they were in their own tongue. I next visited Llanelli, in Wales. Here I was a new comer—having not been seen at the mast before. I lent a hand to rig a new *temperance ship*, just launched. The captain told them she must be called the "Teetotaler," or she would sure run a-shore! A brother was invited on board to speak for me. He first doubted, but recollecting his divine Master taught from a ship, he came, bringing about 400 with him; so our decks and rigging were full, and many sat by the sea side. As the preacher never had spoken on ship-board, he was much surprised to see the church rig, with awnings all over the deck, and offered his services again. I here found plenty in want of the Bread of life.

I next visited Smyrna. Here the captain and crew went ashore. The word of Truth was preached by our beloved missionaries. The captain visited the hospital, and found it well supplied by those dear servants of the Lord, and in good order. My stay here was short. I then visited Constantinople. Here I visited the hospital, and found twelve or thirteen English seamen in the most wretched condition of both soul and body. The room they were crowded in would neither keep out wind, water or snow, as it was in the winter season. They were visited by all these elements; neither had they berths or beds; their table was a piece of board on four sticks, and this held their medicines and candlestick—which was an old bottle, with a piece of candle in the nose; also a pack of old, greasy cards. An old tub half full of sand in the entry served for the cooking place. They had little or no variation in their food, (all being treated alike,) which was boiled liver in the morning, and a small roll of bread; then a piece of beef, cabbage and dirty rice was flung into the pot, and boiled together for dinner. For supper they had another roll of bread and a fried fish, which were cheap at this season. Here were some with broken limbs, rheumatic fever, frozen feet, pulmonary, liver, and other complaints. One young man, who was so sick that he could not eat this food, was nearly starving. He could not keep it in his stomach. The English consul gave a man so much per day for board and lodging. A government doctor visited them once a week, or fortnight. The captain supplied them with charts and directions, which were gratefully received. The crew made provision for the body by a generous donation—sailor fashion. The third visit made by the captain he found the cards had disappeared. He never saw them again. In visiting one day, he found the young man with clean, comfortable clothes,



and asked him where he got them? They were the gift of Rev. Mr. CALHOUN, agent for charts in this part of the world, who had arrived but a day or two before from Smyrna.

The captain made their situation known to their countrymen. One captain was surprised when told of it. When he saw for himself, he said the half was not told. Before we left it was found they were to be removed to a better situation, to the care of a better man. I followed my usual occupation when mast-head, look-out; the captain, meanwhile, giving charts and directions.

I next visited Malta. Here I remained in quarantine all my time—nine days. But the captain gave out a few charts only, and got a supply for the next port. He then sailed for Trapani, Sicily. Here I had a few visitors on the Sabbath. Charts and directions were given freely. From here returned home, having sailed with a crew of all but one drunkards, and came back with all sober, steady men. Four of them are now officers of vessels.

[Here endeth the first chapter.]

### THE INFIDEL IN A GALE.

During a late gale on Lake Erie, the steamer Robert Fulton, among many other vessels, was wrecked. On board that boat, as was related by a passenger, and published in the Religious Herald, was an infidel, with a box of books to distribute at the west. He was loud and clamorous in proclaiming his infidelity, till the gale came on—but then, like the rest, he was silent, and waited with trembling anxiety the uncertain fate of the ship. At length they drew near the shore, and attempted to throw out their anchors, when the whole forward part of the boat broke off, and the waves rushed into the cabin. At once the infidel was on his knees, crying for mercy—his voice could be heard above the raging elements, begging the Lord to forgive his blasphemies, till a heavy sea swept over the deck, and carried him and his books to the bottom.

### THE CARDINAL POINTS.

Thou art, O God! my EAST:—In thee I dawned:  
Within me, ever may the day-spring shine!  
Then, for each night of sorrow I have mourned,  
I'll bless thee, Father, since it proves me thine.

Thou art, O God! my NORTH: my trembling soul  
Like a charmed needle, turns to thee alone;  
The waves of time, and storms of life shall roll  
My trusting spirit homeward to thy throne.

Thou art, O God! my SOUTH:—thy gentle love  
Perennial summer o'er my path has shed,  
And constant verdure from thy warmth above  
With wine and oil, thy grateful child has fed.

Thou art, O God! my WEST:—within thy arms,  
Glad as the setting sun may I decline;  
Baptized from earthly stains and death's alarms,  
Immortal rise in thy new heavens to shine.

### THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of bosy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

### THE DEAD OF THE SEA.

While sitting in my chamber a few evenings since, before a comfortable fire, engaged in reading the last number of the "Sheet Anchor," the verse placed over the list of deaths in the paper struck my mind with peculiar force, and I read it and re-read it, and pondered deeply upon its meaning,—so pregnant with interest to every human soul.

"Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee.  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?"

How true that "Ocean has myriad dead"! Oh! the millions that have gone down amid the coral groves of the ocean to rise no more till the blast of the final trump. Then will the parting waves reveal the "myriad dead," that people the "deep, blue sea." Sad, painfully sad to mind is the fate of him who finds a watery grave. We mourn for those of our friends who must die amid all the comforts of home with weeping friends around to smooth the pillow of death, and administer the consolations of religion, when every necessary thing is done to ease their passage to the grave, and at last are softly laid to rest in some green, sunny spot. We mourn that these must die! But how dreary a death and burial at sea!—The attentions paid the sick on ship board, are of course few; and those few imperfectly performed. No soft hand wipes the clammy death sweat from the pale brow—no prayer is uttered—perhaps a tear is brushed away from the sun-burnt cheek by a rough hand, at the moment of dissolution, and then other duties call the shipmate away till the solemn burial.

"Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear  
His body to the deck they slowly bear;—  
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays;  
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;  
How eloquent, how awful in its power,  
The silent lecture of death's Sabbath hour!—  
One voice the silence breaks—the prayer is said,  
And the last rite man pays to man is paid:—  
The plashing waters mark his resting place,  
And fold him round in one lone, cold embrace;—  
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,  
Then break, to be like him, beheld no more;  
Down, countless fathoms down he sinks to sleep,  
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."

'Tis done: the ship keeps on her course,  
and a thousand stranger keels shall plough the waves above the dead sailor's breast, and not the humblest stone shall mark the place of his repose.

"And millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink."

"Sudden perils"—What words of import! Without note of warning; no time for preparation—a sudden rock in the "mid ocean lone and drear"—the fiery element baffling all attempts to subdue it—the lightning from the angry cloud—the iceberg in the night: to which of these fates was the "President" doomed! Echo answers which?—As was hers so is many a sudden peril.

O sailor! thou tread'st a perilous way; dangers lurk in every path; thou knowest not how suddenly these perils may be thine, and thou must grapple with the "King of terrors." How important then, how momentous, how awful, the question asked in the closing lines of the verse:

"Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?"

Reader! what portion? Sailor! what portion? O what a weighty enquiry! How shall we answer it? Brother sailor! too long neglected and uncared for, may you and I lay this question sincerely at heart, and weigh it well, that our answer may be this: Our portion is "that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." C. D. L.

### KINDNESS OF THE SAILOR.

The Editor of the Nantucket Enquirer gives us the following sensible article on this subject.

Sailors are proverbially generous and kind-hearted to a fault. To relieve a shipmate

from distress, they will part with their last dollar, regardless of their own wants. Instances innumerable have been published, where their kindness of heart has been made manifest, which would confer honor upon the most benovolent philanthropist that ever lived. —They are neither chary of their services or their money, but with a profuseness which always keeps them in the back ground, they "shell out" at the first signal of distress. They do not stop to inquire into particulars, it is enough for them to know that the distress really exists. It seems as though their pursuit exercises a benign influence upon their hearts, and opens the fountains of charity and benevolence. Their freindship is sincere: and their attachment to their shipmates is lasting. They do nothing by halves, and your true sailor is a noble, liberal-hearted fellow. Their's is a life of storms, of hardships, of distress, in its most awful shapes; but after it is over, all is forgotten, and their hearts resume the buoyancy so natural to them.

We have been led to these remarks from having been an eye-witness of the feelings exhibited by some of the crew of the ship Orion, just returned from a whaling voyage, as the steamboat was about to leave on Friday morning last. A portion of the crew were going to leave in the steamer, and their shipmates had come down to take leave of them, perhaps never to meet again. It was really refreshing, and at the same time affecting, to behold the scene. Weather-beaten sailors, with tears standing in their eyes, seizing the hands of those with whom they had weathered many a storm, and experienced the dangers peculiar to whaling, exchanging the "God speed," with a heartiness that testified to its sincerity. They grasped each other's hands, with nervous energy, and shook them with hearty good will. It was not an affected shake, as a mere act of politeness; but it was far superior, it came from the depths of the heart. There was feeling, sincerity, beauty, in the expression of friendship which fell from their lips, and was exhibited in their actions. With deep attention we watched them, and we could feel to sympathise with them. When the steamer left the wharf, those who remained, collected together and watched the receding boat, as though they felt deeply the pangs of separation. If the feeling exhibited by these "Sons of the Ocean" on this occasion, were only of momentary duration, they were none the less beautiful. It showed that they were possessed of hearts not of adamant, but in which the better feelings of poor human nature were not extinct. We have seen more polished friends part with vastly less apparent feeling. Such scenes cannot fail to exercise an ennobling, beautifying effect upon the actors; as it tends to rouse those inner feelings, which make men better and more valuable members of society; whether that society be on ship-board, or in the various walks of life upon the land. No matter how harsh or stern men are, there is in the heart of the most cruel, feelings which need but be aroused, to exercise a benign influence upon their actions, and prevent them from carrying out their evil purposes. It is good for society that it is so, and we would not that it were otherwise.

☞ We shall give something graphic from the Kaleidoscope in the next number. The "Log Book" holds out well this voyage.



## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

## LETTER FROM A SAILOR'S WIFE.

The following brief epistle, from the wife of a mate now at sea, is a pleasing evidence of the usefulness of the Sheet Anchor.

Greenport, L. I., Dec. 27, 1844.

Dear Sir,—Here is my advance for my dear little Sheet Anchor, and one subscriber with it. I wish it was more; but we must be thankful for little as well as for much. You may send both papers to me, or you may send mine as usual, and the other to Mrs. Josiah Beebe, Greenport. I return you my hearty thanks for your kind attention, to send me my Sheet Anchor as regular as you have. I have received them all but one; that is No. 16, which I feel very bad at not receiving. I should be willing to pay double the price if I could obtain the paper. If you have one in your office, will you please to send it to me, and I will pay you for it the first opportunity that I can get.\*

I thought to write you about the cause of the seamen here. The first annual meeting of our society to aid the good work was held last evening, at the Presbyterian Church. There were but few present—from 20 to 30; but all were interested in the cause of the sailor. They have done well for the first year; having 77 members on their list. They have collected 60 dollars, with which they bought six libraries for ships, at 10 dollars each. The books were furnished at half price. They have supplied five ships with a library worth 20 dollars, and now they have one library on hand, and 12 cents. I say, well done, Greenport! We all hope to do better next year.

May the Lord bless the sailor's cause every where; and may the blessing of God rest upon all those that are engaged in the Sheet Anchor.

Yours in the sailor's cause,  
MRS. WILLIAM BURNS.

\* We forward No. 16 with pleasure, and ask no pay. ED.

## THE SAILOR AND HIS BIBLE.

A missionary among seamen in New York thus gives a brief story related to him by a sailor. It is the tale of many a poor son of the ocean. Oh mothers! do not let your dear boy go to sea without a Bible.

After I had retired at night, with the bitter consciousness that it was the last time for years, and possibly forever, that I should sleep under a roof, from which my own folly had driven me, my mother came to my bedside, and with a tremulous voice laid open before me her loving but lacerated heart. She uttered no words of reproach, and spoke of the past, only as furnishing motives for a better improvement of the time to come. Of my future prospects, she spoke cheerfully and with hope, should the reformation so much desired be effected—otherwise she warned me most solemnly of the consequences of continuing in my present state of impenitence and sin. She told me of the snares that would be spread for my feet in my new situation, and depicted in glowing colors the dangers to which the poor sailor is

exposed on shore, from the avarice and wickedness of those who live on his hard-earned wages, and lie in wait at every corner to deceive and destroy him. In the strong accents of maternal love, she bade me beware of companionship with her "whose steps take hold on hell," whose ways lead down to eternal death.

"Among your clothes," she said, in conclusion, "*you will find a Bible*, the parting gift of a mother who loves you, and would gladly shelter you with her life from every evil. Take it, my son, as your chosen friend—the man of your counsel, a lamp to guide safely and surely your inexperienced feet. If you believe, love and obey its blessed precepts, we shall meet in peace again, if not here, yet surely in that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." After praying with me, she withdrew.

From the Hallowell (Me.) Standard.

Among a seafaring population, the most endeared relations are often interrupted, and the tenderest social ties rent by long voyages of years, or by calamity and disease. The following lines exhibit this fact. They can be sung in "Araby's Daughter."

## ADIEU, SON OF THE SEA.

Farewell, farewell to thee, son of the Ocean!  
Farewell to thy bark that so proud passes by;  
I bid not those light bounding waves cease their motion,  
Nor bear thee more slow from my wild gazing eye.  
I feel that this form from the earth is fast fading,  
O then let me breathe the last wish—the adieu;  
May no clouds steal over thy years, darkly shading  
Those rays that make all thy sky now so blue.

E'en now while the west wind doth hasten thee from me,  
And my cheek is deep stained by the lingering tear,—  
O, fondly I breathe, may some kind wind restore thee  
Again to this Isle—yet I shall not be here.  
Long ere thy return, I shall sleep 'neath yon willow,  
This lyre will be mute, and this heart will be cold;  
The wild-flower will blossom above my lone pillow,  
Yet I ask but a tear, when my story is told.

Farewell to thee, sailor! thou hast loved as the brother  
Doth love the fond sister that clings to his side;  
Oh, then let me die, that long ere another  
Bright summer shall come, these tears may be dried.  
JULIA.

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

## THE SAILOR SAVED.

"Come, William, sit down with me on this pile of boards, and spin a yarn as long as your last voyage to the West Indies."

"Ay, ay, sir, I will; but where shall I begin?"

"Begin! begin where yon left God and was lost, and leave off where God found and saved you."

"Well, then, my father was a soldier and a blacksmith. A blacksmith or a hatter he tried to make me; but no, my whole thoughts were bent for the sea, and to sea I must and would go. It is twenty-six years, the 25th of this month, since I made my first voyage. During this time I have been in "deaths oft"

"Well, how did you feel when death stared you in the face?"

"Feel! I didn't feel at all; and yet I did feel—conscious of my sins, and desert of God's judgment, I dared not look up. I waited in sullenness, as a condemned malefactor, for justice to execute its fearful work. But it pleased the Lord to give me a reprieve, blessed be his holy name. Yet I went on in

sin. O! how did I spend a Sunday last March in a port on the island of Porto Rico—dancing, drinking, and blaspheming.

"I think it was in 1829 when I was first awakened to serious thought. I was in New York, hearing seamen relate what God had done for their souls. I then commenced reading the Bible, and praying to God. I also knocked off grog; for I well knew that I could not drink rum and serve God too. Thus I continued during my next voyage. On my return, and on paying the landlady with whom I had boarded, she urged me to drink. I refused, telling her that I drank no liquor; but still she urged till I consented, and with that glass of brandy went all my good resolutions to be a Christian. All I had been trying to do for weeks was undone in a moment. Then I went on in sin again, *with a will*, until last April, when my convictions returned with renewed power. I was at sea. One day I was looking in my chest, and had occasion to open a little box that was stowed there, when I found a little book, entitled "Baxter's Call." My eldest son's Sunday School teacher had given it to my wife; and it having been blessed to the good of her soul, she had put it in my box. And what a treasure it was! That little book was the means of awakening me to a sense of my danger, and of leading me to Christ for pardon and peace."

"And you now hope that you are a Christian?"

"By the grace of God, I am what I am."

"Have you professed Christ before men?"

"I am neither ashamed of him, nor of his cause. I have told my shipmates what he has done for me, and have exhorted them to go to the same precious Saviour. I have secured thirteen names to the temperance pledge, and two more have promised to sign to day. Last Sunday my wife and myself united with the Church, and now, blessed be God, we are a happy family."

"Well, William, go on, and God bless you."

How many a young son of the ocean can adept the following lines! Little do we of the land, youthful friends, think of the far-distant sailor boy. While you are reading the Sheet Anchor at home, or lie

"On life's dreamy pillow,  
Unwakened and warm,"

the lad of the ship is tossed high on the yard arm, or cast headlong into the sea. O, sister! remember that absent sailor-brother.

## TO MY SISTER.

Sister, say, when I am gone,  
A pilgrim o'er the dark blue seas,  
At silent eve or rosy morn,  
Wilt thou ever think of me?

When the vesper bell is ringing,  
"When you bend the pious knee,"  
When your prayers to Heaven singing,  
Wilt thou ever think of me?

When in giddy rounds of pleasure  
You my Sister chance to be;  
When you tread some sportive measure,  
Wilt thou ever think of me?

When the noonday sun is shining,  
And beneath some shady tree,  
From its heat you are reclining,  
Wilt thou ever think of me?

When the sky is dark above thee,  
And the tempests tear the sea,  
Let thy recollections move thee  
To one kindly thought of me.



## Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1845.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

### NEW TESTIMONIALS.

We trust we shall be excused for giving place to the following commendations of the Sheet Anchor. We insert them for the purpose of strengthening the hands of those who are engaged in extending the circulation, and consequently increasing the usefulness of the paper in the cause to which it is wholly devoted.

"SHEET ANCHOR." The third volume of this valuable semi-monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of Seamen, is just commenced. Rev. C. W. DENISON, the untiring friend of the sailor, is the editor. We commend this paper to all interested in this class of our citizens, as worthy of patronage. It has awakened a deep interest for them, where it has circulated, and been the means of accomplishing much good. It is well worth a dollar, which is the price of it for a year. Mr. Jonathan Howe, is the publisher, at 39 Merchants Row, Boston.—*Hingham, Mass. Patriot.*

The SHEET ANCHOR, a periodical published in Boston, and devoted to the interests of seamen, under the editorial charge of Rev. Charles W. Denison, has appeared in a new and beautiful dress. It is the best publication of the kind we were ever acquainted with, and should be in the hands of every sea-faring man.—*Quincy, Mass. Aurora.*

We are much pleased with the improved appearance of the "Sheet Anchor," a semi-monthly publication, edited by C. W. Denison of this city, and devoted to the interests of Seamen. May God prosper the cause.—*Mass. Temperance Standard.*

The SHEET ANCHOR is a very entertaining semi-monthly, for sailors, edited by Rev. Mr. Denison of this city. We commend it to mariners and their families. \$1 per year.—*Zion's Herald.*

### CHEERING LETTER.

We acknowledge and insert the following letter with much pleasure. The writer is known to many friends of seamen in this city. He is a relative of the District Attorney, S. D. PARKER, Esq., and of the Secretary of the Port Society, Mr. CHARLES HENRY PARKER. We hope to hear from him often.—

NEW YORK, 296 East Broadway, }  
January 7, 1845. }

MY DEAR SIR:—I owe you an apology for not sooner answering the kind communications you left for me, as you passed through New York. I have long wished to express to you how highly I appreciate the value of your labors in the SHEET ANCHOR. I consider it a very valuable paper for seamen; one from which not only much interesting information may be gleaned, but in its moral influences calculated to elevate, convince, and through the power of God's Holy Spirit, to convert their souls.—I hope that its circulation may be extensive.

Very truly, and with Christian regard, your friend,  
B. C. C. PARKER,  
Minister of the Floating Church of our Saviour,  
for Seamen, at the foot of Pike Street, East  
River, New York.

With this very kind letter Mr. PARKER sends us an order for two copies of the Sheet Anchor. He will please accept our thanks. Such testimonials inspire us with fresh hope and courage in the sailor's cause.

Mr. P. also forwards the "Spirit of Missions," (from which we shall give an extract and engraving,) and a copy of the third edition of 5000 copies of the Sailor's Manual—with forty original hymns, by Mrs. Parker; Rev. J. W. Brown, of Astoria; Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Hartford, Ct.;

Rev. Cleveland Cox, of the same place; Dr. Cutler, of St. Ann's church, Brooklyn; and Mrs. Capt. Loveland, of brig Moses, of New York.—Also, the *Kaleidoscope*, a re-print, he has ordered for the benefit of sailors, from an English work, with some additions. A short extract from this book appears in the Buoy.

The Sailor's Manual is truly an excellent volume. We wish it was on board every ship in the world. Mr. Parker says, respecting it:

As fast as I obtain the means, I order the book-binder to bind up the Sailor's Manual of Devotion. They cost ten cents per copy. Bishop Polk, of our church, from New Orleans, was at our chapel the last week. He ordered 1000 copies at his own expense, (100 dollars,) for gratuitous distribution in New Orleans.

We shall be happy to supply the Sailor's Manual, and the *Kaleidoscope* to the agents and readers of the Sheet Anchor. They will be found well worth their trifling cost.

### THE WORK OF DISTRIBUTION.

We insert the following letter, as an inducement for benevolent associations and individuals to go and do likewise. Every copy of the Sheet Anchor thus circulated, with God's blessing, cannot fail to do good. It will sow the seed of truth in the public heart, that shall vegetate in due time, and bear a plentiful harvest to the seamen's cause.

ANDOVER, Mass., Dec. 5, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of writing to you in behalf of a Ladies' Temperance Sewing Circle in this place, which will probably collect, during the coming year, a sum equal to about thirty or forty dollars. This sum they wish to appropriate to the distribution of temperance papers, and pamphlets, among sailors, in some of our ports. They wish it so appropriated that they can see for themselves, if possible, the manner of its distribution, and hold a correspondence with those who distribute it, rather than have it thrown into a common fund, where it will be lost to their sight. If you will be so kind as to inform me *where*, and in *what way*, it can thus be disposed of—what papers you will be most likely to distribute—and the individuals who will thus be engaged—and also the manner and time of sending the money of the Society—you will greatly oblige

Yours, truly,

JOHN W. BAILEY.

To Rev. C. W. DENISON.

### GOD BLESS THE LADIES!

The ladies of Hallowell, Me., gave a tea party for the seamen's cause, in that town, on Wednesday evening, 8th inst. The tables, we learn, were furnished with a great variety of articles. Rev. Messrs. ADLAM, COLE, THURSTON, and other warm friends of seamen, took part on the occasion.

Guests from Augusta, Gardiner, and several adjoining towns were present. A handsome sum was raised in aid of the too long neglected mariner. We hope to hear farther from this pleasant interview.

A similar occasion was enjoyed in the Commercial Street Bethel, on Christmas evening. A large collection of friends of the sailor partook of the agreeable cheer provided by several ladies of the North End. Sweet music and good speaking gave a pure zest to the scene. It was one of the happiest Christmas evenings ever spent by the company. About \$60 were raised on the occasion, to be expended in connection

with the Bethel, and to aid the benevolent work of the Mariner's Total Abstinence Society.

Again we say—God bless the ladies!

### A GREAT REFORMATION.

We are informed that the *Columbia*, the flag ship of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, has a crew and officers entirely of temperance men, and the world probably witnesses, for the first time, the extraordinary spectacle of a man-of-war without a spirit room. Think of that! A man-of-war-man refuse his grog!—*Germantown Penn. Telegraph.*

The gentlemanly editor of the *Telegraph* is at fault, for once. It is not the "*COLUMBIA*" but the "*CUMBERLAND*," on board which the noble deed has been done. Several letters from that splendid vessel, showing the progress of the reform, have appeared in the Sheet Anchor.

We can pardon the last part of the above paragraph, for the Editor is only a "land-lubber," and doesn't "know the ropes." "A man-o'-wars-man refuse his grog!" Yes, sir; hundreds of them do it—and thousands more will—if the public but come forward as they should in the cause of the gallant sailor.

### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Rev. Mr. DAMON, seamen's chaplain at Honolulu, under date of August 7, 1844, writes that he had been on a visit to Lahaina Maui, and made arrangements with Rev. JORIN ANDREWS to officiate at that port as seamen's chaplain. He says that a stated chaplain was much needed there, as 3000 to 4000 sailors annually visit Lahaina. A large fleet of whale ships was expected there the past fall—from 150 to 200.

### CASE OF HON. MR. HOAR.

The laws of South Carolina, enacted a few years since, subject any free colored citizen to imprisonment first, and afterwards to slavery, who touches the soil of the State, or enters a port by ship. The Legislature of Massachusetts, two years since, appointed an agent to reside in South Carolina, and investigate the cases of such citizens, and bring them before the Supreme Court of the United States for trial—Hon. Mr. HOAR, one of the most respectable citizens of Massachusetts. He has been removed from South Carolina by the action of the Legislature, has returned to his residence in Concord, and submitted a statement of the facts to the Secretary of this Commonwealth.

The Governor has addressed a special message to the Legislature. No further official steps have been taken on the subject.

Mr. ABBOTT, of Groton, Conn., known in some places as the "Sailor Preacher," has occasioned some remarks in the Boston Christian Reflector and New York Baptist Advocate. Mr. I. RANDALL, Clerk of the Second Baptist Church, in Groton, desires Mr. ABBOTT to report himself to that body.

The public, will, of course, suspend all judgment in the case, until Mr. ABBOTT has an opportunity of being heard.

We have received an address by Capt. E. JONES, of the United States Service, to his shipmates and brother sailors, from which we shall make extracts hereafter.



## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

## NAVAL.

I understand that Thomas Smith, Esq., Chief Clerk of the Navy Department, has resigned his office, for the purpose of resuming the practice of the law, and attending to the prosecution of claims before Congress, procuring contracts, patents, &c., a profession which must certainly prove more lucrative, more desirable, and decidedly more independent than any clerkship under the government. Mr. Smith was one of the oldest clerks in that department; for several years past he has filled the arduous and responsible duties of Chief Clerk, and frequently acted as Secretary ad interim, in all of which capacities he evinced a degree of zeal, efficiency, and general accomplishment, which has won for him the admiration of every administration under which he has served, and the kind feelings of the officers of the navy, and his fellow citizens in general. Dr. Brown, of Virginia, will, in all probability, succeed to the office of Chief Clerk of the Navy Department.—*Correspondence of the Ball. Sun.*

**COMMANDER NEWMAN.** At a late meeting of the United States Naval Lyceum, in New York, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, intelligence has recently reached the U. S. Naval Lyceum, of the death, in peculiarly painful circumstances, of Commander William D. Newman, who had long been one of its most active, prominent, and useful members—be it

Resolved, That the U. S. Naval Lyceum feels it due to the memory and reputation of the deceased, to record its testimony in favor of the high attainments and accomplishments, professional and otherwise, of this esteemed officer, and estimable man—whose long career in the service, which he contributed to exalt and adorn, will be fraught with many interesting recollections to his numerous personal friends and professional associates.

Resolved, That appreciating as we do the excellence of his character, in the endearing ties of domestic and social life, and his keen sensibility to his obligations and duties, the U. S. Naval Lyceum respectfully tenders to his bereaved widow and family the expression of its profound sympathy and regret at their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the above proceedings be published, and that a copy be transmitted to his family by the Corresponding Secretary.

WM. L. HUDSON, Chairman.

T. AUG. M. CRAVEN, Secretary.

**THE SUICIDE OF CAPT. NEWMAN, OF THE U. S. SHIP BAINBRIDGE.** The New York Courier and Enquirer contains a letter from a gentleman on board the Bainbridge, giving an account of the causes which led to this unfortunate event. The writer of the letter says, that on entering the port of Montevideo, a little Buenos Ayres schooner fired a couple of shots at the brig, which the Captain did not see fit to return; that the matter caused "a great deal of talk," which seriously affected Captain Newman's spirits and subsequently his reason. Nothing is said in the letter of any reprimand given by Capt. Vorhees to Capt. Newman. On the contrary, the latter having visited the former on board the Congress, on the 9th of October, is stated to have said, "I was right; all is well." He appeared that night, however, to be laboring under great depression of spirits. About 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 11th, a cry was heard—"the Captain's missing!" He was seen walking the quarter deck snoking a cigar about midnight, and not long afterwards the midshipman of the watch heard a splash in the water. Looking overboard he thought he saw the fin of a shark, and called the quarter-master's attention to it, but it had disappeared. He had no suspicion that it was the Captain, as he had just looked down in the cabin, and saw the Captain's slippers and great coat lying as if he had just turned in. At 3 o'clock, the steward

went to see if he wanted anything, and then it was discovered he was gone. His cap was found under the boat, and at six o'clock, the next morning, his body was brought up from the bottom. He was dressed in his usual clothes, with a heavy overcoat on; he had gone down and put on a pair of boots, and placed his slippers and an old coat on camp stools, to deceive any one who should look down.

He was placid and calm in death, and perfectly natural. He was buried with all the honors of war, on Friday, the 11th of October, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the English burying ground, outside the walls of Montevideo. A large number of foreign officers attended the funeral, and all respect was paid to the remains of one so deeply and universally lamented.

**NAVAL STEAMER MISSOURI.** This ill-fated vessel remains under water at Gibraltar. The contractors have abandoned the idea of raising it.

**FORT AT OSWEGO, N. Y.** During 1844, the officer in charge of this work, [Maj. Turnbull,] being one of great experience in structures of masonry, was directed thoroughly to examine its condition, and to give an estimate, carefully specifying all details. His estimate received in October, 1844, amounts to, \$227,371  
From which should be deducted the appropriation of 1844, 20,000

Leaving to complete the work, \$207,371

The estimate for the service of the ensuing fiscal year is \$50,000.

Mr. Joseph R. Anderson, of Richmond, Va. has entered into an agreement with the Department at Washington, to build an iron revenue cutter at the former city.

A Nantucket whaleman says he never raised his glittering lance, to pierce the "marvellous fish," but he thought of the words of Byron,

"To grease we give our shining blades."

**SHIP BUILDING IN PORTLAND.** The Portland Advertiser says, that during 1844, thirty-five vessels, with an aggregate of at least 10,000 tons, have been built in that District. Of these vessels, two hail from Boston, two from Freeport, three from North Yarmouth, one from New Haven, three from Brunswick, and the remaining twenty-four from Portland.

**THE SLAVE TRADE.** In six months 36 vessels, under the American colors, have been brought into Rio Janeiro.

**N. B.** The first Slaver is yet to be taken by an American vessel!

**Freighting ships are doing good business at the South, and vessels are arriving there from all quarters.** At New Orleans, on the 19th ult., twenty-three square-rigged vessels and ten steamers arrived at the Levee.

**TRAVELLING ON THE RHINE.** In 1843, says the Manheim Journal, the Cologne steamers conveyed, on the line between Strasburg and Dusseldorf, 618,888 passengers, 2,232 carriages, 477 horses, 860 dogs, and 364,295 quintals of merchandize, being an increase on the year 1842 of 51,079 passengers, and 99,091 quintals of merchandize.

We learn, from the Boston Mercantile Journal, that a Lard Oil Factory is talked of at Canton. The Chinese mast fet hog is said to be one of the most oily breeds known, and the animal is just the thing for the lard oil makers. Whalers look out!

**In six months, there have been landed at Rio Janeiro 18,000 slaves!** These slaves were landed from vessels bearing the American flag, 36 in all, with an average cargo of 500 slaves each.

**GREAT VOYAGE.** The Magnolia arrived recently, with 3900 barrels of sperm and whale oil. She has been out 25 months, and brings a clear profit to her owners of 12,000 or 15,000 dollars. Capt. Simmons, and several of her crew, are Vermonters. It takes the Green Mountain Boys to grapple with the leviathan of the deep.

**THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN LIVERPOOL.** The new American Consul, the Hon. Mr. White, was on Friday week presented to the Chamber of Commerce, at the Adelphi Hotel, and afterwards partook of a splendid luncheon with the gentlemen assembled.—*European Times.*

## AGROSTIC.

JOSIAH STURGIS, ever kind and true,  
On terra firma or the ocean blue,  
Sought fame and fortune on the changing sea  
In early life, and passed through each degree;  
Ascending surely, with a steady hand,  
He soon obtained distinction and command.  
Sure, fortune rarely smiled on one more kind,  
Truer of heart, or of a gentler mind.  
Unfold to him a case of want or woe,  
Relief and soothing tries to heal the blow.  
Good as he is—"beloved both far and near,"  
It must be told, he has no lady dear,—  
Such now we wish him, and "a good new year."  
OLD SALT.

## NOTICE TO MARINERS.

The Governor of New South Wales, has proclaimed for the benefit of all vessels, which may be shipwrecked in Torres Straits or vicinity, while attempting to pass through that passage, that stores of bread, fresh water, meat &c., have been placed on Booby Island, for the use of the destitute crews.

Capt. Grainger of the English ship Ann Eliza, has published a statement that he passed over the Prince of Wales Bank, April 27th, and saw the coral and rocks on the bottom, and got soundings in from 7 to 19 fathoms. After leaving the bank, he steered a course S. S. W. for several hours, when he crossed another large bank of a similar character with the above, and irregular soundings of about the same depth. He, therefore, is convinced that there are two banks, each of which goes by the name of Prince of Wales Bank. The first one he passed is in 8° 5' north latitude, and 110° 27' east lon. The other is in lat. 7° 47' north, and 110° 21' east lon.

## DISASTERS AT SEA.

**LOSS OF THE PACKET SHIP DORCHESTER.**—Ship Rochester, which ar. at N. York, Saturday, 4th inst., reports that on the 15th Dec. in lat. 50 12 N., and lon 23 30 W. there being at the time a strong breeze from the N.N.E. and squally weather, he discovered the wreck of a vessel to the southwest and immediately bore up to her relief. She proved to be the ship *Dorchester*, Capt. Caldwell, of and bound to Boston, from Liverpool. She was then in a most deplorable and perilous condition, having six feet of water in the hold, and the sea making a complete breach over her. The *Dorchester* was stuck by a sea while lying in the severe gale of Dec. 12, which carried away her three masts by the board and washed off the second mate and carpenter. Capt. Britton, of the *Rochester*, though the night was dark and dangerously squally, made the noblest efforts to relieve the sufferers, and finally succeeded in taking from the wreck Capt. Caldwell and his son, Mr. Fraine, the chief officer, 15 seamen and 29 steerage passengers. The *Dorchester* was only 2 years old. She was built at Medford, in 1812, was of 360 tons burthen, and belonged to the Boston and Liverpool line of packets. The praiseworthy and persevering efforts of Capt. Britton, his officers and crew are acknowledged in a card by Capt. Caldwell.

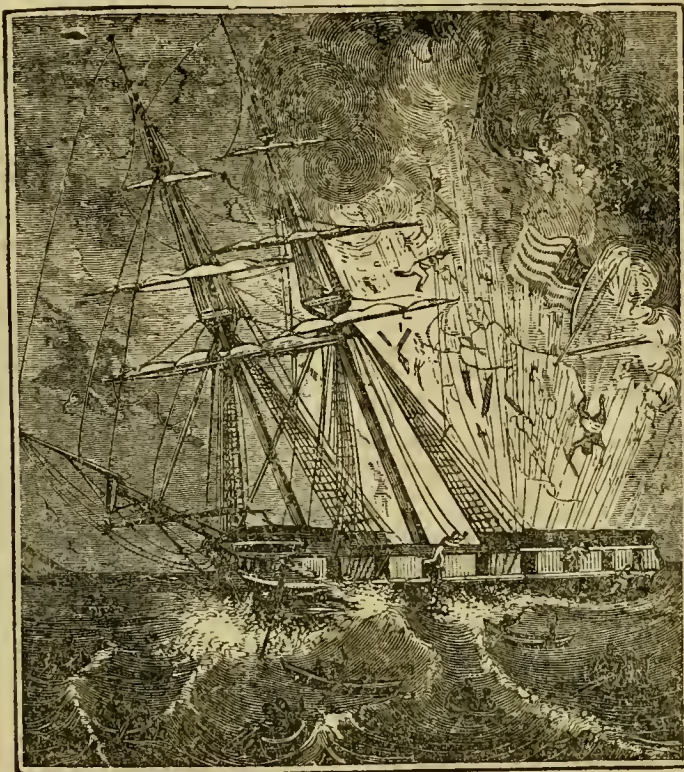
**PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.** We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that Capt. Bedell of brig Cayuga, who arrived at that port on Wednesday, from St. Marks, states that on the 5th inst., in lat. 28 36, lon. 83, fell in with a boat containing four men, whom he took on board. They had been fishing off Havana, and were blown to sea during a heavy gale; had been without a particle of provisions or water for ten days, except a few fish which they had succeeded in catching, and on which they had subsisted during that time. They are all Spaniards, named Jacob Garcia, Rajua Estrella, Juan Terrette, and Marene Antonio Zenona. They were all in a state of great exhaustion. The boat had the words "Giraffe, of Dennis," on her stern.

**SHIPWRECK.** Brig Martha, Parker, from Boston, which vessel arrived at Baltimore week before last, reports having seen on the 21st ult., in lat. 38° 30', lon. 70° 20', the broadside of a steambunt, with her stern knocked off, and no name to be seen.

The above wreck, there is too much reason to fear, is that of the steamboat Mount Pleasant, which left New York at 5 P. M. on the 10th ult., for Philadelphia, and has never since been heard from. The wind when she left was blowing strong from the North, and increased to a violent gale before midnight, in which it is supposed all on board perished.



## PERILS BY EXPLOSION.



The blowing up of the ship Tonquin, at the Mouth of the Columbia River, for the purpose of destroying the Savages, who had taken possession of her, and of whom one hundred were killed.—From "Voice of Adventure," by J. V. PIERCE, Cornhill. We have several times commended this pleasing volume, and feel happy to do so again.



## THE HOLY KNOT.

Let not man put it asunder.

In this city, on Sunday, 5th inst., at the new Bethel Hotel, 3 Lewis Street, by Rev. C. W. DENISON, HENRY M. TAPSCOTT, seaman, to HANNAH M. CARPENTER.

In Beverly, Mass., by Rev. Mr. FLANDERS, Mr. N. W. TOWNIE to Miss SOPHIA A. STRICKLAND, both of B.—By the same, Capt. CHARLES UPTON, of Salem, to Miss ISABELLA E. CAMERON, of B.

In Gloucester, Mass., Mr. J. P. PRESTON to Miss SARAH, daughter of the late Capt. SAMUEL SOMES.



## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Barstable, 30th ult., Capt. HORACE S. CROCKER, aged 31 years, late of ship Oceanus.

Lost overboard, from ship Republic, on the passage from Port au Prince to New York, HENRY WISE, seaman, of Kennebunk.

On board ship Triden of New Bedford, Sept. 3, 1843, RODOLPHUS HOWE, seaman of Barre, Ms.—Oct 25, 1843, WM W MILLER, a German, fell from the fore topsail yard and was instantly killed.

At sea, on board ship Herald, of New Bedford, Mr ELEANER REED.

## GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the New Haven, Ct. Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall. Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton. New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

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Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rocketts, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

## GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

**Boston.** The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 13 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

BETHEL HOTEL, (late Alhambra,) ROGERS & DOANE, No. 3 Lewis Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street.

Capt. Halcorn.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

**Sailor's Magazine.**—The Sailor's Magazine is published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their office, No. 71, Wall Street, New York, and is devoted to the improvement of the social and moral condition of seamen. It is issued monthly; contains thirty-two pages 8vo. Price \$1 50, a year, in advance.

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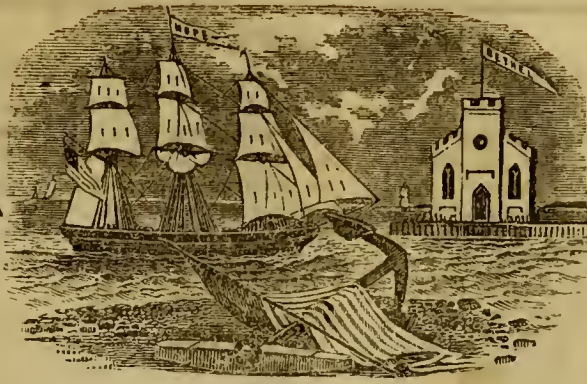
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Vol. 3.

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No. 3.

## Sheet Anchor.

OFFICE 39 MERCHANTS ROW.

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF  
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—  
to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

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## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

## THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

An Authentic Narrative.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful  
village of the West, I embarked in a vessel  
which was crossing one of the great lakes.  
Three other individuals had taken passage,  
and night coming on found us waiting for a  
breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted,  
another passenger came on board. When  
we had cleared the harbor, he entered the  
cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was  
alone; for we had all retired to our berths.  
The lamp was burning dimly on the table,  
but it afforded sufficient light for me to dis-  
cover that he was young. Seating himself  
beside it, he drew a book from his pocket  
and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on  
deck, was heard the voice of the captain ut-  
tering oaths, terrific beyond description.—  
The youth arose, laid his book in the chair,  
and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper en-  
gaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and  
though his soul seemed to burn within him,  
I could gather only an occasional word, or  
part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dy-  
ing heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he  
seemed in an agony of spirit for these swear-  
ers, and could scarcely suppress his voice  
while pleading with God to have mercy on  
them. My soul was stirred within me.—  
There was a sacredness in this place, and I  
was self-condemned, knowing that I also pro-  
fessed the name of Jesus, and had retired,  
with my fellow passengers, to rest, not hav-  
ing spoken of God or committed myself to  
his care.

Early in the morning I was waked by a  
loud voice at the door of the companion-way:

"Here! whose Tracts are these?" followed  
by other voices in threats and imprecations  
against Tract distributors, Bethels, Tempe-  
rance Societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and fear-  
ed they would execute their threats upon him;  
but he calmly said, "Those Tracts, sir, are  
mine. I have but few, as you see, but they  
are very good, and you may take one, if you  
wish. I brought them on board to distribute,  
but you were all too busy last night." The  
sailor smiled, and walked away, making no  
reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the  
captain and mate. When we were seated at  
the table, "Captain," said our young com-  
panion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants,  
if neither you nor the passengers object, I  
would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with  
apparent good will. In a few minutes the  
cook was on deck, and informed the sailors,  
who were instantly in an uproar, and their  
mouths filled with curses. The captain  
attempted to apologise for the profanity of  
his men, saying, "it was perfectly common  
among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young  
stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apolo-  
gised for his men, the captain was puzzled  
for an answer; but after a little hesitation  
replied, "I might as well attempt to sail  
against a head wind as to think of such a  
thing."

"But I meant all, I said," added the young  
man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may  
try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest  
and most profane of the sailors seated him-  
self on the quarter deck to smoke his pipe.  
The young man entered into conversation  
with him, and soon drew from him a history  
of the adventures of his life. From his boy-  
hood he had followed the ocean. He had  
been tossed on the billows in many a tem-  
pest; had visited several missionary stations  
in different parts of the world, and gave his  
testimony to the good effects of missionary  
efforts among the natives of the Sandwich  
Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at  
length boasted that he could do any thing that  
could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and  
will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he  
ought to be believed. I know a sailor who

resolved that he would stop swearing; and  
did so."

"Ah," said the old sailor, "you've anchor-  
ed me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man,  
"and I hope you will anchor all your ship-  
mates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards  
heard on board the vessel. During the day,  
as opportunity presented itself, he convers-  
ed with each sailor singly on the subject  
of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts  
of all.

By this time, I was much interested in the  
young stranger, and determined to know more  
of him. There was nothing prepossessing  
in his appearance; his dress was plain; his  
manners unassuming; but his influence had,  
by the blessing of God, in a few short hours  
totally changed the aspect of our crew. The  
tiger seemed softened to a lamb, and peace  
and quiet had succeeded confusion and blas-  
phemy.

After supper he requested of the captain  
the privilege of attending worship in the  
cabin. His wishes were complied with, and  
soon all on board, except the man at the  
helm, were assembled. The captain brought  
out a Bible, which he said was given him in  
early life by his father, with a request that  
he would never part with it. We listened as  
our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's  
crucifixion and resurrection; and then look-  
ing round upon us, he said, "He is risen—  
yes, Jesus lives, let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that sel-  
dom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of  
prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seem-  
ed hanging over us. After prayer we went  
on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy  
place, a *floating Bethel*. Instead of confu-  
sion and wrath, there was sweet peace and  
solemnity. We ceased just as the setting  
sun was flinging upon us his last cheering  
rays.

"Look yonder!" he exclaimed. "You,  
who have been nursed in the storm and cradled  
in the tempest, look at the setting sun, and  
learn a lesson that will make you happy when  
it shall set to rise no more. As rose that  
sun this morning to afford us light and com-  
fort, so has the Son of God arisen to secure  
salvation to all who accept and love him; and  
as that sun withdraws its beams, and we are  
veiled in darkness for a season, so will the  
Sun of righteousness withdraw his offers of  
mercy from all who continue to neglect  
them. But remember, that season is one  
that never ends—one dark, perpetual night."



The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

In the morning, as soon as we were seated at the breakfast table, the captain invited our friend to ask a blessing. "Therè, gentlemen," said he, "this is the first time I ever made such a request; and never, till this young man came on board, have I been asked for the privilege of holding prayers, though I have a thousand times expected it, both on the ocean and the lake; and have as often, on being disappointed, cursed religion in my heart, and believed that it was all delusion. Now I see the influence of the Bible, and though I make no claims to religion myself, I respect it, for my parents were Christians; and though I have never followed their counsels, I cannot forget them."

After this, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects, for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives; and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to cast at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port, we ascertained that he was a *mechanic*.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward and with much feeling bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers as passengers on board my vessel Sabbath days and week days, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

## OLD BOBBY BOLLIVER.

The Temperance reformation, in the sailor's phraseology, had been for some time, going at the rate of ten knots an hour, in the village of—, a busy little town upon the seaboard, where were plenty of cod and cunners, and very little cash. The tavern keeper had hauled down his flag, half mast at least; the toddy-stirring shop-keeper had broken his stick in despair; and the conscientious grocer had laid three coats of black paint, with his own hands, over the GIN—BRANDY—RUM, which for many years had disfigured his window-shutter. A considerable number of old hats began to appear about the streets. This was easily explained; the reformed drunkards were putting glasses into their window-sashes. Men and their wives, who had fought two or three times a week, for ten years or more, were seen walking, on the Sabbath, to God's house in company together. Groups of bare-footed, rosy cheeked, white-headed children flocked to the shore, when the fishing boats

arrived, to greet their fathers at their first landing. Times were wonderfully altered; a few years ago, when drunkenness was the order of the day, you might have seen these very children scampering in terror, at the coming of their intoxicated parents, like a fleet of pinkeys under bare poles, before a gale of wind.

No licenses were granted in the village. Skipper Wharton, who lived up at the head of the cove, and who used to get a gang of loafers, of a Sunday morning, round the lee of Colonel Orne's barn, and swear he wouldn't give up his liberty, had signed the pledge with tears in his eyes, broken his rum-jug into fifty pieces, bought a family Bible, and became constant at Church. There was such a change in the village, among young and old, male and female, that Parson Veazie—and there was no better man—said "twas a foretaste of the Millennium."

Still, rum would somehow or other, work its way into the village, in spite of every precaution. "Caulk a ship's bottom ever so cleverly," as old Captain Holland used to say, "a little bilge will be found aboard of her, after all."

Some of the fishermen continued to get drunk, but nobody could discover whence they got their liquor. There was none sold openly in the village, and the utmost efforts of the Temperance Society, to detect the source of supply, proved altogether ineffectual. There was a wee bit of a weather-beaten fisherman in the town, who went by the name of old Bobby Bolliver. He was remarkable for his shrewdness, and a rogue must have been singularly expert, who, by his shiftings and doublings, could elude the pursuit of Bobby Bolliver, when he had once got the scent. The old man was handsomely feed in his hand, by some vigilant members of the Society, and a still more liberal reward was promised him, should he finally succeed in ferreting out the violators of the law. He had constant intercourse with the tipplers themselves, yet more than eight months went by, without the slightest discovery.

Bobby Bolliver was an indefatigable creature; and strong hopes were entertained that he would catch the rogues at last. Meetings were held occasionally at the minister's house, who was an active member of the Society. Bobby Bolliver was commonly present, and in the language of legislation, "reported progress, and begged leave to sit again." It seemed to be a hopeless case. All agreed, however, that Bobby Bolliver did his best, and had well earned his reward. As we have stated, he was an untiring creature. You might see him, with the first peep of light, fishing off the rocks in his dory, for cunners: or, if the weather suited, unmooring his pinkey for a stretch out after cod and haddock; and at night-fall, the laborious old man would come slowly along, with a load of fish upon his shoulder, borne on a pole, at the end of which might always be seen his long fisherman's boots.

Upon one occasion the poor old fisherman, moving homeward under the weight of an unusual heavy load, made a mis-step, and fell with his burthen to the ground. Two or three of the young men of the village, who were near at hand, stepped to his assistance; one helped up the old man, another gathered up his fish, and a third picked up his boots. "Why, daddy Bolliver," said he, "what in

the name o' nature makes your boots so 'tarnal heavy?" "They're full o' water, like as not," cried the old man, with evident impatience, "let me have 'em." "Water," cried the first speaker, "why here's four junk-bottles in 'em," pulling out the cork of one of the bottles as he spoke, "water, to be sure.—so it is, and pretty strong water into the bargain." "Hallo, look a here!" he cried, and in five minutes, the poor old fox was surrounded with half the young hounds of the village. It was unanimously voted to escort him, rum bottles and all, forthwith to parson Veazie's.

Poor old Bobby Bolliver then and there made his humble confession. He kept a ten gallon keg of rum locked up in his grog-shop, which was in the fore-castle on board of his pinkey. When his store was out, he ran into Salem or Boston for a fresh supply. Under pretence of leaving a cod or haddock with his customers, he availed himself of the opportunity to leave a junk bottle.

This, as we believe, is no very uncommon character, and we counsel every town in the Commonwealth to keep a sharp look out for old Bobby Bolliver.

## GROG IN THE NAVY.

A naval writer in the Maryland Herald, gives an account of a cruise on board one of our national vessels, in which he says:

"We had a crew of about 290 officers and men all told, or about 200 men—we were out from the 5th of June, 1843, to December 10, 1844, or about 18 months—during which time, 4085 lashes with the cat, and 859 with the colt were served out in a friendly way; and as to grog, I know I can carry a good deal under my jacket—but they beat me all hollow. Some of the officers could drink 14 glasses before breakfast—and if the wardroom steward's authority is worth any thing, *'there was liquor enough served out daily to scald a hog.'*"

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The good ship Charles W. Morgan, owned by Charles W. Morgan of New Bedford, and commanded by Thomas A. Norton of Edgartown, recently arrived at that port, with a full cargo of oil, after an absence of between three and four years. The pilots, when they board a ship, take with them the temperance pledge, and thus give every sailor an opportunity to record his determination to become a temperance man, to the confusion of all grog-shop landlords and sharks. The pilot on boarding the Charles W. Morgan produced the teetotal pledge, and it was promptly signed by every person on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy!

The strictest discipline and good order prevailed on board the ship during the passage. Captain Norton proved himself truly the sailors' friend, and nineteen or twenty of the seamen, who, when they shipped, knew nothing of navigation, came home well instructed in the theory and practice of the art, and able to navigate and sail a vessel to any part of the world. Twenty-three of the crew and officers belonged to Martha's Vineyard, and of course were true-blue seamen, and native Americans. This speaks well for the good people of that island.



## THE WATER-DRINKER.

AS RECITED BY PROFESSOR GREENBANK.

Oh! water for me! bright water for me,  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain;  
It maketh the faint one strong again;  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity,  
Oh! water, bright water for me, for me!  
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim,  
Let the flowing chrystal kiss the rim!  
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew;  
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.  
So water, pure water for me, for me!  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!  
For water strengtheneth life and limb!  
To the days of the aged it addeth length,  
To the might of the strong it addeth strength,  
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light!  
So water, I will drink nought but thee,  
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a glad some bride,  
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,  
And, leading a band of laughing hours,  
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;  
Oh! cheerily then thy voice is heard,  
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,  
Who flingeth abroad his matin loud,  
As he freshens his wing in the cold, gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,  
Drowsily flying and weaving anew  
Her dusky meshes o'er land and o'er sea,  
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!  
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,  
So hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!  
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!  
Hurrah! for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

## THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## LOG BOOK OF A BETHEL FLAG.

By Capt. JOHN F. BOWERS.

## CHAPTER II.

I again took my station at the mast head of the ship C—, bound to the coast of Sumatra. Here the captain held conversations with the crew, and supplied them with charts and directions.\* Before we arrived out, an enemy was found on board. I was held in bitter contempt.

He told my countrymen that it was dangerous for a Bethel flag to be on that coast; that I should teach the Malays manners and customs that was not lawful for them to observe about certain weights, by which craft they had their gain. The interpreter on board, hearing praying and singing daily, asked what these things meant. The enemy, to cast a slur, told him that our captain was a priest! But, as God would have it, this lie turned out to the furtherance of the gospel. The Malays hold those who have been on pilgrimage to Mecca in great reverence. The news went up and down the coast far and near, as fast as wind could carry it, and the captain and his Christian banner were held in great respect, contrary to the wishes of the enemy. The interpreter declared to his friends on shore that he had been on board a fortnight, and had not seen one fight, nor heard any speak a bad word for God, i. e. profane language.

I next went cruising up and down the coast. The Malays were very desirous to see and hear the captain speak for his divine

\* Bibles and tracts.

Master. One old interpreter said "he had been a long time on board of ships—never saw the like before; he always thought that pepper was the god for the Americans!"

One said "he thought all was Christians; but he never knew one to pray, but all speak bad." He wanted to know how it was. The captain then pointed him to a certain rajah, and asked him if he was a Mahomedan. He said "Yes." "But," says the captain, "he smokes opium, he gambles, he speaks bad words for God." He answered, "Yes." The captain then pointed him another who was free from those vices, and daily prayed, and asked him if he was not a Mahomedan. To this he answered with a peculiar phrase and dialect, "Kie yahn! some man believe; some man no believe; now me see." He told his discovery to the natives, which caused much rejoicing among them.

As we were about to leave the coast, a chief man who had been much on board, and on the Sabbath, asked me for some tracts. He said "he wanted them speak all same as God speak." The captain gave two or three, and he asked for more. As the old man knew he could not read them, he asked what he wanted of them? "Your countrymen," said he, "will not buy them." "No," he replied, "but when I go on board ship, I take book and give it captain. 'Spouse he good man, he take book, read, speak good for God, I trade with him. 'Spouse he no good, he heave book away—I no trade."

The captain gave a good supply, and began the first Malay tract distribution on that coast. After leaving Sumatra, we arrived at Gibraltar. Here I found brethren, and took in a supply of charts and directions. The pope said they were *contraband articles* in his dominions; but my Master said that the gospel must be sent to all nations, and I chose to obey him rather than man.

Arrived at Genoa, we disposed of them all, to the great joy of those that received them. In the hospital was found one sailor, almost gone with consumption, without hope, chart, or direction. He had been here three weeks, and had not seen any one that he could talk with. In such a land, strange and distant, how sweetly the sound of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear! He said the Catholic priests had been often to him, and wanted him to join them. He was sensible he could not live long. The captain furnished him with all things needful, and prayed for divine guidance. He trusted too much in himself; said he had not been as bad as some. He was visited three or four times a week during our stay. All hands at last rejoiced to see him put his hope in the Saviour's merits. The captain said he had parted with a good many; but this strange sailor was dear to him. He said he saw and learnt a great deal during his visits to that hospital. Scarcely ever did he visit but he saw the dead or dying. The captain gave charts and directions freely here among the shipping, and we returned home.

We next visited Richmond, Va.—or, rather, Bermuda Hundreds—where the shipping lay. Here we spoke to bond and free. The bondman said "he could not read the chart, but he could understand it."

We again visited Antwerp. I took my Sabbath station, and collected twenty or thirty—some from the shore, and others from ships. Here we met a ship's crew, all *teto-tallers*, and part servants of the Lord. One

ship's crew we much surprised when we refused to take pay for charts and directions. We then visited Liverpool. Here the flag waved over the Bethel chapel and floating church, where the mariner could worship, and none molest or make afraid.

We came to Mobile. I was invited to come to town and take my station at the mast-head of several vessels there, and did so. Brethren from shore helped us. We found many who loved the Lord, in the Bay. There were meetings on board of three different vessels on the Sabbath. From here I returned to Boston.

[End of Chapter Second.]

## THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The ship's bell tolled, and slowly to the deck  
Came forth the summoned crew—bold, hardy men,  
Far from their native skies, stood silent there  
With melancholy brows. From the low clouds  
That o'er the horizon hovered, came a sound  
Of distant, muttered thunder. Broken waves  
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse  
Of Ocean, which in brooding stillness lay  
Like some vindictive king, who meditates  
On hoarded wrongs, and wakes the wrathful war.  
The ship's bell tolled!—And lo, a youthful form,  
Which oft had dared the high and slippery shrouds,  
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid  
Down at his comrades' feet.—Mournful they gazed  
Upon his noble brow, and some there were  
Who in that bitter hour remembered well  
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,  
And the fond tears that o'er his mother's cheeks  
Went coursing down, when her son's happy voice  
Bade them farewell. But one who nearest stood  
To that pale shrouded corse, remembered more,—  
Of a white cottage with its shaven lawn,  
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl  
Who at her porch of creeping woodbine watched  
His last, far step, and then rushed back to weep.—  
And close that faithful comrade in his breast  
Lied a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth  
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand  
In life's extremity, and bade him bear  
With broken words of love's last eloquence  
To his sweet Mary. Now that chosen friend  
Bowed low his sun-burnt face, and like a child  
Sobbed in his sorrow. But there came a tone  
Clear as the breaking moon o'er stormy seas,  
"I am the resurrection!"

Every heart

Suppressed its grief—and every eye was raised.  
There stood the Chaplain—his uncovered brow  
Pure from all earthly passion,—while his voice  
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,  
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls  
Of dying men.

It was a holy hour!—

There lay the wreck of youthful beauty,—here  
Stood mourning manhood,—while supporting Faith  
Cast her strong anchor, where no moaning surge  
Might threaten, and no mortal we invade.  
'There was a plunge!—The parting Sea complained!  
Death from her briny bosom took his own.  
The troubled fountains of the deep lift up  
Their subterranean portals, and he went  
Down to the floor of Ocean, 'mid the beds  
Of brave and beautiful ones.—Yet to my soul,  
'Mid all the funeral pomp, the measured dirge,  
And monumental grandeur, with which Earth  
Indulgeth her dead sons,—was naught so sad,  
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the wild sea  
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

## MORE HOMES NEEDED.

REPORT OF NEW YORK BETHEL MISSIONARY.

Nov. 27. A captain in speaking of the reformation of seamen thought it had been very great, but said there were formidable obstacles still in the way, one of which was the wretched places for sailors, called boarding houses. These he considered to be the root of the evil, and till they could be removed, he thought many sailors would not be reformed permanently. The chief aim at these places is, first to persuade the sailors to drink, so that they can get their money; and while they do this most effectually and satisfactorily to themselves, they induce the sailor to believe that he has not a better friend on



earth. I believe the captain spoke the truth, but I see some evidence that this difficulty is being removed, for when Jack once gets in his sober senses, he reasons like other men, and after he renounces the intoxicating cup and signs the pledge, he calculates to avoid those places where he is likely to be ensnared, and goes to the sailors' home, and other temperance boarding houses. I hope the time will soon come when the sailor will not only seek such homes altogether, but when none others will be found. Then would he listen to the gospel as he never did before, then would he read the Bible and the religious tracts as he never did before, then would the ships become bethels, and distant nations, yea even the whole world would soon feel the blessed influence resulting therefrom.

Distributed tracts among the sailors' boarding houses. I was very well received, and my tracts also, by the boarders. Conversing with a sailor who was well dressed and ready for church and said he was going. He had been once a very hard drinker, but now had reformed, signed the temperance pledge, attended temperance meetings and prayer meetings, and went to church regularly on the Sabbath. He boarded at the Sailors' Home and spoke well of the house. Thus we see the effects of temperance—it transforms him who has made a beast, and less than a beast of himself, into a man bearing the image of his Maker. Another with whom I conversed did not attend church, was ragged, filthy, and truly wretched, because he indulged in intemperance, and was then partially under its influence. He remarked that of a numerous family, he was the only one who was not pious.

## THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

### SHIPWRECK OF THE SOUL.

By Rev. WM. SCORESBY.

Suppose a valuable ship, with a precious cargo, is fitted out for a distant voyage—to a far country where neither captain or crew had ever been. Now what would you think of the Captain who would take charge of such a ship, and should neglect to furnish himself with a compass to steer by, and a chart with directions to guide him? Should you not think him beside himself; unfit to command; unworthy the name of a sailor? Should you not call his conduct fool-hardy presumption?

Thoughtless sailor! who pursues the voyage through life, to the far region of eternity, without a Bible as thy only compass, chart, and directions—"Thou art the man!" Presumptuous sailor!—who, without a Bible as thy guide, venturist upon this voyage to the world beyond the ocean of time, where no man living hath been, and for which there is no other instructor—"Thou art the man!" Thou takest charge of the frail bark, *the body*, which is subject to ten thousand dangers and as many kinds of shipwreck—thou hast in charge an immortal soul, as a cargo, worth ten thousand inanimate worlds, yet thou daringly venturist abroad, amidst all the dangers of life, without the only compass that can guide, or chart that can direct thee—the word of God! Is it wise, let me ask, to venture thy soul on a chance upon which no good sailor will venture the most worthless

ship? Surely it is neither wise nor manly to reject the only infallible guide for an eternal world, without which, no one who has the power of obtaining it, can reasonably expect to avoid the numerous dangers that lie in the ordinary course through life.—However courageous a man may be, none but a mad man will despise death—no one in his senses will court danger. All rational men acknowledge these worldly maxims, and most men are careful to act upon them; yet how trifling are the pains, and perils, and terrors of this life, compared with the terrors of a future judgment to the ungodly! For there is no ocean so deep as the depths of hell—there is no sea so turbulent as a troubled conscience; there is no hurricane so fierce as the wrath of God; there is no shipwreck so terrible as the shipwreck of the soul.—Whoever then is wise, let him obtain the Word of God, which points out every danger, and let him deeply study the precious volume, which, by Christ helping him, will guide him safely through all the perils and dangers of this life, and at last lead him into the haven of immortal happiness and glory.

#### ADDRESS TO

#### SHIPMATES AND BROTHER SAILORS.

Delivered at Mariner's Church, Portland, Me.

By CAPT. E. JONES, OF THE U. S. SERVICE.

The few observations that I propose to make will be addressed principally to my brother seamen, in whose welfare and moral improvement I profess to feel a peculiar interest.

I would ask my fellow seamen to compare their present, with their former privileges.—Thirty one years ago, I commenced my seafaring career. Then the poor weather-beaten "Tar" could hardly find a disinterested friend, but now his case is very different—a host of good men, and true, have sprung up in almost every part of the world, whose pride and ambition is to aid in the religious, moral and intellectual improvement of sailors.—Portland, I am happy to find, can boast of a goodly number, who are ever ready, nay, anxious to assist you in every laudable undertaking.

Here, too, as in many other places, you have a never-failing friend and counsellor in our worthy Bethel minister, to whom, and the like of whom, I would recommend every sailor to apply for counsel and advice.

It has been said, and I must confess with much truth, that seamen are more given to intoxication than any other class of men. Why is this the case? Doubtless many causes might be assigned. I will only name such as I consider among the most prominent.

First, a sad deficiency of self-respect among themselves. Secondly, wicked negligence (until within the few last years,) on the part of our religious and moral community, in so long withholding from them the means best calculated to effect their reformation—and lastly, though not of the least importance, the undue influence that many of their landlords and other professed friends exercise over them.

I regret the necessity I feel myself under of being personal in my remarks; my subject, however, demands the plainest dealing, and I am constrained to say, that a great degree of that moral degradation which we see among seamen, may be imputed to those persons who are known to exercise over them

almost unlimited influence. How great, then, is the responsibility of those who have them, as it were, in their keeping.

There is not a class of men under the broad canopy of heaven, more susceptible of tender and noble impressions than sailors, and yet how many there are, whose study it is to impose on their generous nature, and rob them of their hard earnings.

Seamen,—I profess to be perfectly conversant with your character and all your peculiarities. For thirty-one years, "the mountain wave has been my home;" twenty-five years of which have been devoted to the service of my country. I have served in the Navy, Army, and Revenue of these United States, and have been associated on duty with over fifty thousand seamen, and from the circumstance of my having filled almost every station from that of a ward-room boy in the Navy up to my present situation, it must be admitted that I have had ample opportunities of making myself well acquainted with your character.

Long experience has convinced me that sailors are not, as some have contended, an irreclaimable race of men, but on the contrary, I insist that they may be more easily reclaimed than many other classes that I might mention. Therefore, in their behalf, I hope to see the Christian, the moralist, and the philanthropist, more firmly united.—Would to heaven I could persuade my fellow seamen to reflect seriously on their present privileges. Surely every inducement is offered you to take a respectable standing in the religious, moral, and social world. Why, then, do you hesitate? It is certainly not for the want of ability; for it is evident that nature and nature's God have endowed you with power and faculties sufficiently strong to resist any temptation. Be entreated, then, to put on the whole armor of manhood, and at once, dash the liquid devil from your lips, and take your proper station in society.—Sailors are in the habit of making a variety of excuses for continuing their dissolute habits, some have told me that it was no manner of use for them to reform; for if they did, there was no one that cared a fig for a common sailor.—Now nothing can be more erroneous than this opinion; for I am confident there is no class of men in our country, whose welfare and moral improvement, had attracted half as much attention as that which has been bestowed on seamen for the last fifteen years. With respect to sailors and sailors' rights, public opinion has undergone a complete revolution. The feelings of our merchants and ship-masters, have been materially changed in your favor. When I first went to sea, it was not an uncommon thing to keep a ship's company on short allowance for the entire voyage, and that short allowance of the meanest and cheapest quality—then the most ordinary kind of provisions was considered by many, "good enough for sailors." But those times and principles have passed away, and are succeeded by a better state of things, and every sailor ought to feel, sensibly feel, that the most noble and generous efforts have been made, and are still making, for his temporal and eternal interest. And permit me to tell you, that instead of your being a despised and neglected class of men, the reverse is the case, so far as your own conduct will justify. In order to become respectable and useful citizens, you



have only to be temperate, moral, and industrious. There is nothing that affords me half so much pleasure, as that of meeting with an honest and well-disposed sailor. An honest, temperate seaman, is to my eye the most beautiful sight under heaven. Sailors! are you prepared to join the Temperance Society, and honestly act up to its requirements, which by the bye, are but few and simple? In behalf of the Society I invite you; we are all anxious to offer you the right hand of fellowship in the good cause; we entreat you to come and participate in the pleasures of temperance. Give it but a fair trial, and I feel assured that you will find its "ways the ways of pleasantness, and all its paths peace."

[To be continued.]

## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

## THE MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY MISS JENKINS.

The sick sailor drew from under his pillow a small Bible. This, with a strong effort, he raised above his head, while with great eagerness, and a face glowing with strong emotion, he said, "And if I *have* been enabled to live thus, let me bear *my* testimony to the truth of this holy book, which has been made, by the grace of God, 'a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.' *This* has taught me to renounce sin, and strive after holiness. *This* has brought me to the feet of that dear Saviour who died for sinners. *This* has led me to repentance and faith, and to earnest endeavors to be faithful in every duty. *This* has led me to fly every sin, as opposed to the will of God; to perform every known duty; to pray daily, hourly, for strength from heaven to do this, and to *strive*, as well as pray, lest I should enter into temptation. And now," he added, looking upward with a heavenly expression, "this blessed book points me to heaven, and reveals its glories to my soul. This Bible has been my chart and my guide, and must be so to all who would see heaven. O, let me not receive the praise; give God the glory!"

He fell back exhausted, and seemed to be in prayer. Then, turning to his captain, he thanked him for all his kindness to him, and prayed that they might meet in heaven. "And now, sir," said he, "let me bid you a last farewell." The captain, as he took his hand, said, "may your God be my God; may I die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his." He motioned for his shipmates, and they gathered around him. He exhorted them to "seek the Lord while he might be found, and to call upon him while he was near." To read his word, love him, and obey his commandments; to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, and become his disciples. "He will be precious in life," he said, "and O, how precious in death!" He then distributed several tracts among them, and begged them to read them, with other good books. "And, above all," he said, "study your Bible. Call it not dull employment. When you are on your dying bed, you will feel that time thus spent will be pleasant to reflect upon." He then extended

his hand; each advanced separately, and heard, with tears, his dying entreaties to love and fear God, and received from him a last farewell. "And now, my faithful friend," he said, to him who watched over him, "accept my thanks for all your tender care of me. Take this Bible, and may it be blessed to your soul! Within it you will find a farewell letter to my friends at home, written when I was first seized, for I felt that this would be my last sickness. Will you give it to them? Assure them of my undying love; and, O, tell them from me to love Jesus, the Saviour of sinners."

He bade a tender farewell to his kind friend, and gave one last look on all around, breathed a fervent prayer, and then gently fell asleep in the Lord.

Rude was the coffin in which reposed in death the pious sailor, and dark looked the deep sea into which it was plunged; but warm tears of affection were shed over it, and tender were the sighs which attended it to its final resting-place.

Such may be the sailor's holy life, such may be his happy death. Who will choose it for *his own*? Who will make the Lord his portion?

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

### BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

BY REV. G. C. SMITH, OF PENZANCE.

A few months since, a vessel sailed from England with a captain whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness and tyranny, so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for the sudden and alarming illness of their cruel and depraved commander. The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his sufferings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, "Captain, how are you?" A surly voice replied, "What's that to you?—be off." Next morning, however, he went down again—"Captain, hope you are better." "O, Bob, I'm very bad; been very ill all night." "Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much." The Captain nodded assent. Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, master, let me shave you." He was permitted to do this also; and, having adjusted the bed-clothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea. The captain knew he had no mercy to expect from his crew, and had determined not to solicit any. "I'll perish," said his obstinate, perverse soul, "rather than ask one favor of them." But the kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

The captain now declined apace: his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should not

live many weeks at farthest. His mind was filled with increasing terror as the prospect of death and eternity drew nearer to his confused and agitated view. He was as ignorant as he was wicked. Brought up among the worst of seamen in early life, he had imbibed all their principles, followed their practices, and despised remonstrance or reproof. A man-of-war had finished his education; and a long course of successful voyages, as master of a vessel, had contributed to harden his heart, and led him not only to say there is no God, but to act under that persuasion. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience now thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, just as Bob opened the state-room door and affectionately inquired, "Well, master, how is it with you this morning?" "Ah, Bob, I'm very bad; my body is getting worse and worse; but I should not mind that so much, were it not for my soul. O, Bob, what shall I do? I'm a great sinner. I'm afraid I shall go to hell—I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man." "O no, master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you." "No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. O, what a sinner I have been! what will become of me?" His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning the boy just appeared, when the captain sung out, "O, Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin; go forward and see if you can find one in the men's chests." The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy. "Ah, Bob, that will do—that will do; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that blessed book." "Where shall I read, master?" "I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinners* and *salvation*." "Well, master, then I'll take the New Testament; you and I shall understand it better, for, as my poor mother used to say, there are not so many hard words there." The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the bed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity.

Eager the next morning to meet again, Bob arose at day-light, and opening the state room door saw his master had risen from his pillow and crawled to the corner of his bed-place; there he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship-side. The boy paused and waited a few moments, fearful of disturbing his master. At length he called, in a sort of whisper, "Master." No answer. "Master." No reply. He ventured to creep forward a little, and then said, "Master." All was silent! Again he cried, "Captain." Silence reigned! He stretched out his hand and touched his leg; it was cold, and stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain." He raised his hand to his shoulder; he tenderly shook it. The position of the body was altered: it declined gently until it rested on the bed; but the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.



## Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1845.

✶ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

### BOSTON SEAMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

Another annual meeting of this association was held in Tremont Temple, on Wednesday, January 14. Rev. E. T. TAYLOR opened the exercises with prayer, and made an appropriate address to the friends of seamen present. Highly gratifying reports were read for the Secretary of the Society, by Mr. CHICKERING, and the Master of the Mariner's House, 226 Ann Street, Mr. BRODHEAD.

Many encouraging statements were made by several gentlemen. All seemed to feel the importance of having a new and larger Home, in connection with the Society. In the course of his remarks, which were of an eminently useful kind, WILLIAM STURGIS, Esq. alluded to this fact. He has had many years' experience among seamen, and knows well their wants. Happy is it for their cause, that they have such a true friend as Mr. STURGIS to plead it for them. Long may his valuable life be continued. He concluded by pledging the sum of *one thousand dollars* toward the erection of the new house. This noble proposal was followed by others with *five hundred dollars* more. A good beginning. We hope to see it promptly responded to by the whole mercantile community; for every merchant in Boston is personally interested in creating and sustaining such seamen's boarding houses as the one so well kept by Mr. BRODHEAD.

It was stated, in the report of the Society, that the temptations to drunkenness among sea-faring men were increasing. This is no doubt a fact. But it should be remembered that the marine population of the city is much larger than it was a few years since. This, however, is no excuse for multiplying the means of their ruin. Thousands of them have signed the total abstinence pledge within the past two years—the great majority of whom are likely to remain firm against all the wiles of the destroyer. Surely this is encouraging. If grogshops are multiplying, let us multiply temperance meetings. If sailors are tempted to quaff the poisonous dram, let us be so much the more active in rallying them around the teetotal standard.

"Up! to our altars, then, haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness, manhood and woman;  
Deep let our pledges be: TEMPERANCE FOREVER!  
Truce with the enemy! Never! no, never!"

### BRIG "SUPERB," OF SWEDEN.

We had the pleasure of visiting this vessel recently, and made the acquaintance of her pious commander, Capt. NISSEN. During her stay here, Bethel meetings were held on board. The services were performed in the Swedish language, with the Bethel flag flying at the mast-head. Considerable numbers of Swedes and citizens of Boston were present. Capt. NISSEN delivered discourses in his native tongue. The officers and crew joined in appropriate psalms and hymns.

It is cheering to the friends of seamen to go on board the Superb. The order of a Bethel—the house of God—is there. Wherever Capt. NISSEN unfurls his blue banner, with the dove and the olive leaf on its folds, crowds of people gather around his beautiful vessel, and good is done. He attended, with a part of his crew, one of our Sabbath evening meetings at the Commercial Street Bethel. We hope to see and hear him there often.

Pleasant winds and prosperous voyages be with the Swedish Bethel brig!

### PROVIDENCE BETHEL.

The Christian Herald contains a full report of the labors of Rev. BENJAMIN TAYLOR, in the South Main Street Bethel, at Providence. It appears, from this statement, that his arduous toils have not been in vain. The debts and expenses which threatened to break up the meetings, one year since, are now all discharged, or are placed beyond embarrassment. The most pressing claims are all disposed of in such a way that improvements may now go forward, and proper exertions will fix the interest on a permanent basis. Friends who have aided the cause in Providence will now be well repaid for their donations. Mr. TAYLOR's meetings should be well sustained, for they have been productive of benefit to many sons of the ocean. He should receive a stated salary, for his efforts are unceasing to do good to seamen. Such a laborer is well worthy of his hire.

To the friends of seamen in Providence who read the Sheet Anchor (and we are happy to say the number is increasing) we make an appeal for Mr. TAYLOR. Many a wandering sailor will bless the good old man. We believe the city of Roger Williams will not suffer his benevolent spirit to languish for want of a generous support.

### THE REVENUE SERVICE.

We always take pleasure in referring our readers to this branch of the government. The people of the United States are not generally aware how much benefit is derived from the cruises of the Cutters and the Marine Hospitals. Hundreds of cases of relief are constantly occurring, under the judicious arrangements of the Treasury Department.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, states that there are in commission 14 schooners, varying in size from 60 to 170 tons, at the following places:

"Eastport, Portland, Boston, Newport, New London, New York, Delaware, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and on Lake Erie; and two iron steamers—the 'Legare,' upon Captain Ericsson's plan, and the 'Spencer,' upon Lieutenant Hunter's plan. The Legare has been ordered to Key West, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of the schooner Nautilus to the coast survey, to which service that vessel belonged. The commander of the Legare has been instructed to cruise constantly upon the coast of Florida, between Tampa Bay and Cape Florida—a portion of the coast where the services of a steamer may be rendered very valuable in guarding the revenue, as well as preventing depredations upon government timber, and affording relief to vessels which may be stranded upon that dangerous coast. The Spencer will (as soon as some alterations in the machinery, deemed necessary by Lieutenant Hunter, shall be completed) be stationed at New York, and directed to cruise along the coast between Montauk point and the Delaware bay."

The following are extracts from the report:

"Four other steamers are in course of construction—one at Oswego, upon Ericsson's; one at Boston, one at Pittsburg, and one at Buffalo, upon Lieutenant Hunter's

plan. The first will be employed upon Lake Ontario, the second at Boston, the third in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, to rendezvous at the mouth of the Mississippi river, and the last to replace the Erie upon Lake Erie, which small vessel it is contemplated to station in the vicinity of Michilimackinac.

"There are several important stations where the presence of revenue vessels is much needed, and it is proposed to locate such vessels, which shall be replaced by the steamers, at Portsmouth, N. H., New Bedford, and Mobile."

Among these vessels, and in the national hospitals for seamen, we now send several hundred copies of the Sheet Anchor. We have reason to know that they are every where well received. It is our hope to secure an equal circulation on board the Receiving Ships and in the Navy Yards of the Union. To accomplish the object, we respectfully ask the co-operation of gentlemen of the service.

✶ Several promised engravings are unavoidably deferred. We have many more valuable articles for the paper on hand. Old correspondents (especially those in New York, Hopkinton, Chatham and the service) are invited to bestir themselves. *The sailor asks it.*

### BURIAL OF THE SAILOR.

How seldom do we on the land think of the sailor's distant death and burial! A letter received at Nantucket gives a brief but touching sketch of the funeral of Mr. BROOKS, an account of whose murder on board the Ontario is given in another column. The writer says:

"The remains of Mr. B. were put into a boat, and conveyed on shore, followed by two other boats from the Ontario, and three from the E. L. B. Jenney, with their respective crews and officers. An American ensign was spread over the coffin, and the boats proceeded three miles up the river, amid the most solemn stillness, broken only by the sound of the oars; not a word being spoken by the crews. At the landing, eight of the crew of the Jenney took the corpse to the burying ground for foreigners, followed by the crews of the two ships. A prayer was read by Capt. Gibbs, and then poor Brooks was lowered into the grave. The writer says, 'we then returned to our ships with heavy hearts.' A tombstone was erected over the grave of the murdered man, and a neat paling put round to protect it from encroachments."

"In this letter, Mr. Brooks is eulogised in the highest terms, as an officer and a man. The writer says, 'He was a first rate man, as good as ever went on board of a ship, and we miss him very much.' Such a tribute from a subordinate, speaks volumes in praise of the deceased. Peace to his spirit!"

Think, reader, of that sailor's lonely tomb, in the far-off heathen land. He may have had friends in this country, who loved him as fondly as any of your friends love you. But who of them will visit his lowly resting place, and drop a tear to his memory? Who will plant the rose-bush, or some other memorial of affection, at the head of his sleeping dust? We may not, perhaps cannot, do it; but this we can do: we can take the dying sailor by the hand as a brother—we can point him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

### "HE DIED AT SEA."

"There are no sadder words in language."

Yes; and how often, alas! are these words spoken! "He died at sea," may be said of scores of our own friends. It has been said, with truth, of thousands of the seamen of the American marine.

The sailor is constantly dying at sea. In the fore-castle—surrounded by the roar of the elements and the bustle of his ship—his spirit is often summoned in a moment to meet his God. Oh! friend of the sailor, now reading the Sheet



Anchor—do what you can to lead him to the cross. Then, whenever and wherever he is called to face death, he may triumphantly sing:

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

### NAVAL. REGULATION.

*Navy Department, Dec. 16, 1844.*

Assistant Surgeons on board all national vessels are entitled to mess and have quarters with ward-room officers, and to receive the usual courtesies and ceremonies of such officers.

J. Y. MASON.

**AFRICAN SQUADRON.**—The Macedonian sailed from Port Praya, Dec. 2d, for Porto Grande, from thence immediately for the Coast of Africa.

The Yorktown sailed from Port Praya for Liberia and Leeward Coast of Africa, as far South as Berguella.

The Preble sailed Nov. 29th for Porto Grande. The Truxton was cruising in the Bights of Benin and Biafra.

The Secretary of the Navy recently paid a visit to the Navy Yard at Norfolk. He visited the Pennsylvania, the Jamestown, and the steamer Union.

**CHINA.**—It is said that Mr. Cushing has a plan in view for the establishment of a more direct intercourse with China, by lines of steamships, via Panama and the Isthmus of Darien, and the government is prepared to facilitate the project.

A bill has been reported to the House of Representatives, appropriating \$100,000 for a new fire-proof building, for the use of the War and Navy Departments.

The U. S. sloops-of-war Portsmouth, Jamestown and St. Mary's will sail together from Norfolk; the Portsmouth and Jamestown to proceed together as far as the Cape de Verdes, and the St. Mary's as far as her destination will permit.—These national vessels having been built upon plans of the Naval Constructors, it is important that their sailing and other properties should be tested by a comparative trial. The Jamestown is intended for the flag ship of Com. Skinner, on the African coast.

**PRaisEWORTHY.**—The officers of the U. S. ships Macedonian and Decatur held a meeting at Port Praya, on the 7th of November last, and adopted resolutions expressive of their respect for the memory of the late Surgeon Louis Woolfley, of the Decatur. They also resolved to enclose a spot of ground near the town of Port Praya, and there inter the remains of their deceased fellow-officer. A letter from Commodore Perry, of the African Squadron, states that the African fever reported on board the U. S. ship Preble, was of a mild character, showing none of the malignant symptoms usually attending it.

**Destination of the Princeton.**—The steam frigate Princeton, now under sailing orders, goes to England to receive a new big gun in the place of the "Peace Maker." The contract for the construction of the gun has already been sent out.

**Consul General for the Sandwich Islands.**—It is reported that A. G. Abeel, of Washington, who it has been said, was to go as Consul to Marseilles, has been appointed Consul General of the Sandwich Islands.

Capt. H. A. Adams, of the U. S. Navy, has resigned his commission, and become a citizen of Madison county, Mississippi, with the view of engaging in the occupation of planting.

**American Cruisers on the Coast of Africa.**—The question is frequently asked why so few slavers are taken by our cruisers on the coast of Africa, while so many are taken by the British cruisers? The answer is a plain one. By the terms of the Ashburton treaty, our vessels are prohibited from overhauling any vessels not bearing the American flag. Hence, Spanish, English, Brazilian or any other slavers, may take on board a cargo with impunity, even under the guns of an American ship of war. The fault lies not in the want of vigilance in our officers, but in the terms of the law.

The U. S. frigate Columbia, Capt. Geisenger, arrived at Norfolk on the 1st ult., from Gibraltar to Mahon. The C. left at Mahon, on the 4th of Nov., U. S. frigate Cumberland, Commo. Smith; sloop-of-war Fairfield, Com. Downing—to sail in ten days for Gibraltar and the Atlantic; the latter for the United States.

**The Bangor Steam Navigation Company** are building an iron Propeller to put on their line as a freight and passenger vessel between Bangor and Boston. She is building at Wilmington, Del., and her dimensions will be as follows:—Length, 120 feet; depth of hold, 6½ feet; breadth of beam, 23 feet; burthen about 275 tons. She will have three masts, and fore-and-aft sails, two engines, and Loper's patent propellers, which latter are said be a great improvement upon Ericson's propeller.

**STEAMBOAT BUILDING.**—No less than fifty steamboats were built at Pittsburg, during the year ending December last. Their aggregate tonnage would be 12,057 tons. Three more are now in course of erection, and a steamboat of 1000 tons is nearly ready for launching.

**THE WHALE FISHERY.**—The New Bedford Whalemens' Ship List, publishes their annual statement of the Whale Fishery, including the imports and exports of Oil and Whalebone, average prices, progress of the fishery, &c. &c.—The table contains matter of much interest to those engaged in the whale fishery.

Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil, from 1838 to 1845, inclusive.

|       | Sperm.  | Whale.  |
|-------|---------|---------|
| 1838, | 132,356 | 226,552 |
| 1839, | 142,336 | 299,783 |
| 1840, | 157,791 | 297,908 |
| 1841, | 159,304 | 297,343 |
| 1842, | 165,637 | 161,041 |
| 1843, | 166,935 | 206,727 |
| 1844, | 139,594 | 262,047 |

The average price of oil during the year 1844, has been 90½ a 90¾ cents per gallon for sperm, and 36½ a 36¾ cents per gallon for whale oil.—Average price of bone, 40 cents. 1845, Jan. 1, prices: Sperm, 88 cents; whale, 31 a 34; whalebone, 38 a 40 cents.

The quantity of crude sperm oil in the country, out of the hands of manufacturers, on the 1st of January, 1845, is estimated at 32,992 bbls.; and the amount of crude whale oil, at 12,950 barrels.

The number of vessels employed in the whale fishery, on the 1st of January, 1845, was 643 ships and barks; 35 brigs; 17 schooners and sloops, in all, 218,655 tons. In 1844, Jan. 1, the number engaged were 595 ships and barks; 41 brigs; 9 schooners and sloops—tonnage, 200,147.

**WHALING.**—There has been added to the whaling fleet, the past year, 52 vessels. There are now nearly seven hundred vessels engaged in that branch of marine industry, giving employment to between 17 and 18,000 seamen. The losses of the past year have not exceed one half of one per cent. upon the amount of navigation comprised in the fishery.

**THE COD FISHERY.**—The following is a statement of the number of vessels and men employed, together with the amount of tonnage, the number of quintals of fish caught, and the amount of bounty paid, in the district of Plymouth, in the year 1844.

**Plymouth.**—55 vessels; 4000 tons; 460 men; 40,800 quintals; \$15,500 bounty.

**Kingston.**—16 vessels; 1361 tons; 138 men; 12,800 quintals; \$5000 bounty.

**Duxbury.**—11 vessels; 585 tons; 66 men; 5000 quintals; \$2300 bounty.

**Scituate.**—5 vessels; 320 tons; 34 men; and \$1300 bounty.

**NOVEL SHIPMENT.**—The little iron steam yacht Ida, forty tons burthen, belonging to John B. Murray, Esq., which was the bearer of so many pleasure parties about N. Y. bay last summer, has been purchased by the government of Yutacan for the navigation of the shoal waters of that country, and is shipped on board the bark Louisa.

**CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.**—We learn from the Georgetown Advocate, that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is still in good navigable order at that place, and that the trade is considerable for this season of the year.

### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

**THE COAST SURVEY.**—Hon. Joseph Grinnell gives the following interesting information relating to this subject:

"In examining the survey of Buzzard's Bay and the harbor of New Bedford, in the office of the U. States Survey, lately made under the direction of Professor Bache, I perceive that a dangerous rock has been discovered, situated very nearly in the direct course from Clark's Point, to Dimplin Rock. Believing that it would be useful to make public the situation of this rock, I have obtained its bearings and distances from the light houses on Clark's Point and the Dimplin Rock. They are as follows:

From Clark's Point Light House, S. 15° W. 1½ miles.  
" Dimplin Rock " " N. 15° E. 2¼ "

This rock is very small, and has only 5 feet of water on it at low tide. I have applied for a buoy to be placed immediately on this rock, and cannot doubt that it will be done.

"I am happy to inform you that this survey will be published in the course of two months, and I have no doubt it will be of great use to our commerce."

### DISASTERS AT SEA.

**MURDER ON BOARD A WHALE SHIP.**—Mr. Worth, late first officer of ship Virginia, of New Bedford, arrived via Panama, Carthage and Jamaica, reports the ship Ontario, Gibbs, of Nantucket, touched at Tecamas in November last for wood and water. A seaman of the Ontario, named George Corsa, who had previously been confined on board in irons for mutinous conduct, succeeded in releasing himself from his irons, while the ship's company were on shore, (except Mr. Brooks, one of the mates, the cook, steward and Corsa.) procured a musket on board, and shot Mr. Brooks dead. He then put some muskets and ammunition in a boat and made for the shore. On the return of the ship's company, and learning the facts from the steward, Corsa was immediately pursued, and found on shore a few miles from Tecamas concealed in the sand, only a portion of his face remaining uncovered. He was arrested, taken to Tecamas, and delivered on board the U. S. schooner Shark, to be sent home for trial.

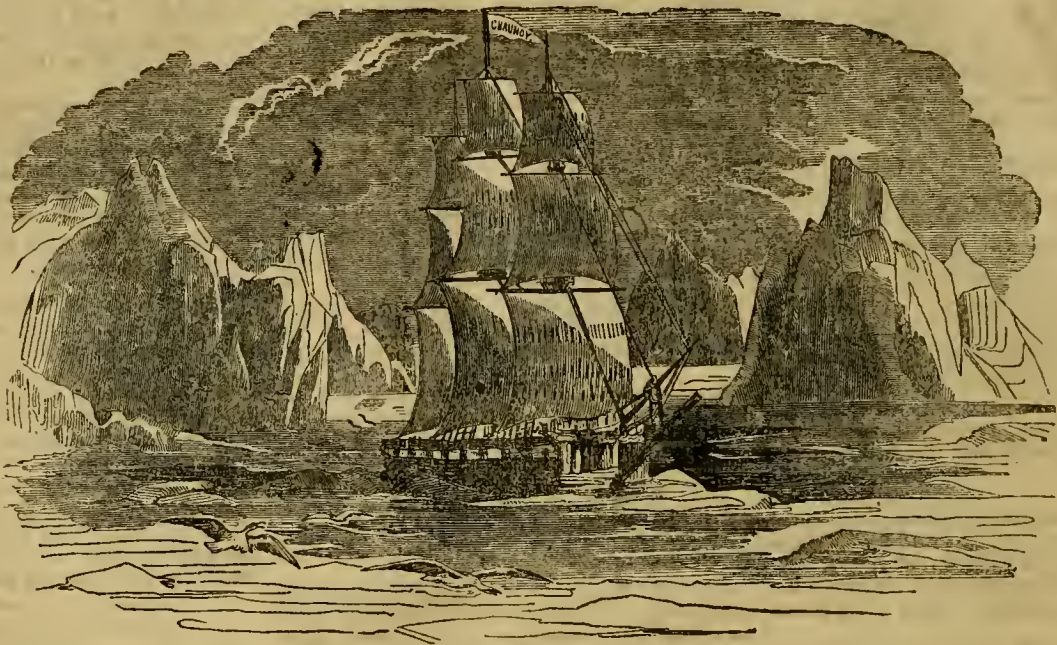
Ship Harvest, Coffin, of Nantucket, which sailed from that port Oct. 17, for the Pacific, lost all her boats, mizen mast, bulwarks on both sides, fore and aft, sails, &c. &c. Also, had six men washed overboard and lost. Had been supplied with four men from a man-of-war.

**ANOTHER WRECK.**—On the morning of the 20th December last, the ship Pennsylvania, of Bath, Me., and from New Orleans bound to Liverpool, with a valuable cargo of cotton, tobacco, lard and oil cake, during a gale, was driven on the reefs near the bay Honda, one man washed overboard and drowned, the remainder of the crew saved. It was thought the cargo would be saved in a damaged state.

British schooner George Thompson, Anderson, from Boston, of and for Digby, N. S., struck on Duck Island Ledges, (Eastern part of Penobscot Bay,) 7th ult., at 4, a. m., beat over, filled, and drifted until about 4, p. m., when she struck on York's Ledge, near Isle au Haut. A passenger named Matthew McGaukeo, a young man, perished while drifting from one ledge to the other; and the owner, Wm. Barnett, (who was also a passenger,) was lost in attempting to get on shore when she last struck. The remainder [the crew] were discovered just before dark, and saved by Mr. Wilson, of Isle au Haut, saving only their clothes. The vessel's side was stove when she first struck, and after she struck the second time, she soon went to pieces.



## WINTER PERILS OF THE SAILOR.



Ship Chauncey in Fields of Ice.

The readers of the SHEET ANCHOR will remember the article in our paper for January 4, from that superior nautical book, "LIFE ON THE OCEAN," by Capt. LITTLE, of Baltimore, and published by WAITE, PIERCE & Co., Boston. The above engraving represents a graphic scene described in the volume. We consider it eminently well calculated to do good in the sailor's cause.



## THE HOLY KNOT.

Let not man put it asunder.

In this city, Sunday evening, 26th inst., at the New Bethel Hotel, 3 Lewis Street, by Rev. C. W. DENISON, Mr. SYLVESTER BROWN, to Miss DEBORAH SAVAGE, both of Mt Desert, Me.

In Salem, Capt. STEPHEN HARRADEN to Miss ANN ROSE.

In Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. BOURNE, Mr. HENRY P. HUMPHREY to Miss AUGUSTA M. WESTON.

In Mount Desert, Me., Mr. WILLIAM LEWIS, of Kennebunk, to Miss ELIZA BURNHAM.



## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, on Friday, 24th ult., Mrs. JANET ABRAHAM, aged 33 years, wife of BENJ. ABRAHAM, Esq., Treasurer of the Boston Bethel Union. The sailor and his friends have met with a severe loss in the death of this lady. Of her it may in truth be said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Yea, saith the Spirit, from henceforth; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

In this city, 17th ult., Mrs. DONCAS, wife of Captain SAMUEL NICKELS, aged 65 years.

In Providence, R. I., 16th ult., Mr. JAMES BROWN, late first officer of ship Panther, of P., aged 24 years.

At Baltimore, 28th Nov., Capt. WM. MOORE, aged 60 years; for many years a respectable shipmaster of that port, and a native of Massachusetts.

Lost overboard, 16th ult., from ship Megunticook, in Boston Bay, JOHN PAGE, seaman, of Boston.

At Macao, (China,) Mr. THOMAS WESTBROOK WALBORN, aged 50 years, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

## GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the New Haven, Ct. Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 136 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.  
Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor.  
"BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swansoo; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Omego. Rev. F. Pierce.

Rockets, Va. Rev. A. Mebane.

Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. H. Vates.

Swanwick. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

## GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

Boston. The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

BETHEL HOTEL, (late Alhambra,) ROGERS & DOANE, No. 3 Lewis Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 151 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

**Sailor's Magazine.**—The Sailor's Magazine is published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their office, No. 71, Wall Street, New York, and is devoted to the improvement of the social and moral condition of seamen. It is issued monthly; contains thirty-two pages 8vo. Price \$1 50, a year, in advance.



## Sheet



## Anchor.

JONATHAN HOWE, PUBLISHER. : : : : : REV. CHARLES W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Vol. 3.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

No. 4.

## Sheet Anchor.

OFFICE 39 MERCHANTS ROW.

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF  
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—to  
HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

## TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Any person who will obtain five subscribers, and remit  
the money, shall receive the sixth copy gratis, and in  
the same proportion for larger numbers.

All business letters must be directed to the Pub-  
lisher, JONATHAN HOWE, 39 Merchants Row.

## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

## MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.

A YARN.

We were somewhere off Cape d'Aguilas, on our homeward voyage from the Mauritius, fighting hard against a head wind, which, though not quite a gale, was sufficiently provoking. There was a short, cross sea, too, and not the mile-long rolling swell you usually meet with in that quarter of the world, for the wind had suddenly changed. It was bitterly cold, and there was no lack of rain, nor of sleet either; and as you walked the deck, you would occasionally, among the soft, cold, squashy slipperiness, feel a big hailstone crunch under your shoe by way of variety.

Every thing was dark and cold, though it had ceased to rain, and the quarter-deck and gangways had been swept. The sky seemed one mass of sooty black clouds, and you could not tell, from any indication of your eyes, whether it was vaulted, or as flat as the ceiling of your room—all was blackness, shapelessness, and obscurity. The sea had a sort of dull, grayish appearance, from the mixture over its surface of white foam and pitchy water; there was nothing bright or phosphorescent about it; it was cold, dreary, and dispiriting, and the heavily-laden little brig plunged, and seemed to shake her shoulders, and plunge again, as if she had no particular relish for it herself; while at every shrug a shower of spray was blown aft, falling in big splashy drops upon the deck. As I was thus appreciating the full comfortlessness of the scene, the same boy addressed me, telling me the captain was forward on the weather-side of the fore-castle. I immediately began to clapper-claw my way forward, holding on now by one thing, now by another,

for she pitched so violently, that I was momentarily expecting to be washed clean overboard. At length I brought up alongside the skipper, who standing on a hen-coop, and holding on by the weather-shrouds, was peering anxiously out to windward.

"Do you hear that?—did you hear any thing?" said he, suddenly turning to me.

"Nothing," said I; "but the moaning of the wind in the rigging, and the pile-driving thumps of her bows."

"Ah!—hush—not a word—listen—there it is again."

"Where?" said I.

"Right out in the direction of my hand there—don't you hear that?"

"I hear a voice!—there again!" Here there was a lull, and we all distinctly heard it. It was a long, mournful cry, and had in its sound something inexpressibly harrowing. It seemed the voice of a strong man, exhausted in mind and body, weakened to a womanish state of feeling by hunger, exposure, misery, and despair; calling for help without hope to find it. It was actually musical, and had in its prolonged, melancholy cadence, something so acutely touching, as to make me experience a feeling precisely similar to that I used to have in my childhood, just when at the point of falling away into a fit of crying. We all stood entranced and motionless, listening till its dying fall was lost in the rush of the wind and the dash of the waves.

Again the wind lulled, and again the long mournful hillo—o—o, swelled and sank upon our ears.

"It is broad abeam of us now, sir," said the mate.

"Yes," said the master, "it must be drifting down with the current. Can any of you see any thing?" But no one answered. "Here, you Tom Bradley, jump aft in the gangway, and answer their hail, whoever they are."

The young man, who had a remarkably loud and clear voice, went aft, mounted into the weather-main rigging, and immediately a trumpet-like "hillo-hoy" rang over the water. A minute, and it was answered by the same mournful call; but this time I could swear it was articulate—there were distinct words, though I could not make them out—moreover, the voice seemed more distant, and was well upon the quarter. The master and mate were of the same opinion.

"Keep a bright look out for'ard there," sung out the master.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, not in the usual drawling way, but quickly and sharply, as if anxiously on the alert.

"Gangways!" Another similar reply.—"Hail again, Mr. A——."

The mate hallooed again. There was no sound in answer. At that moment the moon shone out bright and clear. The edges of the vast rolling clouds became, as it were, silverized, and a broad flow of light fell upon the sea around us, rendering every thing within the eye's range clear and distinct.

"Do you see any thing, men—any boat or raft, or any thing in the water?"

But the light was so bright and sudden, that it was nearly a minute, during which each man had searched with his eyes all the space within the horizon, before they answered, in a tone of disappointment and superstitious dread "Nothing sir—nothing sir," said one after the other.

"Bless my soul, isn't that strange? Do you see any thing?" (to me.)

"Nothing," said I.

"Here Mr. A——, go aloft into the main-top, and send two or three of the people aloft also to look out. I say, Bradley, sing out, will ye—hail again."

Again the seaman hallooed—we waited, but there was no answering cry. The master was now much excited.

"Maintop there."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see any thing?"

"Nothing, sir, but those two albatrosses in our wake."

"Foretop," again cried he.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you make out any thing?"

"Nothing on the water, sir, but there's something on our lee-bow that looks very much like the land."

"Come down, Mr. A——, come down out of the tops, men, and stand by to put her about again." The master's voice trembled, as he asked me, "What do you think of that, Mr. D——? Strange things occur in these seas."

"Why, I am puzzled enough," said I: "the poor fellow would seem to have sunk just after his last hail."

"No poor fellow in the case I fear," said he, with a look of much mystery. "This is not the first of these sort of airy tongues I've had to do with."

I remember many years ago, when I was a boy on board the frigate *Athalia*, in the river Plate, we had a quarter-master on board of the name of O'Hanlan, an Irishman. We were, with a light wind one night, groping our way up the mighty river, the leads being kept going regularly in the chains, and look-outs upon the bowsprit and at the foreyard



arms. It was a beautiful evening, the water quite smooth, and the moon shining without a cloud as brightly as she did for those two or three minutes a little while ago.

Well, this Irish quarter-master was one of them in the chains, and just as he was swinging the lead forward, the lashing round his waist gave away, and overboard he went, with the line in his hand, with a dead plunge, not unlike that of the lead itself, and without a cry or any other indication of the accident. But the master, who, with his foot on a gun-carriage, had been looking over at him, saw him disappear, and rushing frantically aft, cried to the captain and first-lieutenant, "A man overboard—O'Hanlan's overboard!"

"Let go the life-buoy!" cried the captain, in much excitement, and the sentry forthwith pulling the trigger, it plunged into the water and fell away astern, with its reddish blue light flickering and flaring upon the smooth surface of the water. "Heave-to immediately," he added, addressing the first-lieutenant, "and lower the boats."

But O'Hanlan was never more seen by us; after that first plunge he never rose to the surface, and though every eye that could was scanning the glassy water, still no one saw the least dark object to break the uniform bright level. The cutter and jolly-boat were lowered and manned, but where to bid them pull was a question. Just at that moment we heard a loud cry, similar to that in every respect we heard to-night, away on our lee quarter.

"There is his voice," cried the captain, "right on the lee quarter, right in the moon's wake; that's why you can't see him; give way, men, for God's sake;—stretch your limbs—'tis for life," and away shot both boats each with the officer standing up in the bows looking anxiously out. But when they had pulled about a hundred yards from the ship without seeing any object, the mournful cry came again upon our ears, but from the *weather quarter* this time.

"Gracious Heaven, Mr. Gray," said the captain, "have we been mistaken, and sent the boats in the wrong direction?"

"No, sir," said the first-lieutenant, "the sound most assuredly came from the lee-quarter, I heard it most distinctly," and turning to the surgeon and master, who were hard by, they both corroborated his assertion from the most decided evidence of their senses.

"But for all that," said the captain, "it would appear there has been a mistake—recall the boats."

Here again the wild wailing cry came again from the same direction as it had done the second time, and though when the first-lieutenant hailed the tops, and asked if they could see any thing, they answered they could not, yet the boats were recalled, and, as they passed under the stern, were sent in the other direction.

"Did you see any thing of him?" asked Mr. Gray. Both the midshipmen in the boats replied they had not.

But when they had gone about as far to windward as they had previously done to leeward, the cry broke upon our ears once more, but faint and far away astern, while the life-buoy itself had hardly had time to drift more than a hundred yards from the ship.

The captain appeared much struck. He looked at the other officers; then without a word, went and walked by himself, while the

others, with faces paler than they would like to hear me say, gathered in whispering groups.

Shortly the boats returned. They had pulled about for some time, but could see nothing. The jolly-boat was sent to pick up the life-buoy. All the while every soul of the men had been as silent as a mouse, and you could hear the flap of the sails, the chirping of the tiller ropes, and the ripple of the current against the ship's bows, unnaturally loud and distinct.

As soon as the life-buoy and boats were secured, "Fill and stand on, Mr. Gray," said the captain, and, without another word, he moved toward the companion to go down to his cabin. Just, however, as he was about to descend, his eye was attracted to a bright pale flame that kept flickering about the weather foretop-mast studding-sail boom end, and then gradually withdrawing but seeming to hold on by the spar by a long, slender, limb, as if loath to leave the ship, finally let go, rose into the air, and was lost, flashing and wavering high up in the heavens. When it disappeared we turned round to look at the officers who were all with pallid faces and silent lips gazing aloft into the sky. Then, without addressing any of them, he bade the messenger boy call his steward from the deck and went into the cabin.

In a minute all was bustle again as the ship was brought to her course.

## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## CHEERS FOR THE CUMBERLAND!

FRIEND DENISON,—

It gives me pleasure to be able to furnish you with a copy of another very interesting letter, received a day or two since, from a staunch, jolly, temperance tar, on board the noble CUMBERLAND—that bright jewel in the American navy. May the blessing of God rest upon her officers and crew, and on all connected with the navy of our country. May kind Providence smile upon and bless those officers and men, who are doing their utmost, both by precept and example, to advance the cause of temperance, religion, and virtue; may their slumbers be sweet and refreshing; may the Lord prosper their going out and their coming in; and when with them the lamp of life shall cease to burn, may they hear the joyous salutation: "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

U. S. Frigate Cumberland, Nov. 4, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—

It is with infinite pleasure I sit down to answer your kind letter, more especially as I have to announce the glorious intelligence that the CUMBERLAND is a cold water ship! The last of the rum drinkers left us yesterday, and the whiskey follows to-day, the commander having concluded—encouraged by the present comfortable state of the crew, and the unlooked for success the temperance measure has met with on board—to discharge the alcoholic burden that has too long encumbered the holds. The men alluded to, were the only two who have drawn their liquor during the last summer. They are good men in other respects, and able seamen, but weak enough to forego the comforts of the Cumberland, for the exercise of what they call "a privilege" on board other craft. Yes, there are, at this enlightened period of the world, old men, excellent sailors,

who consider that a privilege which sends them from the door of a merciless landlord, in an inclement season, shivering with cold, thinly clad, and half dead with horrors, shivering repentant from the effects of a species of debauchery that degrades them beneath the level of a beast: a privilege that condemns them to brave the wintry storms of the Atlantic, destitute of all those ocean comforts, which industry, seconded by temperance, never fails to secure.

We are going on finely, with a regular trade wind of success. The good Ship REFORM, with studding-sails "a-low and aloft," going before it, every thing drawing beautifully, and the noble fabric looking as handsome as the imagination can portray.

By the way, it would have done you good to have seen a boat race the other day, in which your humble servant figured rather conspicuously. We, of the Cumberland's barges, received a defiance from those of the Columbia. We accepted, and beat them handsomely, by the cold water barge coming in considerably ahead. The result forms another and a noble commendatory of the abstinence system afloat. Lieut. — sends his respects to you, and would send you something for publication, but his heart and soul are taken up with the abolition of the *spirit ration*. He has written to all the members of Congress of his acquaintance, (and they are not a few,) for their aid in carrying out the measure. The commodore wishes to be remembered to you. Now remember me to all well wishers and the friends of the cause, and believe me to be yours sincerely.

SPIRIT RATION.

The following is a copy of a petition sent to Congress, signed by the commander, and many of the officers, and two hundred and fifty of the ship's company. I hope you will strain every nerve to aid us in its success. \* \*

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, officers and men, serving on board the United States Frigate CUMBERLAND, respectfully present their petition to your honorable bodies, for the abolishment of the spirit portion of the navy ration, and for an equivalent, to be paid monthly, to procure little articles, such as fruit, &c., conducive to health and comfort. It would be superfluous, at this day, when the subject of temperance has become of such wide spread importance and interest, to enlarge upon the evils that flow from the use of spiritous liquors; though many sad illustrations might be adduced from the class to which we belong. We have satisfied ourselves, from a year's experience of the *temperance system* on board this ship, that *grog is not necessary to the performance of our duties, in point of health, comfort and happiness*. We are infinitely better without it. We pray your honorable bodies to come to our assistance, by striking spirits from the table of the navy ration. So long as the daily allowance is offered, a sad obstacle to the success of the cause of temperance is placed in the way, by inducing many to continue to draw their spirit, who would soon cease to think of it, if the Grog Tun were not daily paraded before their eyes. We are convinced from our own experience, that without the influence of this agent, so fruitful of evil, and of which no good has ever come, our ships of war would be happier in all respects, and, while its abolishment, could, in no possible way, impair the efficiency, it would essentially promote the moral and social improvement of those who contribute no inconsiderable share towards sustaining the honor of their flag and country in the hour of trial.



With a better knowledge of the many evils which have befallen sailors from the habit of intemperance, a habit unfortunately encouraged by the daily drams furnished by the government, we entertain a hope that our petition will be so received, as not only to prevent the mischief from spreading, but to uproot the evil that now exists.

And, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

### SOUTH SEAS.

A civil war is to be feared, should the French obtain more power. The natives hate them. *They have again introduced ardent spirits. The destruction of piety under its baneful influence is dreadful.* The churches are suffering greatly. From the royal family to the lowest grade, all get intoxicated. The missionaries are doing all they can to combat the evil. A superior woman belonging to the Queen, went to bed, apparently well, and was found dead the next morning. This was the result of wine. She had been a constant member of the church for some years until this temptation was presented, and she fell into its snare; which caused her excommunication, and then her death.

### THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

### EIGHT GOOD REASONS.

READ THEM, SHIP-MATES!

1. Giving up strong drink will save the sailor forever, if he observes it, from being a drunkard.
  2. It will save him a great deal of money. Twelve and a half cents a day is forty-four dollars a year. And a penny saved is a penny earned.
  3. It will secure him health. Drinking liquor is the cause of more sickness to seamen in foreign ports than any thing else.
  4. It will give him character. A sailor who has signed the pledge, is in great demand by shippers of crews. Many now will have no others.
  5. It will be a passport to the mate's and captain's berths.
  6. He owes it to his employer. To the sailor is committed important interests, rich cargoes, valuable lives. By a single glass of grog, many a ship has been wrecked and lost.
  7. He owes it to his friends. His widowed mother whose son far off on the ocean; his wife, nursing at home her pretty babes, or the maid betrothed, who waits the return of her sailor boy, all have an interest in his keeping sober.
  8. He owes it to his soul. No drunkard hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God, and no sailor has any assurance that he shall not be a drunkard if he refuse to sign the pledge and continues to drink. Sixteen thousand have signed the pledge at the New York Mariner's Temperance Society.
- Three thousand seamen have signed the pledge in Boston within three years. Come, shipmates! lend us a hand.

For the Sheet Anchor.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

It was a dark and drear night, as the bark Griffon entered the Gulf Stream. The wind whistled fearfully through our rigging; the foaming and troubled waters were occasion-

ally revealed to us by lurid flashes of lightning—such lightning as is seen only on the broad ocean. Every man was on the alert; the captain pacing the deck, with a troubled countenance; his eye cast often to the windward, anxiously awaiting for the abatement of the storm. A heavy sea now broke upon our quarter, carrying away the yawl boat, which was lashed to the stern. Before we were well aware of the extent of the injury, a heavy crash announced to us the destruction of the long-boat and bulwarks. Orders were now given to wear ship to the north. The storm increasing, we were obliged to lay to, under close reefed main-top-sail, the sea threatening every moment to engulf us in its angry billows. For twenty-four hours we endured the most painful suspense, and harrassed with doubts of ever seeing again the beloved faces we had left in our own happy New England, five months before. \*\*\* The storm passed away. \*\*\* The sun arose brightly over the blue waters, and with gratitude in our hearts to him who guides the wind and waves, we steered our homeward course, with a gallant breeze filling our sails.

One of the crew, while repairing the sails aloft, descried a small dark spot upon the waters. The word was given, and the captain, applying his glass, could see one dismantled mast rising against the horizon. Every man was now on the lookout, and we discovered a signal, rent into shreds, which proved to be English. Our captain supposed her to be abandoned, but as we neared her, we could see several objects—one of them appeared to be walking. We determined to use our utmost endeavors, in hopes of saving some fellow creature from a watery grave. We tacked ship, and stood for the wreck, and with much difficulty succeeded in lowering our only remaining boat, containing four men, who, straining every nerve, boarded the shattered wreck, where they found three human beings, nearly exhausted from hunger and fatigue; one of them having more strength than the rest, had hoisted the signal we had seen in the distance; another was lying upon the quarter-deck, wrapped in a remnant of sail-cloth, expecting every moment to be his last. He now revived. Hearing strange voices, they informed us, by signs, they had been in that situation for nine days, and had been living upon raw potatoes, which answered for food and water. Not a moment was to be lost. We placed them in the boat, and were just leaving the wreck, when a large Newfoundland dog, before unnoticed, sprang suddenly into the boat. With this unexpected visitor, we reached our ship. Our captain stood in the gangway, to welcome them aboard; where, speechless with gratitude, they knelt in silent prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God. Accommodations were speedily made for their benefit, and every sailor's chest was at their service.

The wreck proved to be the British Brig Dove, of Liverpool, N. S., bound to the West Indies, which had been capsized on the 25th of December, in a gale from the W. N. W., and remained in that situation until Jan. 3d. The rest of the crew had been drowned. The dog had lived upon salt butter, which the men had not dared to eat, and no sooner had he sprung upon our decks, than he swallowed all the water within his reach.

My feelings upon this occasion I cannot attempt to describe, and happy were we all

that Providence had destined us for an act which we will have occasion to remember all our lives.

On our arrival at Boston, these forlorn sailors were sent, by the British Consul, to their homes.

A. G\*\*\*.

### JACK TURNED OUT.

It was a bitter cold night. The snow was on the ground. The stars shone brightly; and men, wrapped up in their cloaks, hurried quickly to their comfortable firesides. But down at the sign of the Anchor there was mirth and jollity. Many a tar was there, spinning his yarn and cracking his jokes, and joining in the joy that was kept up to the serenade of an old violin. Round and round went the bowl, till one and another was well over the dam, and some were stowed away under the benches and tables. Among the latest that stayed was Jack Robbins. Jack had just come in from a long voyage, and had that day been paid off his full wages; and nothing would do but he must treat all round. None were so liberal at the Anchor as Jack. None was praised so much by the landlord. Soon he was swimming in a sea of glory, and singing merrily,

"Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl,  
Until it does run over;  
This night we all will merry be,  
To-morrow we'll be sober."

But soon his money and his coat and jacket, all were gone; and when, at a late hour, he came a little to himself and upbraided the landlord and the vile women who had stripped him clean, out he was turned into the bitter cold, with scarce clothing enough to cover his nakedness. Poor Jack knew not where he was, nor what to do. He stood amazed, biting his lips and cursing his stars. Just then an old salt hove in sight, and beckoned to him to come and turn in aboard. And a carman, who happened to be out late, offered to take him on to his cart and give him a berth. O the cruelty of the rum landlord! When he has all Jack's money and all his clothes, then it's Out with you, Out with you. Shipmate, I say, Keep away from the grog-shop.

### THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

ADDRESS TO

SHIPMATES AND BROTHER SAILORS.

Delivered at Mariner's Church, Portland, Me.

By CAPT. E. JONES, OF THE U. S. SERVICE.

[Concluded.]

Temperance, fellow-seamen, is a smiling angel commissioned from the third heaven, to assist in reforming poor fallen man. Intemperance, on the contrary, is a raging devil, all-furious from the nether hell, whose rewards are, loss of character—loss of health—loss of property—sighs—groans—and broken hearts. I deem it unnecessary to describe the baneful effect that alcoholic spirit produces on the human system, inasmuch as the subject has been so fully discussed by abler and better men. There is probably not a person in this assembly who has not witnessed its deleterious effects both on society and individuals.

Perhaps there is some individual present who mentally exclaims, "thank God! I am



no drunkard, I am only a moderate drinker, and there is no danger of my becoming dissipated." To such I would say, "lay not that flattering unction to your soul;" for depend upon it, you are standing on a precipice, and there is but one step between you and moral perdition to say the least of it. In my opinion there is not a more dangerous class of men in society than moderate drinkers—they constitute the grand nursery from which all confirmed drunkards emanate. Moderate drinkers stand in the same relation to finished drunkards, as entered apprentices, in a Masonic Lodge, do to the Master Masons.

Total Abstinence is my "Motto" and with the blessing of God, shall be until the hour of my death. It is true I have drunk deeply of the intoxicating bowl, but I never had the reputation of a drunkard. The reason was this, I was favored with what is sometimes called a hard head, that is, I could, and frequently have, drunk one quart of French brandy a day, without its producing any perceptible inebriation, but in the end it undermined my constitution, and for two years I was reduced to a mere spectre of a man; then it was that reflection, like an Angel came, and whipped me, as it were, into reason.

Some persons there are who still scoff at the idea of reclaiming seamen from their dissipated habits; for the better information of such wiseacres, I would state, that I have known over one hundred noble "tars" thoroughly reformed through the acknowledged instrumentality of our Temperance Societies, and at least thirty lasting reformations have taken place under my own immediate observation. I will instance one of them, but in doing it I feel that I shall hazard the imputation of egotism, as I shall frequently be under the necessity of speaking of my own feeble exertions in the good cause. I will mention John Otis, a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, who was a play-mate of mine, some thirty-five years ago. Otis was of a respectable family, and commenced his seafaring career when quite a youth; nature appeared to have destined him for the seas—he was naturally active, and soon became a first-rate seaman, and for some time conducted himself with tolerable propriety, but finally he left home for the Southern States, out of which he sailed for several years, and a wilder fellow could not be found in that section of our country. In 1823 I was at Savannah, in command of a merchant ship in the Liverpool trade, and when on the eve of sailing I was addressed by a sailor, whose personal appearance was far from creating a favorable impression. He expressed a wish to go in my ship. I thought his countenance was familiar, and I asked him if he had not sailed with me in the Navy; he replied that his name was Otis, and that he had formerly known me in Scituate when we were both boys.—My first impression was against taking him, but something seemed to whisper me that he might be reformed. I told him he might go with me, but he must forget that we had ever been play-mates in Scituate, and that if he would only conduct himself with propriety he might depend on my influence in procuring him a better situation on our return. He conducted himself well on our outward passage, but while in Liverpool I found he was inclined to be wild, I took him aside and admonished him. He took it kindly. Shortly

after, my second officer left the ship, and I put Otis in his place, which he filled to my entire satisfaction until the end of the voyage, when I made him chief officer of the ship. A year or two afterwards he returned to Scituate an altered man, where he soon after married an amiable young lady, and now has about him an interesting little family. The last time I saw him he was master and part owner of the brig William, of Boston.

If there are any present who require an instance of reformation among seamen nearer home, than the one above cited, I would invite them on board the United States Cutter Morris, where I will introduce them to at least one truly reformed "tar." I always invite my whole crew, (varying from twenty to thirty seamen) to join the Temperance Society, and sign the pledge. This I have found to have an excellent effect. It is true that some of them have occasionally violated their obligation, but those instances are getting very rare—they all fully understand that there is no room in my vessel for a drunkard. About half of my crew are now present, and I know they will testify that we have as much peace and harmony on board the Morris, as can be found in almost any family on shore. I make use of no compulsory process in the cause of temperance. Argument and example are the only weapons I use; when they fail to produce the desired effect I reform the offender out of the service as an incurable subject.

Seamen, I entreat you to come forward and join the Temperance cause, and to banish from your minds, that erroneous idea that no one feels an interest in your welfare. Heaven will bear me witness, that I feel a greater interest for your well-being than I have either words or talent to express.—Come and try me. I now invite every temperance seaman in this city, and every one who is inclined to become such, to command, without the least grain of reserve, whatever little influence I may possess. It always affords me much pleasure to have it in my power to assist an honest temperate "tar." I have had it in my power to assist many; I have raised several from the fore-castle to the command of fine ships. So if you think I can further your interest, I invite you to consult me whenever you please. Call on board my vessel, stop me in the street, if more convenient. In brief, I care not if you "stop the chariot and board the barge" so long as reformation is your object.

I am happy to perceive in this assembly, quite a number of ladies—this certainly looks well; nothing can afford the friends of Temperance more encouragement, than to behold the fairer and better part of creation, taking an active part in the glorious cause of Temperance. If the ladies would more generally come up to our assistance, we should feel encouraged to make greater efforts than we have ever yet attempted. We all know and duly appreciate the great influence that ladies are capable of exercising over the actions of men. You possess in an eminent degree, the talent of persuasion. We entreat you to exert it to the utmost in the cause of Temperance. On you depends in a great degree the future character of the rising generation, over whom you can now with the utmost propriety exercise a controlling influence. Let me entreat you to warn and save them from that beastly and most unnatural sin—inebriation.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## FATHER MUDGE.

BR. DENISON—The following tribute of affection and respect to Father Mudge, late Chaplain to Seamen at New Bedford, was originally published in a New Bedford paper.

A lady warmly interested in the Sailor's cause, and a tried friend to the "*good Samaritan*"—as Father Mudge has been frequently and appropriately called—put it into my hands, expressing a wish that it might be more widely circulated in the columns of the Sheet Anchor. Please give it a place.

Yours truly,

DUPLEX.

From Father Mudge, when a sailor from the port of New Bedford, I received the first evidence that any one cared for my soul in that region. From him I received, from our earliest acquaintance, fatherly counsel, and repeated and continued evidences of solicitous regard for my welfare, which I am well assured have not been entirely lost. We visited New Bedford about the same time, I a reckless, dissipated youth bound to sea. He on a voyage of Mercy, to explore a novel Sea of enterprise. To mark its bounds, its shores, its various shoals and quicksands.

I saw an account in a paper a few days ago, that the old gentleman had left the Beth-el, and while thinking thereon, the flowing ideas suggested themselves to my mind, which I dedicate to my brother sailors.

Sailor ahoy! what cheer, my lad?  
What news from home? Why, news that's bad—  
Our home-coast light has gone—  
That fine old light that shone so clear,  
And told of shoals and quicksands near—  
Good Father Mudge, to sailors dear,  
Has bid farewell our town.

No more his beacon light will gleam,  
No more of home shed radiant beam  
To sailors coasting there.  
You know, my mates, where he stood,  
By yonder headland, o'er life's flood,  
And pointed us to Heaven and God:  
You know his life-boat—prayer.

'Twas good to steer by that old light,  
It shone so steady, loomed so bright,  
'Twas trimmed with heavenly oil,  
'Twas tended well.—And then you know  
When adverse winds did rudely blow,  
Beneath his lee we could lay low,  
And share his gen'rous toil.

Our fortunes bilged—on beam ends cast—  
Without an oar, a helm, a mast—  
This was our anchor sure:  
Our Father Mudge would set all right,  
'Tow us within the Bethel light,  
Then right us, fit us, make all tight,  
And snugger than before.

Yes, then he'd freight us for the skies,  
And store our souls with rich supplies,  
With chart and compass given—  
Why, Jack, you do not mean to say  
He's slipped his cable? From life's bay  
Has hove up anchor? sailed away  
To join the fleet in heaven?

No, mate, not exactly that,  
He's laid in ordinary yet,  
'Till sailing orders come.  
But since you sailed, he's shipped two seas  
That swept his deck—raised such a breeze  
About his hull; that as he says  
He's waiting to go home.

God bless him! Then he's yet alive?  
Why how he used his bark to drive  
To save a foundering crew.  
I often thought his jib he'd split,  
Or lose his spars—he'd such a gait,  
His motto was, he'd save them yet,  
And charter them anew.

He loved his compass, steady steered,  
And trimmed his sail, and rightly cheered;  
With any of life's crew.  
On Zion's deck he walked aright,  
Aloft, below—by day, by night,  
The will of God was his delight,  
His work and glory too.



He's almost home—his voyage o'er,  
Heaven's headlands rise—he nears the shore,  
He'll now receive his pay.  
Yes Jack, and there's the prizes too  
He draws a share from I and you  
And hundreds more—Oh what a view  
Will fill his soul that day.

Beside his admiral's ship he'll range  
With Christ, and Angel's bright exchange  
Salutes of ceaseless love.  
The trophies won too by the way  
From truck to deck Truth shall display  
And heaven's breeze waft them endlessly.  
Who'll dwell with him above?

S. F.

## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

## THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

By B. MACREADING.

What will not Christian Parents do for their Children?

A sailor's son, dearly beloved, had returned from a distant port, a prey to what was supposed a contagious disease. He was not permitted to remain long in the paternal mansion, but was hurried to a light-house at the entrance of the harbor, as best suited by its remoteness from other habitations, for a hospital. Here he suffered, in all the loneliness of such circumstances.

His mother, who would have fondly nursed, in this distressing hour, her darling son, was compelled to desert him. But he suffered not long. A few days, and death closed his eyes on earthly scenes forever. His burial was solitary. Two men were procured, after the usual precautions had been taken with the corpse, and they in silence buried it on the opposite beach, in the sand. It was hard for these fond parents under such circumstances to leave these remains in their solitude. They desired to have the corpse sepulchred in the village church-yard to repose among its kindred. But the laws forbade it. What was to be done?

Under cover of darkness, while all were wrapt in sleep, the body might be disinterred, and deposited in the wished-for burial place. But who could be entrusted with so important a mission?

Love fired those frames of more than three score years, and supplied the requisite energy. As night closed in, the old man was observed walking up and down the beach, and eying furtively the boats there moored. Occasionally would he cast his eye to the opposite shore, as if measuring the distance, or taking observations of the destined spot. At length, as if satisfied that all was right, he slowly proceeded homeward.

Unobserved, they ventured forth and scened the boat. The oars were swiftly plied, and they are nearly to the shore; but the boat grounded at quite a distance from the landing. No alternative is left but to plunge into the water, and wade to the shore. The implements are borne along. They reach the shore. The chilly breeze, and the heavy dew soon benumb their limbs; but not a word of complaint is uttered. At length the coffin was reached.—What now could be done? Its weight would require the strength of four able men to raise it. But fond affection again supplies the required strength. Lifting slowly—it moves. But, alas! the

handle of the coffin, corroded by dampness, gives way, and it falls back to its place again! Must they now fail? No! One effort more. Again it moves, descending beneath the coffin, the venerable sire bears up the precious burden upon his back, to the surface. Slowly it is borne to the shore, then pushed along in the water, and with incredible labor safely placed in the boat. Again they launch forth on their return; but even now the first streaks of light are playing upon the upper sky. Fears of detection, and desire of completing their undertaking, give fresh impetus to the wearied couple. At length the tide is stemmed, and they reach the landing place. Under the wharf the boat was securely fastened, while a conveyance was sought to remove the corpse to its final resting place. But day had fairly broken, and the citizens were early stirring. O! how ached and trembled those fond hearts, lest after all their trial and danger, they should now fail of securing their object! Their fears were all realized. The report of passing events spread quickly through the town. The whole community were aroused in view of the possible spread of contagion. They demanded the instant return of the corpse to its lone grave. Overcome with grief, the aged sire and his companion, in addition to the hardships of the night, quickly sought their dwelling, and hid themselves from public gaze, while the unfortunate remains were speedily conveyed, and re-interred in the solitary grave on the shore.

Christian mother! thus solitary is the burial of many a sailor on the distant pestilential land. Will you not, then, do all you can to lead the perilled son of the ocean to the precious Saviour?

Blest be that voice, now heard afar,  
O'er the dark, rolling sea;  
That whispers to the hardy tar,  
"Sailor! there's hope for thee."

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

## THE PRAYING BOY.

Some two or three years since, he left Scotland for America. The vessel in which he crossed the Atlantic had on board two hundred passengers. One night they were overtaken by a violent storm; those who had been to sea before, now displayed evident signs of fear. The most experienced seamen were called upon deck, "after which," to use his own language, while describing this terrific scene, "we were all fastened down, as the sailors term it. There we were shut up in our prison-house; ever and anon, the storm increasing, would be heard the snapping of a spar, or the breaking of a mast, and the hoarse voice of the captain thundering out his orders through his speaking trumpet.

"Expecting every moment to be engulfed in a watery grave, our fears were increased upon hearing a sailor, on deck, exclaim, 'All's gone!' as he obeyed an order of the captain."

What an hour, and what a subject for reflection! two hundred souls in one coffin; the grave yawning beneath to receive them! Amidst the stifled sobs, the bursting groans, and agonizing prayers of those that surrounded him, R. laid himself down in his berth

and lifted up his heart to God. Not trusting in himself, he laid his "all" at the feet of his Saviour; reposed confidently upon the bosom of Him, who said to the troubled waters, "Peace! be still!" and so peaceful and quiet did his mind become, that the storm was forgotten, and he fell into a sweet sleep, with prayer upon his lips.

When he awoke in the morning, the gale had abated, and all was calm again. The stoutest hearts had not yet recovered from their extreme and overpowering terror; conversation was only carried on in low whispers. So peaceful was every thing; so calm his own breast, and sweet his thoughts, that, at first, R. could hardly tell whether he was in this, or another world. He was told that the storm had been at its height at midnight; but he had been entirely unconscious of it. The Saviour slept peacefully in a fearful storm, and so did this young disciple.

At that time, R. promised God, if his life was spared, and he was permitted to reach the land again, that he would live a life devoted to his service; whether he has fulfilled that pledge or not, will be known when the great books are opened and reviewed upon the judgment seat of Christ, in the awful light of eternity.

Dear children, have you this religion, that bestows such a sweet and heavenly calm upon the soul in the terrible storm, and in view of the speedy approach of death?

## THE SEA-BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. JEWSBURY.

"What shall I bring thee from the Isles  
Whither our vessel goes?  
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,  
More bright than English rose;  
And dust of gold and diamond,  
May be bought where points our prow,  
Some shall be thine and mine, ere death,  
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?  
But what shall I bring thee now?"

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,  
My master and king is he.  
And I brook not a word of treason heard,  
Not a word, though it come from thee;  
Nine weeks and a day, have I dwelt on land,  
Summer sports and labor have seen,  
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the trees,  
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,  
For the swell and the foam of the seas."

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly here,  
Not more drowsy the wheel, than I,  
But one touch of the rope, one breath of the gales,  
And less light shall the dolphin ply;  
I am wearied to death of landmen's talk,  
My friends all tread the deck,  
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,  
Say, what shall I bring thee back, sweet girl?  
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last  
That ever bore such name to me;  
Go, while the courage ebbs fast,  
Remains to bid farewell to thee.  
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,  
I love thee as a brother now,  
Yet go, for restless dreams have scrolled  
The name of Rover on thy brow."

"Think not I blame thee—thou art kind—  
Hast left me in this cot at ease—  
But oh, thou canst not make me blind  
To the deep perils of the seas!  
Thou speak'st of them with pleasant tongue—  
Thou sayest thy heart and home are there;  
But oft I think, with spirit wrung,  
Thou wouldst not, if I were not here,—"

"An orphan with a pallid cheek;  
A frame too somewhat overworn;  
Enough—the heart is slow to break,  
And sorrow comes but to be borne;  
The heaviest is to see thee go,  
Thus, in thy youth, time after time;  
To live upon thy toil, and know,  
For me thou wearest out thy prime!"



"Yet I must think thou lovest the sea,  
 "I would madden me to doubt it long."—  
 "Love I the deep? now credit me,  
 I love it with a love so strong  
 As thou thyself; it is my joy,  
 Has been my home, shall be my grave;  
 I tell thee tempest scarce alloys  
 The bliss, the triumph of the wave.  
 So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?  
 So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,  
 "That which no caves can hide;  
 That which the deep sea cannot quench,  
 THY LOVE—no gilt beside!"

## Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1845.

✧ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

### NAVAL SPIRIT RATION.

We respectfully call the attention of the Naval Committees in both houses, and members of Congress, to the memorial in this number of the SHEET ANCHOR, from the U. S. Ship CUMBERLAND, praying that the spirit ration may be abolished in the navy. The subject is second in importance to none that demands notice of the Navy Department, of Congress, and the country.

Among the many conclusive arguments in favor of granting the prayer of the petitioners, which, in fact, is an embodiment of the will of nine-tenths of the tax-paying citizens of the United States, we briefly present the following:

1. *The ration is not needed by the men.* They would be better without it, than they are with it. The example of the CUMBERLAND proves that fact triumphantly. Since her men abandoned their liquor, they have improved in every respect. So well convinced of this are the men themselves, that they are the first to sign petitions for abolishing the ration, and asking an equivalent.

2. *If the ration were abolished, the officers would be benefitted.* The reform of the crew would not be without its influence on their superiors. If total abstinence were practised on the decks, it would soon be popular in the ward-rooms and cabins.

3. *It would be an honor to the American Navy.* What an illustrious position among the nations of the earth would our young republic assume, if all her gallant ships were teetotallers! How gloriously would they demonstrate to the monarchs of the old world, that temperate Republicans are capable of self-government! We should then be sending abroad in our Naval Marine, *six thousand* brave and hardy advocates of the temperance cause.

4. *Commerce would be improved by it.* The two hundred thousand men employed in the commercial transactions of this country, would all feel the action of Congress in this matter. It would be shown that what is beneficial to naval vessels, would be proportionately so to all. A large part of the fiery river of death, now flowing in merchant vessels from this Christian land, to curse and consume the pagan nations, would be dried up.

5. *Much of our national disgrace would be removed.* It is a fact, not to be disputed, that a large number of the dishonors heaped on the American flag, both in peace and war, may be directly traced to the spirit ration. Defeats in battles, rows in our own and foreign ports, losses

of lives at sea, shipwrecks, fires, explosions, mutinies, barratrics, dismissals, duels, licentiousness, and many other evils, are clearly owing to the use of intoxicating drinks in the navy. They all flow, as streams from the fountain, from that deeply disgraceful source—the NATIONAL Grog Tub. In the name of America's honor, let it be abolished!

6. *It would help to save the nations's life and treasure.* Thousands of our national seamen have already fallen victims to the murderous ration. The amount of money squandered for rum is immense. If it is patriotic to legislate by drawbacks in favor of temperance, surely the abolition of this destructive ration is imperiously demanded. The liquor cans of our ships of war are dripping with the warm blood of our people. Shall the government continue to put these weapons of death to the lips of its own children?

### BALTIMORE.

Rev. H. BEST, seamen's chaplain in the monumental city, writes us an encouraging letter, in which he says:

"We have nearly completed the church. We have been in the basement since the first day of December, and our congregations are crowded. For the last four weeks, we have had a pleasing revival of religion, which is still going on, and increases in interest. We already more than realize our expectations in our new location. The Board have required me to form a society, or church, under their direction and management, which I have done. We number fifty persons. May the sailor's church increase and prosper!"

"Our new house will be the neatest seamen's church I have seen. We expect to dedicate it on the 23d of February. Three ministers of different denominations in this city will take part in the services. I shall be greatly gratified to see you here at that time, and so will the Board of Managers. I think it likely we shall have meetings for a week, and have preaching for several nights succeeding the dedication. I would be much delighted to see Mr. TAYLOR also.

"Yours, most affectionately, "H. BEST."

We accept the above invitation with great pleasure, and hope father TAYLOR will be able to accompany us. The prospects of the sailor's cause are certainly brightening in Baltimore, for which we would most devoutly thank God, and take courage.

In addition to the church over which Mr. BEST is placed, the young men have a congregation that promises much usefulness. It is called the "SAILOR'S CITY BETHEL SOCIETY." They occupy a room in Pratt Street, near Light Street Wharf, and are usually favored with a good attendance. The seats are comfortable, and in the rear of the neat pulpit is a beautiful nautical painting.

We give great credit to the young men of Baltimore for establishing this Bethel, and should be happy to see the young men of Boston, and other cities, following their example.

### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Rev. LORIN ANDREWS has been released by the American Board, and commences his labors as a seamen's chaplain at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands, under circumstances of an encouraging character. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where a good minister to seamen is more needed than at Lahaina. It is estimated that four thousand sailors, the most of them from America, visit that port every year. They need there the constant visits and kind attentions of a man of God; and we are happy in being assured that Mr. ANDREWS is such a man.

### GOOD NEWS FROM THE SEA!

The Sandwich Island "Friend of Seamen," a well-conducted paper, published at Honolulu, by Rev. Mr. DAMON, a chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society, records the following instance of liberality and philanthropy on the part of an American merchant: "The license for the sale of spiritous liquors, at Lahaina, Island of Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands, was put up at auction, and bid in by the house of Peck & Co., for \$1300. The object was to put an entire stop to the sale of ardent spirits at the island, which was carried on to the great demoralization of the inhabitants, as well as the crews of vessels which touched there. May American merchants, at home and abroad, be often distinguished by such acts of liberality."

What a change in these far-off islands! Who would have thought, a few years since, that a Sandwich Island religious and temperance paper, printed partly in the native language, would announce such a fact as the above?

Friends of seamen! persevere in your great and good work.

"Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war."

### SHORT YARNS.

REFORM IN THE NAVY.—It is evident that a pleasing change is every where manifesting itself among the seamen of the United States. In addition to the cheering news we give from the Cumberland, we have the happiness to notice a religious meeting recently held at the U. States Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. A chapel has been fitted up in that spacious establishment, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, which has been dedicated to the worship of the sailor's God. Rev. CHARLES SAMUEL STEWART, U. S. Navy, preached on the occasion from this passage:—"In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." The communion was administered by Mr. STEWART, assisted by Rev. Mr. BENNETT, of the Brooklyn Bethel, who has for many years given his voluntary attendance on the religious services at the Hospital.

Captains HUDSON, GEDNEY, and other known friends of seamen were present, beside a large audience, composed of man-of-war's men from the Hospital, the North Carolina and Navy Yard.

Such facts as these are creditable to the Navy Department, and we are happy to anchor them in our paper.

NEW SEAMEN'S CHURCH.—A proposition for organizing a church in connection with Rev. Mr. CHASE's chapel is being discussed in the New York papers. We hope it will succeed. There are supposed to be 40,000 seamen annually, 4000 constantly, in that port; and they all need the ordinances of christianity.

LIGHT HOUSES.—By reference to our list of disasters (which we always make as full as possible when there are lives lost,) it will be seen that the unfortunate *Saluda* might perhaps have been saved, with all on board, if the light on Race Point had been what it should be. We earnestly call the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury to this subject. Those who frequent Boston Bay well know that the Race Point light never



wholly disappears. Hence it is often taken for Highland light. Many vessels have been lost, with their crews, on this spot in the Bay, in consequence of the Race light not revolving.

**HEAVING TO.**—"Neptune, Jr.," in the Boston Mercantile Journal, advises navigators never to heave a ship to with her larboard tacks aboard, during a gale in the Atlantic, especially in the winter season.

**LIEUT. COMMANDER SHUBRICK.**—Graham's Magazine for December contains a handsome notice of this officer, who perished in the service in early life. He was distinguished in the Algerine war. In 1815, he sailed in the *Epervier* from Algiers; but nothing has since been heard from him or her. Thirty years have now rolled away, and still the ocean keeps the dread secret of their fate in its own deep, dark bosom.

## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

### NAVAL.

The U. S. sloop-of-war *Fairfield*, Com. Downing, 42 days from Gibraltar, anchored below Old Point Comfort, on the 15th ult. Left at Gibraltar, U. S. frigate *Cumberland* and sloop *Plymouth*; a Swedish and Danish squadron, and an English sloop. The following is a list of her officers:—Commander, Samuel W. Downing, Esq.; Lieuts. R. Page, W. M. Walker, J. H. North, S. Dodd; Surgeon J. F. Sickles; Passed Assistant do., J. T. Mason; Purser, J. C. Spencer; Acting Master, Stephen B. Trenchard; Professor of Mathematics, M. H. Beecher; Passed Midshipman, H. Rolando; Midshipmen, T. W. Fiske, R. M. Cuyler, Smith, A. R. Simmons, J. L. Davis; Acting Gunner, Arnold; do. Carpenter, Fry; Sailmaker, J. Burdine; Captain's Clerk, Hale; Acting Master's Mates, R. Jones, Dodd.

The sloops-of-war *Jamestown* and *Portsmouth* have sailed from Norfolk for Rio Janeiro; the first bound for the coast of Africa, and the latter for the Pacific.

Midshipman Albert G. Engs, having deserted from the U. S. ship *Portsmouth*, at Portsmouth, N. H., has been dismissed from the naval service of the U. States; the dismissal to take effect from the 10th December, 1844.

The U. S. brig *Oregon*, Lieut. Clare, commanding, arrived at Havana on the 2d ult., from Cartagena, bound to Norfolk. Officers and crew all well.

The U. S. Revenue steamer *Legare*, Captain Nones, arrived at Key West on the 3d ult. from Havana.

The U. S. brig *Somers*, commander Gerry, arrived at Pensacola the 31st Dec., from a cruise. The *Mobile Herald* says: "It is rumored here that the yellow fever has broken out on board the brig *Somers*, now lying at Pensacola."

John Woodhull, first class apprentice, accidentally fell overboard from the U. S. frigate *Brandywine*, on the 29th August, at Boca Tigris, and was drowned.

Passed Midshipman Charles E. Fleming, has been ordered to, and reported for duty, as Acting Master of the U. S. brig *Porpoise*, now at Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the revenue schooner *Spencer* to cruise along the coast during this and the following month, with extra supplies of men and provisions, for the relief of vessels in distress.

Advices from Ahambadoo, coast of Sumatra, to the 20th state that a plot had been discovered to cut off an American ship this year, and it was thought nothing but the presence of a U. S. man-of-war would deter the natives from making these attempts, in which they too often succeed.

A splendid Naval fete was recently given on board the U. S. ship of the line *Pennsylvania*, by Commodore and Mrs. Bolton, to the officers of the Norfolk Naval Station, and those of the Relief Squadrons to the different naval stations abroad.

**Dry Dock at Portsmouth.**—Many citizens of New Hampshire and Maine, respectfully represent to Congress, that the construction of a Dry Dock at the Navy Yard near Portsmouth, N. H., would, in their opinion, be of the greatest public utility.

**The Coast Survey.**—The first Report of Professor Bache, as Superintendent of the Survey of the Coast, shows the progress of the work during the past year.

The report presents a gratifying view of the progress and state of the survey, and shows that the means appropriated have been duly applied, and have yielded results in due proportion to them.

**Improvement of Fox and Wisconsin Rivers.**—The design of this work is to open a water communication from the Lakes to the Mississippi, through the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, to be navigated by Steam Vessels. That it is feasible in its general character, cannot be doubted. The Wisconsin is now navigable in high water, to the Winnebago Portage; the removal of a few obstructions will make it so at all seasons of the year.

The Sicilian government has abolished all quarantine regulations with respect to vessels coming from England, Gibraltar, and Spain.

Six thousand and five hundred passengers arrived in Massachusetts, from foreign countries, during the year ending September 30, 1844.

**LONGITUDE.**—Capt. Pitman, of the brig *Star*, who arrived recently from Grenada, says that he has discovered a method of ascertaining Longitude without the use of the chronometer. The value of the discovery will, of course, depend upon the facility of the process and the correctness of the results.

A vessel arrived at New York from Cuba, a few days since, with a cargo of copper ore, obtained from mines in that island. It is said to be quite pure, and will be smelted at an experimental furnace in Brooklyn.

Capt. Hatch, of the brig *Cordelia*, which arrived at New York from Apalachicola, saw a Comet at 7 o'clock, p. m., of the 11th ult., being then off the Tortugas. He describes it as a "very large Comet, bearing S. S. W., 15° high, and producing a very luminous appearance."

The Chinese Treaty has been confirmed by the United States Senate. The treaty secures to Americans the privilege of erecting hospitals and temples of worship at each of the five free ports; an indulgence never before allowed to foreigners, and a most honorable expression from the Chinese in favor of our missions.

**NEW NAUTICAL INVENTION.**—A useful invention is now in the act of being applied to one of the English men-of-war; it is called a "manœuvrer," and is the proposition of R. Foulerton, Esq. It consists of an Archimedian screw, fitted through the dead-wood of the ship at right angles with the keel, and set in motion by the capstan, for the purpose of turning the ship round, when, from calm weather, the helm has no effect

upon the vessel. It does not project in any degree so as to impede the ship's way through the water, and must be highly useful.

**Liverpool Registry of Shipping.**—The committee of this society have found it necessary, after an experience of three years, to revise the tables for the classification of the various kinds of wood used in the construction of new ships, with a view to introduce a national standard of a higher order for the improvement of the British mercantile marine. In the register book, the names of each ship-builder will be inserted. The amended rules will not be retrospective, or affect the character of ships now building. The introduction of American swamp elm, ash, or hemlock, will preclude any ship from an A class.

### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

#### DEACONS IN THE GULF OF FINLAND.

Extract from a publication made by the Russian government on the 18th of November, 1844.

"On the south side of the Gulf of Finland, in the government of St. Petersburg, a pyramidal wooden beacon is erected on the hill called *Streploff*, with two shields on the top, in the form of a cross.

"The pyramid is painted white, and the cross black.

"It is 45 feet in height from its base, and 17 feet from the level of the water.

"It is placed in North lat. 58° 50', 30; long. E. of Greenwich, 29° 9'.

"On one of the northernmost headlands on the island *Lavenscaar*, a four-sided pyramidal wooden beacon is erected, with a u iron vane on its apex.

"The sides facing the N. E. and N. W. are painted white. Those facing the S. E. and S. W. red; and the roof black.

"It is 80 feet in height from its base, 88 feet from the level of the water. It is placed in N. lat. 60° 2' 8; lon. E. of Greenwich, 27° 51' 5.

"On the isthmus joining the island of *Suissri*, to *Lavenscaar*, a wooden beacon is erected in the shape of a shield, 25 feet long, and 8 feet broad.

"The side facing the N. is painted black with a white spot in the middle.

"It is placed two and a half Italian miles from the beacon on *Lavenscaar*, bearing by the compass S. E.

"It is 28 feet in height from its base, and 35 feet from the level of the water."

### DISASTERS AT SEA.

**MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK.**—The schooner *Saluda*, Ames, of Boston, from Marblehead for New York, with a cargo of fish, went on shore about a mile from the light house on Race Point, Cape Cod, on Friday night, 31st ult., at 11 o'clock. The vessel and cargo were totally lost, and all the crew perished excepting the mate, Peter Peterson, of Hyannis. Capt. Benjamin F. Ames was 22 years of age, and belonged to Osterville, Barnstable, Mass.

**LOST AT SEA.**—Capt. Watson Crocker sailed from New York in October last, bound to Cuba, and is supposed, with all on board, including a son of Capt. C., about 14 years of age, to have been lost in a violent gale within four or five days after leaving port. By this melancholy event, his wife and remaining family are in sore affliction.

Brig *Saratoga*, Bedell, of New York, for Apalachicola, in a gale 3d Jan., struck a ledge of rocks to leeward of Orange Keys, and went down; the top of the poop drifting off, on which the second mate and a passenger remained eight days, when they were taken off by bark *Zaida*, of Boston. The captain crew, and fourteen passengers (in all 23,) were lost.

British schr. *Eagle*, Bowes, from Windsor, N. S., for Boston, struck on Bantam Ledge, East of Seguin, 30th Nov., and immediately went to pieces. Six of the seven persons on board were lost.

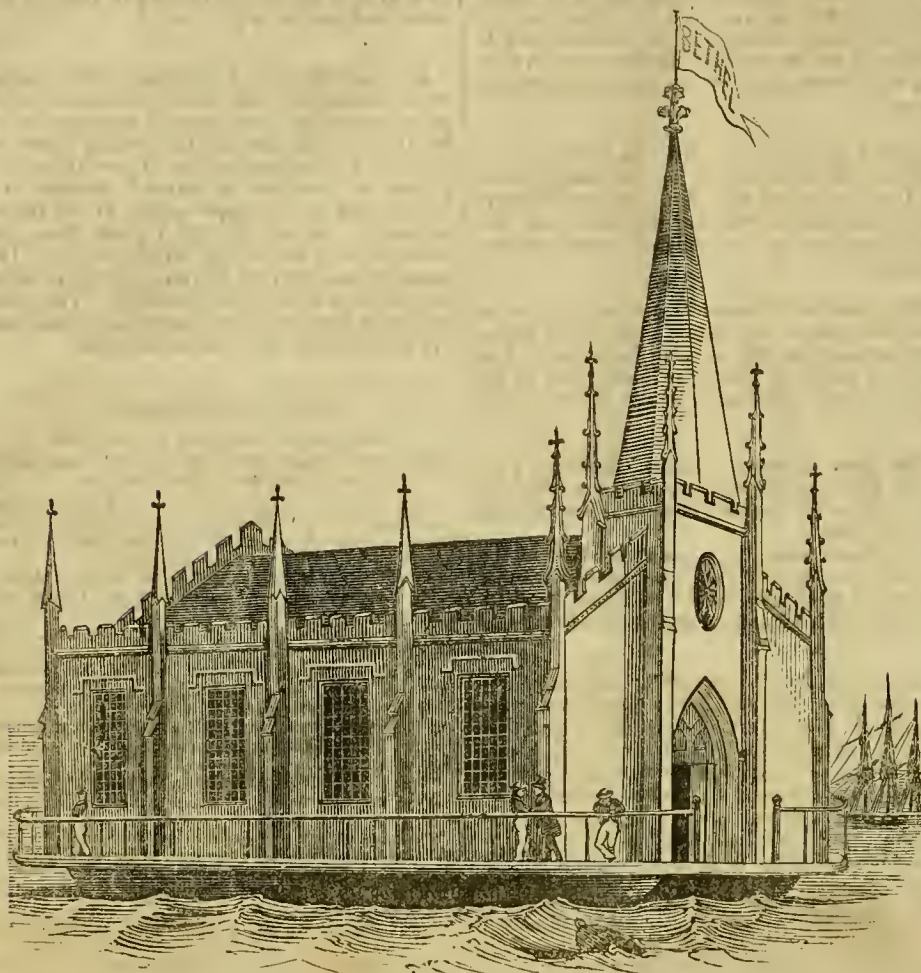
British schr. *Archibald*, Atkins, from Nova Scotia, for Boston, struck on the *Motions*, off *Damiscoe Island*, 30th Nov., and became a total loss. There were five persons on board, all of whom perished.

British brig *Cambridge*, Parker, from St. John, N. B., 25th Nov., for Dundalk, Ireland, was hove down on the 27th, off *Gannet Rock*, in a squall, but after lying on her beam ends twelve hours, righted and was driven ashore the next day at *Stone's Cove*, near *Digby Gut*, where she became a complete wreck. Five of the crew were lost.

Two sailors, who were much attached to each other, agreed that they should never separate while alive, and that if one of them died the survivor should communicate the intelligence to the friends of the deceased. They both shipped on board the bark *Tris*, bound from New Orleans for Boston, and when off Cape Cod, on the 14th ult., one of them, John Fitzgerald, fell overboard and was drowned. He was an active, intelligent young man, aged 23 years, and has a mother living either in New York or New Jersey. N. York papers please copy.



## NEW YORK FLOATING CHAPEL.



The above is a correct view of "THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR FOR SEAMEN," moored at the foot of Pike Street, New York, of which Rev. B. C. C. PARKER is the devoted and successful minister. The dimensions of the building have been several times given in the Sheet Anchor. It is accomplishing much good in the sailor's cause.

## THE HOLY WOT

Let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 15th ult., Mr. JAMES WRIGHT, Engineer U. S. Revenue Marine, to Miss NANCY O., daughter of Mr. JOHN FOSTER.

In Charlestown, Ms., ANDREW J. DRAKE, U. S. N., to Miss MARY S. JOHNSON.

In Dennis, Capt. WILLIAM CROWELL to Miss SARAH HOWES. Also, Capt. EDWARD CROWELL to Miss RHODA HOWES.

In Centerville, Capt. JOSEPH W. CROCKER to Miss HANNAH HICKLEY.

In New York, Capt. BENJAMIN WEBSTER to Miss EUNICE PRATT, both of Yarmouth, Me.

## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In this city, 4th inst., Mr. JAMES L. POPE, son of the late Capt. SAMUEL POPE, of Kennebunkport, Me., aged 23 years.

In Edgartown, Mrs. HANNAH, wife of Capt. CHASE PEASE, aged 65 years.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Miss ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Capt. WILLIAM TRISDALE, aged 29 years.

In Eastport, Me., Mrs. SARAH, wife of Capt. JOHN BECKFORD, aged 52 years.

In New Orleans, 2d ult., HANNAH RAWSON, consort of Capt. EDWARD CURTIS, a native of Bloomfield, Ms.

Lost overboard, from ship Naples, 10th ult., on the passage from Boston to Charleston, S. C., 3 hours out, PERCY THAYER, of Boston, seaman.

On board brig Peru, on the passage from Cronstadt to Boston, CHARLES PARKER, cook.

Lost overboard, from bark Manto, on the passage from Palermo, Mr. EZEKIEL W. PRESTON, of Charlestown, Mass., 2d officer.

## GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the New Haven, Ct. Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 185 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor.

"Boston Bethel Union," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Seanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

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**Boston.** The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, JR., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, JR., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

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Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Deily Street.

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Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

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Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TAYLOR, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

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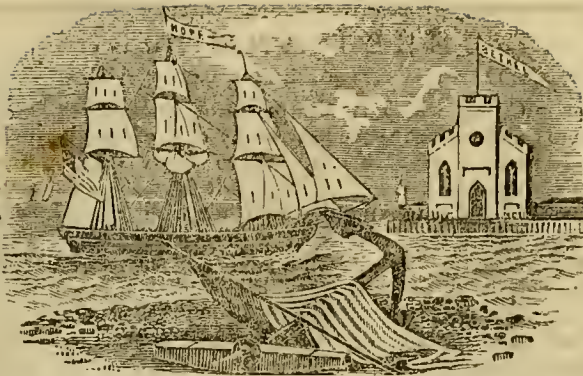
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# Sheet



# Anchor.

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Vol. 3. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845. No. 5.

## Sheet Anchor.

OFFICE 39 MERCHANTS ROW.

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF  
SEAMEN—to VIRTUE—to TEMPERANCE—  
to HUMANITY—to INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

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## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

From the N. Y. Advocate of Moral Reform.

### MY FIRST VOYAGE,

OR

### THE PRODIGAL RECLAIMED.

I remember as though it were yesterday, the morning on which I first stepped on board the good ship B—, bound out on a three years' whaling voyage, round the Cape of Good Hope. I was a thoroughly "raw hand," and had never been out of sight of land, when I entered the B. as a common sailor, to serve out my time as I best might, before the mast. All was new and strange to me, and when I looked up to the tall, slender spars, and saw the men fearless in climbing to their very top, among the rigging, my brain turned round, and a sickening sensation came over me, so much like fear, that I walked to the side of the vessel, and hid my face for very shame. It was well for me that I had a kind and considerate captain, who understood just how to make allowance for my ignorance and inexperience, so that if I had to endure many a practical joke from my shipmates on account of my awkwardness, I was always sure of an encouraging word or look from him. On the whole, I got along far more comfortably than I expected, though when I thought of home, and of the mother who was there weeping and praying for her sailor boy, my heart would melt, and threaten to overflow at my eyes.

In truth, it was no enthusiastic love of glory, no strong passion for the sea, which had tempted me from my home and friends. I had a father who possessed wealth and influence; whose education, talents, and moral character, secured for him an elevated stand-

ing in society. I had a mother, (heaven bless her memory,) who seemed to my young heart the very embodiment of my ideas of angelic sweetness and excellence, and I was her only child. What then had I to do in my present situation? Why had I left the lap of ease and indulgence, for the hardships and exposures of a whaling voyage? Alas, the answer is soon given. Prosperity and unbounded indulgence had produced on me their usual ill effects, and so wild and wayward had I become, that I spurned the control of my father, and could even resist the tender entreaties of my angel mother, until my obstinacy was past even their endurance. Long and patiently they tried every method to reclaim their erring but still beloved boy, and very slowly did they admit the conviction to their aching hearts, that no ordinary means could avail to win me back to virtue. For myself, I look back on that part of my life, as on a frightful dream. I was reckless and hardened—resolved to have my own way, and to indulge to the utmost all the desires of my evil heart, and the cold severity of my justly incensed father, increased, if possible, the strength of my determination. But when I saw the pale and care-worn, though still mild countenance of my mother—when I witnessed her streaming tears as she prayed in secret for her wayward child, or met her tender, yet reproachful glance, my hardness all vanished, my spirit was subdued, and I longed to throw myself a weeping penitent, on the bosom where I had so often lain in my happy infancy and childhood. A false shame at such moments, held me back, and I should undoubtedly have made my own destruction sure, had not my mad career been stopped in an unexpected manner.

As we lived in a village far inland, I had scarcely ever thought of a seafaring life, and certainly never in connection with myself.—How great then was my astonishment, when my father informed me, he had decided as a last resort, on sending me to sea, for a three years' voyage in a whale ship, adding, that we were to leave home for New Bedford the following morning. I knew from his manner that remonstrance would be useless, and was not yet so far gone in sin, as to determine on open disobedience; so in silence and sadness I prepared to obey his directions, in making ready for our departure. I saw but little of my mother during the remainder of the day, though continually reminded of her, by a thousand little preparations for my comfort, which only a mother's heart would have suggested.

But after I had retired at night, with the

bitter consciousness that it was the last time for years, and possibly for ever, that I should sleep under a roof, from which my own folly had driven me, my mother came to my bedside, and with a tremulous voice, laid open before me, her loving but lacerated heart.—She uttered no words of reproach, and spoke of the past, only as furnishing motives for a better improvement of the time to come. Of my future prospects, she spoke cheerfully and with hope, should the reformation so much desired, be effected—otherwise she warned me most solemnly of the consequences of continuing in my present state of impenitence and sin. She told me of the snares that would be spread for my feet in my new situation, and depicted in glowing colors, the dangers to which the poor sailor is exposed on shore, from the avarice and wickedness of those who live on his hard-earned wages, and lie in wait at every corner to deceive and destroy him. In the strong accents of maternal love, she bade me beware of companionship with her "whose steps take hold on hell," whose ways lead down to eternal death. "Among your clothes," she said in conclusion, "you will find a Bible, the parting gift of a mother who loves you, and would gladly shelter you with her life from every evil. Take it, my son, as your chosen friend—the man of your counsel, a lamp to guide safely and surely your inexperienced feet. If you believe, love and obey its blessed precepts, we shall meet in peace again, if not here, yet surely in that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." After praying with me, she withdrew, leaving me in a state of self-condemnation and wretchedness such as I had never before experienced. During the silent watches of that long night, my whole past life came up in review before me, and I clearly saw how madly and wilfully I had squandered the rich blessings of Providence, stabbed my parents to the heart, and thrown away the most brilliant prospects—all for what? For the wages which Satan always gives his deluded followers—disappointment and misery.

At length the morning came, and after our early meal had been sent away untasted, and we had knelt for the last time together around the domestic altar, the moment of our departure arrived. When I received the parting embrace of my beloved mother, when I felt her warm tears on my cheek, and heard her solemnly pronounce blessing on the youthful exile, I longed to give vent to my feelings, and weep like a very child. But the pride of manhood was strong within me, so chok-



ing down the sobs that swelled my bosom almost to suffocation, I followed my father to the carriage, hastily and in silence.

During that sad, and as it seemed to me, tedious journey, my father's manner was kind though serious, and for the first time I was compelled, day after day, to commune with my own heart, and listen to its upbraidings. Before we reached New Bedford, my spirit was greatly subdued, and as I received my father's parting admonitions, and his tender farewell, I mentally resolved to retrace my steps, and atone as far as possible for my faults, by a strict attention to all the duties of my new situation. This resolution, though formed in a blind dependence on my own strength, which is perfect weakness, God graciously enabled me in some degree to keep, so that I soon gained the confidence of my superiors, and was regarded by my shipmates as a "good-hearted fellow," though too much of a "landlubber" to command their unqualified approbation. There was one among them, however, to whom I became strongly attached, and who exerted an influence over me, for which I shall bless God in vast eternity.

This was the boat steerer, a "regular old salt," to whom the ocean, in its wildest moods, was a play-thing, and his ship, his only home. Always first on hand in any stirring service, true as steel to his commander and his duty, and brave as a lion, he was the favorite of all the crew, and I learned to admire his seaman-like qualities, before I knew or suspected that beneath his rough exterior was concealed one of the warmest and kindest hearts that ever beat in a sailor's bosom. How often, during the first months of my life on ship-board, was I indebted to his quick wit and ready hand, for my escape from the ridicule of my messmates, and the displeasure of my superiors. I cannot think even now, without tears of gratitude, of his repeated interpositions in my behalf, when my ignorance would otherwise have subjected me to certain punishment. His influence in the fore-castle was greater than that of any other man on board, and even in the cabin, he was evidently respected and beloved. It was not long, before I discovered the secret of my shipmate's superior excellence. "Long Tom," as he was familiarly called, from his great height, was a sincere Christian. He went daily to his Bible, to take orders from the great Captain of his salvation, and from that Chart he learned how to steer his course, so as to avoid those fatal rocks and quicksands on which so many a poor sailor has made shipwreck both for time and eternity.

Many months had passed since I left my home, and though the image of my mother was continually present with me, I had never once breathed her name to my companions, and felt as if it would be profanation to speak that sacred name among those who knew nothing of her worth, and could not appreciate the love and veneration which had become a part of my very being. But, one moon-light night, while cruising off the Cape, I chanced to be on watch with Long Tom, and we were beguiling the time by admiring the splendor of the constellations, which in those southern latitudes, are indescribably beautiful.

"It is a curious fancy," said my companion, "and may be only a superstition of the brain, but there is one star in that Southern

Cross, which is always associated in my mind with the memory of my dear old mother. I could almost believe when I gaze upon it, that her blessed spirit now inhabits it, and is looking down on me with eyes of love. Boy," he added with startling earnestness, "Have you a mother?" My heart was full to overflowing before he addressed me, for there was something in the deep stillness of the night, the calm grandeur of the boundless ocean, and the quiet beauty of the holy stars that were set as watches in the azure firmament above us, which subdued my soul to the tenderness of infancy. Moved by an impulse I could not resist, I threw myself on the deck, and gave full vent to my emotions. Long and bitterly I wept, before I could answer that simple question of Long Tom, and then I told him all my story of sin and shame, without one attempt at extenuation or concealment. I poured out the burning thoughts of my mother, of her love, and tenderness, and goodness, while as I did so, I saw tears quietly stealing down the bronzed and furrowed cheeks of my companion. I told him too of my fixed determination to lead a new life, and to atone to my parents, if spared to see them again, for all the grief I had occasioned them. Long Tom heard me patiently and attentively, and when I had ended, took occasion to remind me of the deceitful nature of my own heart, and my absolute need of divine grace to enable me to keep my good resolutions.

Concluded in our next.

## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

From the Mass. Temp. Standard.

[Edited by D. KIMBALL, Esq., formerly a Sailor.]

### TEMPERANCE AMONG SEAMEN.

It is well known, that for ages, drunkenness has been one of the most characteristic features of our seamen, while there is, probably, no class whose reformation from this odious and destructive vice is more important. We are, to a great extent, a maritime people. Our superiority as a nation, consists mainly in our vast power on the ocean; and hence, our seamen are known in all portions of the globe. Wherever they go, they represent the American character, and although the judgment may be erroneous, it is by them that foreigners form an estimate of their countrymen in general. By their morals, even our religion is estimated, and we are deemed a holy or unholy people, according to the light in which we are represented through this adventurous and useful, but too generally vicious and degraded race of men. When in foreign climes, and particularly, when among uncivilized tribes, such is, frequently, their licentiousness, their perfidy, and violence, as to cause them to be viewed with hatred and disgust; or to render them, by the influence of their immoral example, a far greater evil, than if they were the means of introducing among a people the seeds of cholera, or any other destructive pestilence. But, leaving drunkenness as a vice, with all its demoralizing consequences out of the question; its ruinous influence upon our commerce, through occasioning an enormous waste of life and property at sea, renders it of peculiar importance that our seamen should be brought under the influence of temperance

operations. It has been shown, that hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually lost to the nation by shipwrecks, and other accidents at sea, and that by far the greater number of such casualties are the immediate result of intemperance, or of causes intimately connected with it. Thus, whether we view the subject in relation to our national honor or wealth, or whether we view it in connection with the progress of morality and religion among distant races of our fellow men, to secure the sobriety of our seamen, must, assuredly, be admitted to be a matter of special importance; requiring the most prompt and vigorous and efficient measures. We sincerely hope that the petitions which have been forwarded to our national Congress, will be instrumental of abolishing the spirit ration in our navy, and that the efforts of the "Seamen's Friend" and "Seamen's Aid Societies," together with our "Bethels," and "Marine Temperance Societies," and "Seamen's Homes," and other benevolent institutions, devoted to the moral welfare of this adventurous and hardy class of our fellow men, will be signally useful in redeeming them, each and all, from the thralldom of intemperance and vice.

From the Massachusetts Cataract.

### TEMPERANCE RIVER.

BY A. CARTER.

Roll on, pure stream! O gently flow;  
Thy sparkling diamonds, let them glow;  
Thou art a stream of noble birth,  
And time shall estimate thy worth.

I love to see thee gently glide  
Hence, while I linger by thy side,  
Sweet thoughts within my bosom dwell,  
Nor vanish when thy waters swell.

Methinks thy stream shall flow afar,  
And on it plant the bright day-star  
Of gladness to the weary soul,  
Who now hangs weeping o'er his bowl.

He soon shall see thy waters, clear  
As chrysal brightness can appear;  
And, kneeling down beside thy brink,  
Shall gladly of thy fulness drink.

He leaps for joy! the cure is found!  
He shouts, and earth repeats the sound!  
Go, happy man; the news relate,  
And save thy brethren from their fate.

And thou, pure River, hear my song;  
As steadily thou mov'st along,  
To heaven, for thee my voice I raise,  
And sing loud anthems to thy praise.

Let angels tune their harps to sing,  
And heaven's triumphant arches ring;  
For man's redemption is at hand,  
And drunkenness shall flee our land.

Then lift our voices, raise them high,  
Let temperance anthems fill the sky;  
And chanting angels, as we sing,  
Give glory to our heavenly King.

From the New London (Conn.) People's Advocate.

### EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

During the furious storm, whose howlings have scarce died away, and at a time when it was raging with its utmost violence, late in the evening, when those in comfortable shelter deemed it hazardous to life to be abroad, a poor sailor who had just returned from the *savage* Islands of the Pacific, where rum is not made nor tolerated, to *civilized*, *Christianized* New London, was taken into a place where his hard earnings were taken from him, for rum; and he was permitted to go out in a state of intoxication, to seek, as he might, his home, and add his condition to its com-



forts there. He had not proceeded far, however, before he became bewildered, and bumbled, and incapable of proceeding through the immense drifts that hedged up his way, and was already falling into that leaden stupor which precedes death, and would undoubtedly soon have perished, when he was discovered by a young gentleman returning from his place of business where he had been detained unusually late, who, seeing his perilous condition, aroused his brothers; (they are not strangers to the young gentleman who lately fed the starving horse,) and together leading the poor sailor, they breasted the fury of the storm a good part of a mile, to the place which he called his home, where the wife who had looked for him, long and weary months, from his perilous voyage, must now behold him incapable of articulating her name!—And what in mercy's name could induce a man to deal with his neighbor as the rum-seller dealt with him? *A few cents!* Has humanity no blush? Has conscience no sting? And at the *least*, Mr. Editor, if a man will deal thus with his tempted brother, if the rum-seller will thus brutalize and endanger the life of his fellow man for *gain*, ought he not at least to lead his victim home when he has robbed him of his reason, and introduce him to his family, as *prepared* by him, to discharge with peculiar fitness, the duty of a husband and a father!—for the

PUBLIC GOOD.

## THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

## GOD BLESSED THE BOOK:

OR THE SAILOR BOY CONVERTED.

A short time since a colored sailor hailed one of the tract missionaries thus:—"Why sir! M—, (calling him by name) is that you?" "Yes, but I don't know you. How do you know any thing about me?" "O, sir, your prayer, put up six years ago, over a testament you then gave me, has been answered! God bless you, sir! God, I trust, has converted my soul! I read that testament and there I found this text:—*The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.*" "But I have not the least recollection of you." "Why, sir, don't you remember when you used to come with tracts into Anthony Street?" "Certainly I do." "Well, don't you recollect, when you gave me the testament, you asked my grandmother to kneel down with you, and pray that God would bless it to my salvation?" What is your grandmother's name?" "Hagar Johnson; she then lived in Anthony Street, near Hudson Street; and my name is Benjamin Mitchell. Why, don't you remember it? That prayer has never been out of my mind since. We have wanted to meet with you, to tell you about it, for we knew you would rejoice with us. Won't you call and see grandmother? O, she'll be so glad to see you." He gave the name and address, and when I called, the old woman laid aside her washing. "Why M—, come, come sit down; now we shall have a bit of good talk; my boy came home t'other day so pleased, because he met you in the street, and that you said you'd come and see me; and then I was so afraid I should be out at work when you called; well, God bless you, how has your

health been?" All this was said in a breath. The grandson was within; an aunt was sent for as being a pious woman, and a full recapitulation of past events took place. Among other things the identical testament was handed to me. I found written on a fly leaf, "Joseph Harris, tract visiter; Rev. S. B. Morley, missionary, 5th Ward, January 7, 1838. Benjamin Mitchell, aged 14 years. May the Lord bless this book to the salvation of your soul." "Ah sir (said he,) that's it; I told you it was written in my testament." Said the grandmother, "I've prayed for that boy's soul since I first had care of him, when he was but two days old; and at last the Lord has heard my poor prayers, and blessed his own word in that testament; and to think that he is now a member of the same church with me, I don't know how to be thankful enough." With our eyes filled with tears, and our hearts with unspeakable emotions, we bowed together before the throne of grace, feeling so full of praise as to have but little sense, comparatively, of need; each desiring to express themselves as did good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Another young man, named Charles Harris, through the conversation of Mitchell, his prayers, and the study of the same testament, became a Christian. I saw him with Mitchell, and he spoke to that effect. Mitchell was on board the Missouri when she was burnt in the bay of Gibraltar. I have read his recommendations from his officers and others, giving him a most excellent character. I have also been informed that his conduct as a Christian is very consistent; nor is he an idler, but prompt on all occasions to speak for his Master, especially to young men; and much good has resulted to the glory of God.

## THE OLD SEAMAN.

You ask me why mine eyes are bent  
So darkly on the sea,  
While others watch the azure hills,  
That lengthen on the lee?

The azure hills—they soothe the sight  
That falls along the foam;  
And those may hail their nearing height  
Who there have hope, or home.

But I a loveless path have trod—  
A beaconless career;  
My hope hath long been all with God,  
And all my home is here.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,  
Roll onward, swift and dark;  
Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,  
Of olive-branch or ark.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,  
I've proved that there may be  
Worse treachery on the steadfast land,  
Than variable sea.

A danger worse than bay or beach—  
A falsehood more unkind—  
The treachery of a governed speech,  
And an ungoverned mind.

The treachery of the deadly mart,  
Where human souls are sold;  
The treachery of the hollow heart,  
That crumbles as we hold.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—  
Ah! wherefore should I find  
This weary fever fit, that shakes  
Their image in my mind.

The memory of a streamlet's din  
Through meadows daisy drest—  
Another might be glad therein,  
But yet I could not rest.

I cannot rest unless it be  
Beneath the church-yard yew;  
But God, I think, hath yet for me  
More earthly work to do.

And therefore, with a quiet will,  
I breathe the ocean air.  
And bless the voice that calls me still  
To wander and to bear.

Let others seek their native sod,  
Who there have hearts to cheer;  
My soul hath long been given to God,  
And all my home is here.

## THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

From the New York Evening Express.

(By request.)

## SHIP RAINBOW.

Amidst the howlings of the blast of the last snow storm, I have hardly had time to apprise you of the interesting circumstances of Saturday last, Feb. 1. On that day there went to sea, from this port, bound to Canton, one of the finest ships that ever left this or any other harbor in the world. I refer to the ship of the Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, the Rainbow, Capt. Land. More than usual interest had been excited respecting this vessel, even before she was launched. While on the stocks, she was considered one of the best models for sailing, that had been seen in the United States. It nearly resembled, in that respect, the English Steamer, the Great Western.

The Rainbow had been launched only ten days, and although, on the Thursday before her sailing, two hundred days' work was apparently to be done, yet such was the despatch and promptitude of all her preparations, that, by the help of 25 riggers and others, by the time she was abreast of the light-house on Staten Island, she was made ready for sea, with her decks all cleared.

Several of our distinguished merchants were on board to test her qualities in sailing, and she more than equalled their expectations. A steamboat took her two miles from her moorings, and then went off, being ordered to join her again outside the Hook.

When full sail was put upon her, she seemed to walk through the water as easily "as a maiden tripping it lightly by moonlight across the lawn." Her wake was no more ruffled than the eddy round the rudder of a steamboat. She moved through the water as if it was oil. Having been cheered, on the way, by groups of delighted spectators along most of the slips, as she passed out of the East river, where she presented a view of unequalled beauty, fine proportions, and graceful motion, the breeze took her to the Hook, round Romer Shoal, before a fast sailing Breiten brig, which was two miles ahead at her starting, with all sail set, had reached it, although the latter went by "the wash," as the pilot called it—a passage five miles shorter.

It will be gratifying to you, when I add that the ship was furnished, by the owners, with every comfort for the sailors, and among other things, with an extensive religious library, of 200 volumes, and that the captain, one of the most exemplary and religious men who sail out of this port, had given them to understand that he should have for them on board, morning and evening prayer.

Among the company, which was numerous, I observed the minister of the Floating Church, who showed me the names of several of the seamen in the fore-castle, whom he had persuaded, while the ship was on her way, to sign the Temperance Pledge.



For want of the proper paper, their names were written on the back of a letter which he had in his pocket, with a promise from him that they should be faithfully transferred to the right document, on his return to New York. They had resisted, they said, quite long enough, putting themselves on the *safe side of the ship*.

About ten miles outside the Hook, the steamboat appeared, and before the company went on board to return to the city, the captain called every man who could be spared from "the sheets," around the after hatches. He then requested the Rev. Mr. Parker to make a short prayer, commending them all, on their voyage, to the protection of almighty God.

The Reverend gentleman prayed that they might be guarded "from the dangers of the sea, from sickness, from the violence of enemies, and from every evil to which they might be exposed; that God would bring them to the haven where they would be, with a grateful sense of his mercy," and that when the voyage of life was over, he would receive them into the haven of eternal rest.

The company then stepped on board the steamboat, and the beautiful ship, with six mutual cheers, bore away, presenting one of the finest sights that ever delighted the eye of a sailor, or did honor to architects or owners.

If she does not have a shorter passage to Canton, under favorable winds, and the blessing of Heaven, than has yet been known, the judgment of the most judicious, in naval matters, will be at fault.

Wood and copper, iron, cordage and sail cloth, were never more fitly combined, to brave the fury of the blast, and the strength of the sea, or to cleave through the element in which she is destined to float. L.

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

### THE MASSASOIT.

Wm. Innes and others, Libellants. Thos. Davis and others, Claimants.

'This was a libel for mariners' wages against the proceeds of the wreck of the Massasoit. The facts were, substantially, as follows. The ship sailed from Calcutta in July last, with a valuable cargo, bound to Boston. The crew shipped in Calcutta. The ship was wrecked in a snow storm, on the night of the 11th December, on Point Alderton, at the mouth of this harbor. The crew remained on board until the afternoon of the next day, when they were taken off by a life-boat, clinging to the bowsprit, and barely escaping with their lives. They were landed in an exhausted state, from hunger as well as from cold and wet. In the mean time the owners of both ship and cargo abandoned to the underwriters, and their agent arrived at the place of the wreck, with a force from the city, about the time the crew were taken ashore. The master gave up all control to the agent for the underwriters, who proceeded, with his men, to save what could be saved of cargo and vessel, and they were so employed for a week or ten days. The vessel was a complete wreck, but her cables and anchors were weighed and her fragments collected. A considerable part of the cargo was also saved and brought to the city, and placed at the disposal of whom it might concern. On the second day such of the crew as were able, were on the beach and rendered

some trifling service in picking up articles, but neither joined nor were requested to join with the men who were working under the direction of the agent. In the course of the third day they came up to the city.

JUDGE SPRAGUE. In the view I take of this case it is not necessary to decide the question whether any freight is due here, either under the contract of parties, or upon general principles of law.

There is a current maxim of law that "freight is the mother of wages," and the principle has been asserted that no wages are earned if freight is not earned. Cases have arisen in this country and in Europe, where there has been a wreck and total loss of freight, but where parts of the vessel have been saved, towards the saving of which the crew contributed by their exertions. In all such cases the crew have been allowed a lien upon the wreck or its proceeds for some sort of compensation. The question has been whether they shall have wages, under their contract, or whether they are entitled to salvage. In the only American cases of early date, cited in *Pet. Ad. Rep.*, the crew were in such cases allowed their wages in fact, calculated exactly upon their contract, though the Court seems to have hovered between calling their claim one for wages, or for salvage. The first edition of Abbott on Shipping speaks of the point as unsettled in England, but cites the maxim which connects freight and wages as a controlling rule. STORV J. in the *Two Catherine's*, (2 Mason's R. 319,) intimates that it would be more consistent both with principle and public policy to hold that the contract subsists and wages are due, but gave the crew a *quasi* salvage, which was, in fact, just the amount of their wages. Judge WARE, in the *Eliza and Jane*, (Ware's R. 41,) seems to be in nearly the same state of opinion.

The reason of this state of decisions is, that the Courts have been in uncertainty from the conflict of the ancient maxim, never formally departed from, and the evident policy and principle of the law. A few years after the above decisions, the point came up distinctly, before Lord STOWELL in the case of the *Neptune*, in 1 Haggard's Rep. He held the question to be an open one in England, and decided that the contract subsists until the crew are discharged, as well after the wreck, as to fragments and cargo, as while the ship is habitable; and consequently that wages are due, unless forfeited by neglect of duty or other misconduct. From language used by Judge STORV and Judge WARE in later cases where this point is used *arguendo*, and from the notes to the last edition of Abbott, I have no doubt that the doctrine of the *Neptune* is well received in this country. It is certainly established in England.

To my own mind the principle of that case is the only satisfactory one. It is a better rule for public policy. Wages and the contract are inseparable. If wages are lost, the contract and the obligation to work and to obey orders, cease also. The crew then become volunteers. They act or not, as they please, and in the manner they please, for salvage. They are under no orders, and will try only to secure what will pay themselves. The owners will also be subject to open and doubtful claims for salvage, instead of contract-prices for wages. The rule now

is that the crew are bound to labor on board while the ship is habitable, and on shore in saving wreck and cargo. This is under their contract, and under orders of their officers. Failure to do this duty would carry with it forfeiture of wages. Performance of this duty entitles them to wages.

How does the principle apply to the case in hearing? It is admitted that the men did all their duty until they were taken off. It is clear that they were not able to do any work for the rest of that day. It is contended that they did nothing in the way of saving the wreck and cargo, but left the work to others and came up to the city. The answer to this is, I think, satisfactory. Before they were able to work, the owners had abandoned, the agent of the underwriters had arrived, the master had given every thing up to him, the agent had (or could have had) a sufficient force of well and able men from the city, and both from humanity and policy the crew were not called upon to do duty. This amounts to a discharge. They were about the beach, known by every one to be there, no provision was made by the agent or the owners either for their laboring or for their maintenance. They were in fact superseded, intentionally, and very properly. They saw that it was so, and had a right to consider themselves discharged.

The case is peculiar from the fact that the wreck and all pertaining to it passed so soon into the hands of the owners and underwriters, with a force of competent persons to do all the duty. If this had not been the case, (as at a distant or foreign port,) or if there was any evidence that the crew intentionally avoided duty, or refused to do it, understandingly, when reasonably required, I should refuse their wages. Decree for wages for the voyage.

R. H. DANA, Jr. for the Libellants.

SIDNEY BARTLETT, for the Respondents.  
*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

### THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

For the Sheet Anchor.

### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

The following letter, from a lady in Virginia, was written to the keeper of the Sailor's Home, Providence, R. I. It shows the feelings of the mother who has a son at sea.

*Clover Hill, December 23, 1844.*

MR. HOAR,

Kind Sir,—Your kind and most welcome letter reached me some time since, and I feel that I have been very negligent not to have answered it ere this; but circumstances have been such, that I have not been able to write until now. Allow me, sir, to present my warmest thanks for your kindness. You can well imagine the great pleasure your letter gave, when I tell you I have not seen my son for six years; and have heard very little of him since he left home. He left me when but thirteen years of age; and, of course, I can scarcely form an idea of his size, or general appearance. May I then ask the favor of my friend; (for as such I shall ever deem you,) to write and tell me all about him: of



his size, appearance, his habits, and where he makes his home when ashore. All this, and, indeed, every thing that you would say about him, would interest his sister and myself, as well as a large circle of friends. I am delighted to hear that there is a probability of his present voyage being a profitable one; and indeed my heart is filled to overflowing with pleasure at the idea of seeing him soon. If you are a parent, you can well imagine the uneasiness and anxiety of mind his absence and dangerous occupation have caused. When he returns to Providence, I hope you will urge him home as soon as possible. The kind feelings which prompted the writing of your letter, will never be forgotten. And it is my sincere prayer that you may be rewarded for it in the life to come. If you should hear from him, will you be so good as to write again? I have written to him, and directed my letter to your care, as you requested; and will be greatly obliged if you will forward it immediately, as he doubtless feels anxious to hear from home.

Most respectfully your friend,

NANCY BROWN.

### THE SAILOR'S FAMILY.

From 1st report of N. Y. Mariner's Family Industrial Society.

Mrs. R—, wife of a sailor whom it was feared was lost, the vessel not having been heard of, and the owners refusing to advance her any more money; having four children dependent upon her, heard of our Society, applied, and while waiting, saw some who had been visited receive money and no work, she burst into tears and rose to depart, when a member addressed her, drew her into conversation, promised to take her work the next day and then allowed her to depart. The next day she was visited at her apartments, and by strenuous efforts succeeded in obtaining work for her during the winter, and in April a merciful Providence restored her husband, after a long but prosperous voyage of nineteen months, and he found his wife not only comfortably provided for, but out of debt, and as she said: "Oh, I could look my husband in the face and say, I have not disgraced you by asking alms." She said when she saw others receiving money at the hands of the ladies, she resolved to go home and tell her children that they must *starve*, for their mother could not beg.

Many times the wives of seamen, whom sickness has detained at home, have called for aid to procure some little nicety for the beloved invalid. They would say, "We can procure plain food for ourselves and children by hard labor, but we cannot buy what the Dr. recommends for the sick, will you help us?" Ah, it is hard for us to say, "Send your husband to the hospital, for whose accommodation he has been taxed ever since his cheeks were bathed with the ocean's spray; send him there to die, and reserve your energies and the sympathies of friends for the time when you will be a widow and your children fatherless." Ah, we could not say this. We plead guilty to having sometimes smoothed the pillow of the dying sailor, and permitted him to expire, clasping the hand of the partner of his bosom.

By the third article of our By-Laws we are bound to inculcate in our visits among seamen's families "the love of religion and morality, and though our agency may be

weak, yet if faithfully exerted, who can foretell the result? To mourners recently bereaved, to those whom suspense is crushing with its sickening weight; to friendless strangers, whose husbands are far off upon the deep; to all who are in affliction—we seek to go with the words and in the spirit of Him who said, 'the poor ye have always with you, and when ye will ye may do them good.'"

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

### SHALL I GO TO SEA?

THE QUESTION THREE TIMES PUT.

Our young friends, for whose special benefit we write, may think this story of "going to sea," is rather a "*long yarn*;" but our advice is, read on; for we have some "*SHAKINGS*" yet to work in, which will require us to spin away for some time to come. As some of you are engaged in the noble employment of tilling the soil, and are familiar with domestic animals. We shall now pursue a train of remark, calculated particularly to interest such. Our subject is

#### THE HORSE.

The horse, as you know, is a noble animal, and valuable for his many excellences, among which are docility, strength, and fleetness. He, moreover, ranks with the most intellectual of the brute creation; some even affirming that he reasons. Of this you can judge better than ourselves, inasmuch as you have much to do with horses, and we but little.

But what would you think, young friends, were you to find yourselves at sea, under the command of a Horse, bound on a three years' voyage? Are you incredulous on this point? Is the idea too absurd to be entertained? We wonder not at it; and had we not personal experience on our side, the whole thing would seem to us equally preposterous. But unfortunately our first voyage to sea was made with a horse for a captain, which left us no room to doubt in reference to this matter.

You have heard, doubtless, more or less about the sea; which is the reason why so many of you have such strong desires to make a voyage. But you may not have heard how complete is the authority of the captain. Be it known unto you, therefore, that he is "monarch of all he surveys;" and that, in our opinion, this is both necessary and right. Yes, the captain must be supreme; the welfare of all on board, and all interested in the vessel, demands it. But, then, to think of a horse lording it over a body of intelligent men: that is quite a different thing!

Let us speak of this strange and untoward voyage. After discharging the pilot, and clearing up decks, all hands were ordered aft, and the watch were chosen. The captain then addressed us as follows: "Men! we are bound on a long voyage; and I want you all to understand who is who on board this ship. Now, if you behave well, I'll treat you well; if you don't, remember I'm a Horse from Cape Ann! There! you can go forward."

This was the first quarter-deck speech we had ever heard; and we confess it sounded strange in our ears, accustomed as we had been to a different style of speech-making.

We could not complain of its length, or of any want of explicitness. In these respects, it was all that could be desired. But we will leave you to conjecture why we did not admire the speech, and proceed to speak of its influence upon us.

Probably a more powerful speech was never delivered, if we may judge by the effects it produced. It influenced every man and boy on board; and that, too, not for an hour or a day, but for the whole voyage. It would crowd upon the mind at all times, and in all places; by day and by night; in calm and in storm; below and aloft: there it was, written as with the point of a diamond, upon the memory: "*Remember! I am a horse.*"

If the captain smiled, as he sometimes did, when it suited his humor; we thought of the eloquent harrangue. You have heard of a horse laugh; but the idea of a horse smiling is probably new to you. It was new to us. And when, in a passion—as was sometimes the case—he would rip out the most awful oaths, we would wonder to hear such language fall from a horse's lips; and pitied him for his want of reverence.

It was a strange sight, to see a horse walking bolt upright on the quarter-deck; and giving the word of command, to make and take in sail. But a horse, taking the meridian altitude of the sun, or a lunar observation, and handling the scale and dividers, to determine the position of the ship; these were strange things and incredible, of which we had never heard tell of before. They did not fail to give significance to that portion of the speech to which we have alluded.

But stranger still were the conceits that would occasionally force themselves upon the mind, in connection with that speech; such, for instance, as the following:

How a horse would look delivering up the ship into the hands of the pilot, on entering a foreign port, where horses as captains were not known? A horse, again, walking into a foreign custom house, and entering his vessel, with that dignity and self-respect which attaches to the character of a ship-master, acting as the proud representative of his owners! But, when it was suggested that there might be passengers on board during the voyage: and that our horse would be called to do the honors of the table, it was more than we could bear up under; and laugh, we must, and laugh we did, and that right merrily.

Perhaps, young reader, you are curious to know how this speech affected us in respect to doing our duty. We answer, badly. We were dared and threatened, without time being given us to exhibit our true characters. We have made many voyages, and seen good men and bad men enough to know the difference between them; and a better crew than that of the C\*\*\*\*, we believe, never trod a vessel's deck. The captain freely confessed as much, in conversation with other captains, during the voyage. As might have been expected, in such circumstances, the effect was most disastrous. The crew were *EVE SERVANTS*; nor could the prospect of a good voyage make them any less so.

The captain's right to command, was never called in question by a single man on board; but then to be "*ridden down like a main tack*," whenever it might suit his pleasure, was not a matter to be reflected on calmly. The captain was a horse: we were told to "*remember it.*" We did so; and the threat



contained in those few words was never forgotten.

That threat was made without provocation. It was therefore reasonable to expect it would be carried out without provocation; and as good behavior could not avert a wanton exhibition of the captain's power, neither fear nor favor could influence a single sailor to do any more duty than was necessary to prevent an open rupture. Had it been a voyage on monthly wages, the case would doubtless have been different; but being on shares, there was no incentive strong enough to prompt to a faithful discharge of duty; and the voyage proved a splendid failure. The owner, to this day, if alive, remains in ignorance as to the cause.

How different the result in this case, from that of another voyage we made, similar in its character. In this last instance, we were called upon the quarter-deck, and addressed as follows: "Men, we are now at sea; and the happiness of each other, and the success of the voyage, depend upon each of us doing our several duties. You will find in me a friend. I shall aim to treat you well, and make you as happy as circumstances will admit. Obey your officers, do your duty with a will, and we shall have no difficulty. If you find any occasion to complain of your fare and treatment, don't grumble about it among yourselves; but come right aft, like men, and let me know your grievances; and if your complaints are just, they shall be attended to. Mr. T. let the watch go below."

Need we tell you, young friends, that this last was a prosperous voyage? It was so, in an eminent degree; and the manner in which the voyage begun was that which made it so. The captain obtained better insurance on vessel and voyage, when he made that speech, than could have been effected in either Wall Street or State Street.

And now, young friends, a word of advice at parting. *Don't ship without first ascertaining whether or not the captain is a horse.* We found it out after getting to sea, when it was too late. If the captain is reported to be "a horse," stay where you are. Plough the land; and let who will plough the deep.

To intelligent merchants we would say: Before surrendering up your property, and committing the bodies and soul of men into the hands of a captain, take pains to ascertain if he is *a horse*.

Gentlemen, we regard you as the actual protectors, the foster-fathers of your crews. During the time in which we are employed by you, we are away from the control of law and of public sentiment, and beyond the reach of social and family influences. On your wisdom, forecast, and benevolence, we rely. Disappoint us not, we pray you.

FORE AND AFT.

### THE ORPHAN'S CRY.

The orphan's cry is on the wind,  
Is on the wind of winter drear;  
Whose's the one of human kind,  
That will not help, that will not hear.

We're on the world's wide waste alone,  
We're poor, and sad, and parentless;  
We're on life's desert left, with none  
To shield us from the merciless.

O hear our moan, for mercy's sake,  
We're hungry, and we're thinly clad;  
Our hearts are sick, and O! they'll break,  
'Cause none will help to make us glad.

O do not turn your hearts away,  
But help us, help us once again;  
We'll fondly thank you every day—  
O let us not have begged in vain.

## Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

### EDITOR'S LETTERS.

DEAR READERS OF THE SHEET ANCHOR:

In the good providence of God, I have been called away from my important post for a short time, to endeavor to accomplish three objects: 1. To increase the circulation of the paper in the U. S. Receiving Ships and Marine Hospitals. 2. To do what I can before the Committees of Congress for the abolition of the spirit ration in the Navy. 3. To take part in dedicating the new and beautiful seamen's chapel in Baltimore, to the worship of Almighty God. While on this mission of mercy, I ask from my readers the fervent, effectual prayer, that availeth much.

I am constrained by a sense of duty to tender my public acknowledgements to the managers of the route from Boston to New York. The conductor of the Long Island train, the captain of the yacht running from the Thames to Greenport, the clerks, and all concerned, appear fully entitled to confidence as men, and to patronage as common carriers.

#### NEW YORK.

The sailor's cause is still rising in this great commercial emporium. Every thing connected with it looks encouraging. I did not see as many of its friends as I expect to on my return, but I learned that they are all doing well.

**CHERRY STREET HOME.** This noble institution, under the patronage of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and conducted with great ability by Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, is winning for itself and the cause many golden opinions. The merchants and underwriters are writing letters in its praise, and making liberal contributions in its support. One of these letters will appear in the Sheet Anchor.

**DR. DEWEY'S DISCOURSE.** The sermon on *The Claims and Character of Sea-faring Men*, by the Pastor of the Messiah Church, is an excellent auxiliary in the cause. An edition of it has been circulated by the A. S. F. S., with great profit to their benevolent enterprise. Extracts from its pages will appear in our next.

**NEW BOARDING HOUSE.** MR. FREDERICK HENNEL, formerly Cashier of the Sailor's Home, has opened a large house in Pearl Street, Franklin Square, a few doors from Cherry Street, and near the principal wharves. It is a superior establishment, from cellar to attic. A hundred boarders can be accommodated within its pleasant walls.

**FAMILY INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.** This association of ladies is doing good service in the sailor's behalf. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Mrs. C. W. Hawkins, *First Directress*; Miss M. Vale, *Second Directress*; Mrs. J. O. Taylor, *Treasurer*; Mrs. C. Tracy, *Secretary*.

**Board of Managers.** Mrs. Capt. J. Williams, Mrs. E. Bennett, Mrs. B. Boyce, Mrs. Capt. S. Loveland, Mrs. M. A. Silvey, Mrs. Capt. T. Lambert, Miss A. Stuart, Miss E. Skatts, Rev. Mrs.

H. Chase, Mrs. Capt. F. B. French, Mrs. C. Buckhout, Mrs. S. G. Steele, Mrs. Wm. Avery, Mrs. S. A. Peach, Mrs. R. I. Brown, Miss E. Whittlesey, Mrs. Capt. I. E. Turner, Mrs. U. P. Ward, Mrs. A. L. T. Chisholm, Mrs. Capt. A. Adams.

For further particulars, see the Saloon.

Their fair, last October, produced \$625.47, a considerable part of which has already been invested in goods, payments of rents, &c. Cash on hand, \$384.19. Received during the year \$2760.31.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

There has been a new movement made here, by a society of which Rev. Dr. BETHUNE is President. A public meeting will be held ere long, of which the readers of the Sheet Anchor shall be duly informed. Further particulars of the cause in this city, and other places, will be given in my next letter. C. W. D.

#### LETTER II.

##### MOVEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The efforts of which I spoke in my last are progressing. It is in contemplation among the friends of seamen, to have the claims of the cause presented before a public meeting, (which it is hoped will be large,) at the Musical Fund Hall, (a spacious room,) the second week in March. I hope to be present, and shall furnish an account of the proceedings for the next Sheet Anchor.

**THE HOMES.** I am happy to state that the two temperance boarding houses, in Lombard and Union Streets, are doing a good work. They both appear to be well managed. Several Christian officers here are exerting an excellent influence. It is expected that Rev. E. T. Taylor, of Boston, Rev. J. Spaulding, one of the Secretaries of the A. S. F. S., will attend the great meeting next week in Philadelphia.

##### THE CUMBERLAND.

I am always pleased to hear from this fine ship of war, because it enables me to publish such cheering news. A captain in the Navy, now in Philadelphia, has politely read to me some extracts of a recent letter from Lieut. FOOTE, of the Cumberland. That noble officer speaks in the most encouraging terms of the progress of temperance in the ship. The reform is proceeding aft, as well as forward. There are total abstinence meetings held on board weekly. They do not interfere with the discipline of the service in the least. On the contrary, they improve it in every way. *Not one sailor now draws his grog!* THE SPIRIT ROOM IS CLEARED OF RUM AND FILLED WITH WATER! Good sailors always prefer money to grog. Rev. Mr. NEWELL, the present chaplain of the Cumberland, is represented by Lieutenant FOOTE, as eminently a useful man. Religious Meetings and Sabbath Schools are all well attended, and promise much good. The men are in the habit of going ashore, sometimes at the rate of fifty a day, in places where intoxicating drinks are sold very cheap, and instead of remaining over night drunk, they all come off sober at sun-down! [Nine cheers for the gallant Cumberland!] The ship is kept in order in all respects. The crew and officers are all united and happy among themselves.

So much for the triumphs of temperance in a United States' ship of war. We expect to hear again soon from the Cumberland.



## THE SPIRIT RATION.

I find, every where, that the desire of the people for the abolition of the spirit ration in the navy, is rapidly increasing. Every blow now tells. Let the friends of the reform send in their petitions to Congress. The more of them that are signed by the officers and men in our naval vessels the better.

In my labors at Washington for this object, I trust I shall not fail, having the valuable aid of Rev. B. C. C. PARKER, the Minister of the Episcopal Bethel, New York; Rev. JOHN MARSH, Corresponding Secretary Am. Temp. Union; CHRISTIAN KEENER, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee Maryland Temperance Society; Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, and other gentlemen. The time is short, but it is the best time; and we must improve it all we can. C. W. D.

☞ *One of the Missing Ships safe.* By the arrival of Ship *Jessore* at this port from New Orleans, we learn that she spoke the Ship *Ondiaki*, from Liverpool for Philadelphia, on the 14th ult., in lat. 39°, lon. 74°. As the *Ondiaki* sailed from Liverpool about the same time as the Ships *England* and *United States*, (of which considerable anxiety have been entertained for their safety,) we have strong hopes of their safe and speedy arrival. We perceive, by accounts, that neither one of the above ships have yet been out so long as was the Ship *Switzerland*, on one of her winter passages. G.

For the Sheet Anchor.

An individual on board the U. S. Ship *Plymouth*, in a letter recently received in this city, and dated at Marseilles, says:

"That he never enjoyed better health than he now does; that he drinks no intoxicating liquors, and does not intend to drink any. He states that the gunner drinks none; that the boatswain and carpenter drink very little; and only about fifty men draw their grog. Speaks well of the officers, and says every thing goes on finely on board."

We hope that this teetotaller, with his associates will rattle round among the fifty grog-drinkers that are left, and persuade them to enable the *Plymouth* to do as well as the *Cumberland*, of which he speaks in terms of commendation, has done. Show the fifty, that still cluster around the grog-tub, that the scuttlebutt has decided advantages over it. The grog-tub is the repository of mischief, and is one of the devil's agents on shipboard. The water-tanks should bear the palm. Rum affords us no nourishment, but destroys our frail tenements of clay. But water

"Cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,  
And maketh the faint one strong again." ☞

## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

## NAVAL.

The *Columbus*, 74, now at New York, is fitting out. It is supposed that she is to bear the confirmed treaty to China. It will be recollected that Mr. Cushing recommended that there should be sent to the Chinese seas a ship of the line as calculated to make a better impression upon the minds of the people.

U. S. schooner *Flirt*, Commander Watson, having on board the U. S. Mail for the Pacific, was towed down to Hampton Roads from Norfolk, on Saturday evening, 1st ult.

**TRIAL OF SPEED.**—We learn from the Norfolk Beacon of Jan. 20, that the U. S. ships *Portsmouth* and *Jamestown* got under way in Hampton Roads, to test the superiority of their sailing. The following are the particulars as given by the pilots: "The *Portsmouth* hove to between Fortess Monroe and Willoughby's Point, when the *Jamestown* came up and passed about half a mile ahead. The *Portsmouth*, after firing the salute, which was returned by the *Jamestown*, filled away, the wind W. N. W., and she standing E. half S., wind not fresh, and in the distance of ten miles got within one length of the *Jamestown* on her weather quarter. The wind then freshened and canted to the N. W. The two ships then kept that distance for about ten miles, and so continued up to the time the pilots left, both carrying exactly the same sail. The ships were left about six miles outside the Capes, there being a strong breeze from N. W. Messrs. Fatherly and Wright state that they went ten knots while they were on board.

"The two ships, from all accounts, proved remarkably fine ones, reflecting great credit on their constructors. The *Jamestown's* gun deck was perfectly dry, while the *Portsmouth's* was wet forward. The pilots found a heavy sea out, and agreed that the former ship was much dryer than the latter, thereby confirming so far, the opinion of Mr. Rhodes, her constructor, that the sharp bow, and length without the breadth of beam, as compared with more breadth and the full bow above water, as is the case with the *Portsmouth*, is preferable.

"As these ships will undergo a comparative trial to the Cape de Verdes, we will not be enabled to decide upon their qualities until an official report is made to the Navy Department."

**THE REVENUE CUTTER JACKSON, CAPT. MICHAEL CONNOR**, has done good service on our coast during the present winter. Capt Connor and his active and faithful officers have been extremely vigilant and very successful in rendering efficient aid in saving the property on board of several vessels which have been driven on shore during the winter. The money expended in this service, so important to the lives and property of those who are engaged in our foreign and coast-wise navigation, all men of all parties, we are happy to say, concur in adjudging to be well spent. And to officers who endure the hard but important and humane service of cruising on our coast during this most severe and inclement season, and especially to those to whom we have alluded, who so well and so faithfully perform their duties, too much commendation cannot be awarded.—*Prov. Journal*.

**SHIPWRECKS IN 1844.**—In summing up the destruction of life and property at sea as far as heard from, during the past year, between the months of Dec. 1843, and Nov. 1844, inclusive, we are greatly rejoiced at the decrease during the above period, compared with the two preceding years, viz. in 1842 vessels lost 380, lives 602; in 1843, vessels lost 304, lives 642.

Is it presuming too much to believe that the destruction of life and property the past year has been lessened to some extent, by the increased sobriety and capabilities of seamen? Who can for a moment doubt the increased security afforded to all on board, when the crew are sober, steady men, when we know their increased ability to brave the tempest and the storm. We bless God for what has been done and take courage, believing that we shall yet see greater things in relation to the hardy sons of the ocean.

The following is a list of vessels, nearly all of which were wrecked on our own coast.

Ships, 17; Barques, 21; Brigs, 83; Schooners, 82; Sloops, 4; Steamers, 1; Total of vessels 208. Of the above there were of English—

Ships, 8; Barques, 6; Brigs, 15; Schooners, 7; Total, 36. Of other nations, 21.

To the above, we must add the loss of 105 lives. Twenty vessels are yet missing, and a number of wrecks have been passed at sea, whose melancholy story we fear will never be told.

**GENEROUS.**—The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Hamilton*, Capt. Sturgis, spoke a brig at anchor off Boston Light, and learning that she was clogged with ice, a party of men was sent on board, who not only disencumbered her from ice, but also aided in working her to the city. She anchored in the stream, and her noble captain very generously informed those of the Cutter's crew who had rendered him such important service that if they would remain on board, (and of course save him the expense of employing lumpers,) and lend a hand to haul his brig to the wharf, he would give them some change to get some grog with! How truly magnanimous! And yet, would any civilized community believe it, these ungrateful sailors indignantly refused his coppers, grog and all, purely on the score of being Washingtonians! Perhaps, if the truth were known, this noble captain is one of those who are continually moaning about the immorality of common sailors, and are yet the first to tempt them to drink grog for the purpose of glossing over their own meanness. There are still many ship-masters who believe that a common sailor can be bought and sold for a glass of grog. If this captain is of that class, he tried the experiment this time on the wrong men—the Cutter's crew are all tee-totalers.

**Another generous Incident.**—Last winter, a party of men from the Cutter *Hamilton* was sent on board of a brig which had put into Provincetown Harbor in distress, and after relieving her, three or four remained on board, and assisted to work her to Portland; and the owners, fully appreciating the services which had been the means of saving their vessel, very generously permitted Capt. Sturgis to defray the greater part of the travelling expenses of his men consequent on their return to Boston. This winter, Capt. Sturgis again relieved the same captain, now commanding another vessel.—*Post*.

☞ The Boston Post says it is probable that the Liverpool steam ships will continue to touch at Halifax as heretofore, but that the mails will not be left there.

**KILLED BY LIGHTNING.**—A man by the name of John G. B. Rose, a seaman, hailing from South Kingston, R. I., was killed by lightning, on board of the schooner *Elizabeth*, in Mobile Bay.

☞ Mr. Reuben Frethy, mate of the bark *Calisto*, who was dreadfully stabbed a few weeks since, while lying at Norfolk, by a seaman named William Dickinson, alias Wm. Smith, is said by the Norfolk Beacon, to be apparently recovering from, though not yet out of danger.

☞ Captain Hammond, late of the brig *Motto*, condemned at St. Thomas, C. R. Gayle, mate of the schooner *Thomas Hopper*, and a man named Lewis Sadler, were drowned at the mouth of Piantatank river, (Chesapeake bay) by the upsetting of a skiff, on the 2d ult. Captain Hammond belonged to the Eastward, where he has a family residing.—Information relative to his effects can be obtained by applying to, or addressing Mr. Thomas Pierce, Bowly's wharf, Baltimore.

There is a proposition before Congress to erect new edifices for the accommodation of the War and Navy Departments. Eight of the bureaux are now quartered about in private houses, occupying thirty-four rooms.

**AN ISLAND DISCOVERED IN THE PACIFIC.**—Captain Simmons of Brig *Faith*, who arrived at Baltimore, a few days ago, discovered an island in the Pacific, which is not laid down in any chart. He was on his passage from Otaheite to Valparaiso, and fell in with this island in lat. 21° 10', and lon. 138° 54'. It is a few hours sail from Carysfoot, which he afterwards saw. It is about six miles in circumference, surrounded by a reef of black coral rocks, covered with cocoa trees, and apparently rich and fertile, with a lagoon in the middle. He called it the Isle of Faith.



## NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Capt. Brown, of schooner *Velsen*, at New York from Richmond, states that on the 6th ult., in a N. W. blow, the Light Boat on Brandywine Shoals dragged her anchors, and on 7th, he passed her 15 miles at sea, where she had brought up.

## DISASTERS AT SEA.

The packet schooner *Reeside*, Capt. Langley, hence for New York with an assorted cargo of domestic goods, wine, &c., went ashore in the severe storm on Tuesday night 10th ult., on Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, and went to pieces. It is presumed that she first struck on Eaton's Neck, and drifted to the westward. Her stern floated on shore, by which means her name was discovered, and her cargo was drifting about at last accounts. Nothing has been heard of the crew, and it is supposed all hands perished.

Schooner *Loire*, M'Fadden, of and from Wiscasset for Boston, went ashore below Portsmouth, on Wallace's Beach, on Tuesday, 4th ult., 3 p. m., and went entirely to pieces. Nothing save 1 except spars, chains, anchors and standing rigging. Capt. M'F. and three men, and a passenger, (Miss Mary Hall, of Damariscotta) being all the persons on board, were saved. The lady is somewhat frost-bitten.

Bark *Old Fellow*, at New York, reports Jan. 28, off Cape Hatteras, fell in with the wreck of a fore and aft schooner on her beam ends, masts standing, painted green, black dist. stern painted black, with a high deck, with small break amidships, full of water, about 75 or 80 tons, could discern letters M Bro. had been in that situation 3 or 4 days.

New brig *Hodgdon*, of Boston, from Frankfort for Havana, before reported condemned at St. Thomas put in 7th Jan., with loss of spars, sails, rigging &c. having been knocked down in the gale of Dec. 11, and shipped a set which swept her decks. The second officer was washed overboard and lost.

Schooner *Cadyce*, Brightman, of and from Fall River for Richmond, was totally lost on Matchaungo Shoals 31st Jan.; one of the crew froze to death. Capt. mite and one of the crew arrived at Norfolk 4th, in an open boat.

Schooner *Cape Fear*, Pierce, of and for Boston, 15 days from Wilmington, N. C. put into Newport, 6th ult., having in the gale of 4th, shipped a heavy sea, lost greater part of deck load, and made her leak so badly that both pumps were going until she arrived at Newport.

Schooner *Enterprise*, of and for Plymouth, with corn, dragged her anchors in the gale, and was run ashore on Squish, at high water; crew saved. The fate of the vessel and cargo is not stated. The former was insured for \$1200, and the latter for \$1300, both at the Old Colony office, Plymouth.

Ship *John Jay* of Sagharbor at New London 10th ult., had experienced very bad weather, was in the gulf Stream 7 days, with a constant gale from N. N. W., shipped a sea which sprung the rudder, broke the wheel, and hurt one man. On the 3d ult. lat. 37° 30', lon. 71° 18', had a heavy gale from S. S. E.; on the 5th and 7th, had severe gales from N. W., with thick snow and severe cold, split sails, &c.

Schooner *Saline*, at Providence, from New Orleans, reports 13th ult., lat. —, lon. 72° 30', spoke schooner *Eagle*, of and 12 days from Boston for Fredericksburg, and took from her Capt. Cook and two of the crew, late of schooner *Lyceum*, of Scituate, which vessel had been abandoned a few days previous, in a sinking condition, and all the crew taken off by the *Eagle*.

Bark *Ann Louisa*, at New York from Vera Cruz, was struck by lightning 11th ult., lat. 37° lon. 72°, split topmasts, burnt sails, knocked down all hands, and burnt some badly.



## THE HOLY KNOT.

Let not man put it asunder.

In this city, 5th ult., Capt. SAMUEL PEARSON, of Gloucester, to Miss ANN MARIA BASS, of Boston.

In this city, 29th Jan., JAMES BOLEY, Esq., to Mrs. ANNA TOWER LINCOLN, daughter of Capt. DANIEL BATES, of Cohasset.

In South Dartmouth, 23th January, Capt. WANTON SHERMAN, to Miss MARIANNA ALMY.

In Saco, Me., Mr. STEPHEN PATTERSON, to Miss FANNY PIERCE, of South Berwick.



## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad doad; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In t is city, WILLIAM DREW, Jr., eldest son of Capt. Wm. Drew, aged 17 years.

A veteran gone—Died in Andover, N. H., 1st Feb., SAMUEL MCGUINN, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 110 years. For the last four years he had been unable to walk, but his mind had remained active, and had enjoyed society much.

Mr. Mc. G. was born in the town of Wick, in Scotland. He was impressed, and put on board the ship *Arabel*, of Greenock, in Scotland, in the year 1775, when he was in the fortieth year of his age; she was a private transport vessel. The *Arabel* having been captured on her voyage, by an American vessel, he arrived at Boston a prisoner. He was exchanged at West Point, but instead of joining the British army, he enlisted in the American service, and served long enough to be entitled to a pension under the act of 1813. Since then he has resided in Andover, in humble circumstances, beloved and respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

At Wilmington, N. C., 1st Jan., Capt. THOMAS SLOMAN, of Wiscasset, Me., late master of brig *St. Simon*, aged 47 years.

At sea, Nov. 1, on board ship *John Adams*, of New Bedford, Capt. FREDERICK A. MASON, Master of said ship.

On the Coast of California, Mr. A. TEMAS DAVIDSON, of Concord, N. H. 1st officer of ship *Admittance*, aged 37 years.

At Sandwich Islands, Mr. HARVEY COLE, late first mate of ship *Columbus*, of Fairhaven.

Lost overboard from brig *Souther*, 25th Jan., on the passage from Port au Prince to Boston, Capt. HARDY, commander of said brig; he was washed overboard by sea which boarded the vessel during a severe gale.

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CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

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## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the New Haven, Ct. Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

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Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

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## GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

**Boston.** The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Broadhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street. MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street. Mrs. STREET, 269 Ann Street.

BETHEL HOTEL, (late Alhambra,) ROGERS & DOANE, No. 3 Lewis Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolin.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

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## American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

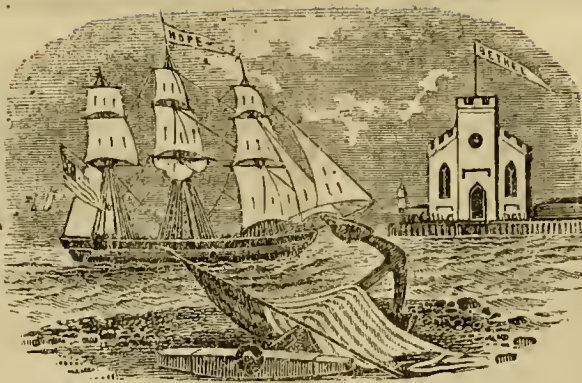
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## Sheet



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SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—  
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

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## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

From the N. Y. Advocate of Moral Reform.

MY FIRST VOYAGE,  
OR  
THE PRODIGAL RECLAIMED.  
(Concluded.)

"Listen to me," he said, "and though it may be somewhat of a long yarn, I will tell you what God has done for my soul. Do you see, shipmate, if I had just recovered from some dreadful and dangerous sickness, through the skilful care of a kind physician, and then should see you coming down with the same disease, how should I go to work to get you to try the same physician? I would tell you how sick I had been, and how greatly I had suffered. I would tell you, too, of the skill and kindness which had brought me back from the mouth of the grave. So it seems to me we ought to praise the Lord. Here he stands, the great Physician as the Bible calls him, begging poor sin-sick souls to come to him and get a cure; but they go on, maimed and perishing, too proud to confess their need of his assistance, or to accept of a cure at his hands. Here and there, one who has been healed by the blessed Jesus, is telling the story to others, and trying to persuade them to apply in time to this good Physician; the Lord multiply the number of such, wherever they be, a thousand fold! But to my story.

I was the only son of my mother, and she was a widow. My father, who was the owner and commander of a small fishing smack, was lost while I was yet in my mother's arms, in one of those gales which annually destroy so many lives on the eastern coast of old Massachusetts, leaving his widow with two

children, dependent on her own industry for daily bread. But though we were poor, there was no want in our humble dwelling, and my sister and myself grew up as busy as bees, and as happy as the lark which goes soaring up in the glad sunshine, as if to get nearer to God, while praising Him for his goodness. My mother worked hard to provide us with decent clothing, and to send us to school; but she was always cheerful, and made us feel that we had a Father in heaven, who, if we were good children, would love us, and be better to us than all the fathers on earth. Those were bright days, when I loved my mother, and loved my Bible, my school, and the whole world, and feared to do any thing wrong, lest I should offend my Father in heaven.

But as I grew older, other thoughts would come into my mind, in spite of all my attempts to keep them out. I had listened in my childhood to wild tales of the ocean, until my heart was so full of wonder and admiration, that it seemed almost bursting, and then I always exclaimed, "I too will be a sailor."

The childish purpose grew stronger as I advanced in years, though my poor mother's sorrowful look, when I mentioned it before her, made me confine it to my own bosom. After some years of delay, of urgent entreaties, on my part, and of repeated refusals on hers, she was at last forced to consent, and I entered the merchant ship *Juno*, bound to Havre, as cabin boy. How my mother wept as she bade me farewell, and begged the captain to watch over my morals, and guard me from sin. Alas! she little knew what a school of vice her son was entering. At that time there were no floating Bethels—none who cared for the soul of the poor sailor, who escaped the dangers of the sea, only to go to pieces on worse rocks the moment he touched the shore.

At first, I was greatly shocked at the profanity and wickedness of my shipmates, but I soon found that morality was quite out of place among them, and learned to relish an oath, or an indecent and low song, as well as the best, or rather the worst of them. I was indeed an apt scholar—so that when after two years, I visited my poor mother, though I tried hard to conceal the change, she saw enough to wring her heart with anguish.—The restraints of home, the prayers and counsels of my mother, and the tears of my sister, became soon intolerable to me, and I left my native village with the fixed purpose of returning to it no more.

Well, for ten long years, I kept my purpose and never once saw the face of my mother,

though a part of my wages was regularly sent to her, sufficient to supply her with the comforts of life. But it was not my money she wanted, and my sinfulness and neglect almost broke her heart. In the mean time, my sister, who was good and gentle as I was rebellious, faded away and died like a flower smitten by the frost, leaving my poor mother alone, with nothing to comfort her but her Bible, and the hope of a better world. But God heard her prayers for her wandering sailor boy, and in his own way answered them, when she had well nigh given me up in despair.

I shall not try to give you any account of a life on which I cannot now look back without the deepest shame and self-abhorrence. It is enough to say, "I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly." The moment my foot touched the shore after a long voyage, I was surrounded by harpies in the shape of men, who professed great friendship for me, treated me to a glass of grog, and led me away as an ox to the slaughter, into one of those dens called sailor boarding houses, where I was caressed and flattered until my money was gone, and then I soon found myself turned adrift, without friends or credit, obliged to ship again immediately, or take up my lodging in the streets. Poor Jack has indeed been hardly treated in a Christian land; but, thank God, a brighter day is dawning on him, through the Christian kindness of some of the dear children of Jesus. But, shipmate, I shall weary your patience with my long yarn, so I will hasten to the time when God met me in my wicked career, and brought me to the knowledge of his dear Son, to whom be glory forever.

It was in a southern port, and on a Sabbath day, that as I was carelessly strolling along the dock, I saw on a small schooner, a white flag flying at mast head, with the words *Bethel*, inscribed in large characters upon it. Curiosity and the hope of finding some amusement, drew me towards it, but what was my astonishment on entering the cabin, to find myself in the midst of a religious assembly, all intently listening to the words of life as they fell from the lips of a clergyman who was standing on a raised platform, with an open Bible before him, from which he was reading. The novelty of the scene fixed my attention, and uncovering my head in silence, I involuntarily knelt with the rest of the little congregation during the prayer which followed. After prayer and singing, the minister named his text, and though many long years have passed since that morning, I seem still to hear the solemn tone in which he asked



the question—"How shall man be just with God?" In discoursing from these words, he first described the nature of sin, and drew the character of the sinner so exactly to the life, that I felt certain he meant me, and wondered who had been telling him all about my life, aye, and my very heart too. I dared not look up, for I thought all the people must know that the preacher was describing me, and there I sat, guilty and self-condemned, while the instructions of my youth, and the prayers and tears of my mother all came up before me with fearful distinctness. At length he spoke of Jesus, and as he described his love for sinners, and all he had done to save them, I thought I had never heard these good tidings before, though I had been told all about them a thousand times over from my cradle. The next Sabbath I went again to the Bethel ship, and before we sailed, made bold to go to Mr. B., the seamen's preacher, and tell him how much I desired an interest in his prayers, for my soul's salvation. During that voyage, I continued low and unhappy, and whenever I could get a chance, read in the Bible which the good minister had given me at parting, with a strict charge not to neglect it for a single day.—When next in port, my first care was to find out a Bethel flag, and very soon afterward, while the people of God were engaged in prayer for me, the Lord appeared for my deliverance. He took me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. He put a new song into my mouth, which I hope to sing forever—even praise to the Lamb. And now you may be sure I wanted to see my dear old mother, to whose prayers and faithfulness, I knew, that under God, I owed my salvation. Accordingly, having saved my hard earnings since I knocked off grog, and cards, and bad company, I started for the place where the happiest years of my life had been spent, and where my mother waited and watched for me so long. We were both greatly changed by time, and she did not at first recognize her long lost son, but when I made myself known, and above all when she heard what God had done for my soul, her joy and gratitude were almost too much for her feeble frame. Oh, what a meeting, and what a visit we had together! At the grave of my sister, I listened to the story of her short but useful and happy life, and her triumphant death, while through her tears my mother exclaimed—"blessed be God, if one dear child has been called away a little before me, another has been given back, whom I feared I had lost forever. Truly, 'this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.'"

I never saw my mother again, for she died soon after my departure, saying with her last breath—"now, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." A few more rising and setting suns, a few more days of toil and trial, and I shall go to be with her, and that dear Saviour who loved me and died for me, forever and ever. I shall bid adieu to sin and sorrow and suffering, and stand in the presence of God, where is fulness of joy, and at his right hand where there are pleasures forevermore.—"Shipmate, is not such a hope worth having?"

Long Tom looked me full in the face as he ceased speaking, and his countenance actually shone with holy joy and triumph. The great truths of which he had spoken, were

familiar to me as "household words," yet they now reached my heart for the first time. The circumstances in which I was placed, and the novelty of hearing such truths from the lips of a sailor, one of a class who have been supposed far enough removed from religious influences, gave a power I never before felt, and the blessed Spirit of God fastened them on my mind and conscience, so that I could not shake them off. The Bible given me by my beloved mother, from that night became my constant companion, and I read its sacred pages with ever fresh delight, though many weeks passed away, before I was enabled to apply its precious promises to my own case, or to believe with the heart on Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Ever after that memorable night, a strong band of union existed between Long Tom and myself, and many were the pleasant hours we spent together in talking of the past, the present and the future. At the close of our long and successful voyage, when we reached our native land I bade him farewell with feelings of the deepest affection and regret.—Peace to the memory of an excellent and beloved brother! He was not long after, lost in a violent storm off the Coast of Brazil, with his vessel and all her crew, but has found shelter, I doubt not, in the haven of everlasting rest, where his hopes had so long been anchored.

I had heard only once from my parents, since leaving home, and my anxiety to learn their welfare was intense. What changes might have taken place in that little circle during the three years in which I had been absent! It was with a heart full of conflicting emotions, though joy and hope predominated, that I started out to find an old friend of my father, to whom I had been introduced previous to my leaving New Bedford.—Almost the first person I met in the streets, was the gentleman of whom I was in search, but when I eagerly accosted him, he turned on me a look of astonishment. He did not recognize in the sun-burnt sailor with his checked shirt and tarpaulin, the smart young dandy who had three years before come to New Bedford to encounter the "rough and tumble" of a whaling voyage; but if the external man was altered, the internal one was, I hope, still more so, and when after warmly welcoming me back again, he said affectionately—"Well, C., I hope you are now willing to go home, and be a dutiful son, and carry comfort to the heart of your parents." My heart was on my lips as I answered with tears—"thank God, sir, I believe I am."

If the readers wish to know how the returning prodigal was received by those who gave him birth, I would refer them to the gospel of Luke, 15th chapter, from the 20th to the 24th verse, where they will find the scene described much better than I could hope to do it. There was joy under that roof, in proportion to the sorrow that had gone before, and never did a warmer thanksgiving ascend to God, than went up from that family altar the evening after my return.

My first voyage was also my last, but though years have since passed away, its incidents are still fresh in my memory, and I know full well the heart of a sailor. I rejoice that the day-star of hope has at length risen on this noble but neglected class of men, and that so much is doing for their elevation

and salvation. May He, whose Spirit dictated these efforts, increase them an hundred fold, and guide them safely and speedily forward to a glorious consummation.

## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

## FATHER TAYLOR.

Who has not heard of E. T. Taylor, famous for his arduous labors among seamen, as a *minister of the Gospel*, and of course an advocate of temperance? He is one of the most efficient and popular speakers of the day. The New England Washingtonian gives a brief sketch of one of his discourses. Here it is.

"Brethren," said Mr. Taylor, "about three years since, I called to see a widow, one of our sisters who had long been expecting her only son, a noble young sailor, from sea. The ship in which he sailed had been due over three months, and the poor widow began to think that her darling boy, her only support, had found a watery grave. Well, I talked the matter over with her, and endeavored to cheer her with the hope of seeing him soon. (You know, gentlemen, my motto is, never say *die*,) and while I was yet speaking, she seized me by the arm, and exclaimed, hush! hush! that's my William's voice—I know it is—his step too, on the stairs!—he comes!—my own William comes!—open flew the door, and there stood the noble youth with arms extended, ready for a spring. He gazed an instant, his eye caught his mother's, and they were locked in each other's embrace. They kissed and wept, and kissed again, and I wept too; and there we all three stood weeping with joy! O! it was a glorious sight! it was truly a happy return! Well, brethren, when we had recovered breath, the old lady, still simpering, inquired what had detained her William so long? 'Why, mother,' replied he, 'you see we lost our masts in a gale off the cape, and have been hobbling along ever since under jury-masts, nobody got hurt—ship's a fine sea-boat—captain a noble fellow: but what, is this Father Taylor? (turning to me,) God bless you; I am glad to see you; how are all your folks? and he grasped me with both hands and shook me as if I had been laboring under a Florida ague. 'But come,' continued he, 'my traps (chest and pack) are below, and I must get them up, so you must excuse me.' A few minutes afterwards we separated.

The next Sunday, I stood where I now stand; the greater part of the seats were nearly full, and brother Foster was getting some settees ready, when my attention was arrested by the young sailor with his fond mother on his arm. O! he was a noble looking fellow, straight as an ash, firm as a pillar, yet when he walked, seemed pliant as a willow. Shall I forget him? No, never. That day—it was summer at the time, he wore a blue jacket, white trowsers, and on the turned down collar of his snowy shirt, dangled the glossy locks of raven hue. His face and neck were deeply bronzed by the sun, but the easy smile that played about his mouth, and the heart cheerfulness that gleamed in his hazel eyes, threw over his whole countenance, a halo of intellectual sunshine. As he walked up the aisle, the fond mother look-



ed around with an air of admiration, as much as to say, 'see you not my noble boy, why don't you rejoice with me.' But there was no occasion for it, if such were her thoughts, for wherever he came in view, he was the observed of all observers! Nor was his exterior the better part of him; his heart was noble and his soul large enough to take in all mankind. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him during the next week, and still he seemed unchanged; but my heart bleeds while I tell it. In the early part of the second week, he was seen standing at the corners of streets, smoking and talking with some of his shipmates; the day on which they received their wages, sailor like, they all assembled in a rum shop to take a parting glass: that glass was fatal to William. Each treated in his turn, and ere they separated, they were nearly all intoxicated. William was one of those proud spirits, who at times are possessed of considerable firmness, and believe that they can abstain from the free action of their own will, rather than to be tied down by a pledge. The first debauch had diseased his appetite, his self-possession had left him, and more rum was required to quench his burning thirst. Need I tell you that before Saturday night he was a confirmed drunkard, reeling about the streets, and wallowing in the gutter. At last, nature gave way, and he was carried to his mother's dwelling drunk and insensible; that dwelling, which, but a fortnight before, his presence had rendered the scene of so much happiness. I called to see him, and there he lay extended on a mattress, his once glossy locks clotted with mud, and his manly face smeared with sun-dried gore. And there, too, by his pillow, sat his disconsolate mother, bathing his fevered temples with vinegar, and weeping as if her heart would break. I endeavored to soothe her, but she was like Rachel weeping for her children; refused to be comforted. When he heard my voice, he raised his head, and in a rough and savage voice, demanded of his mother more rum. 'Rum!' he exclaimed, 'rum I want, curse you give me some rum, and stop your foolish prating.' Here, Mr. Taylor threw his arms upwards and gazing in the same direction, as if his whole soul were in his eyes, raised his voice, and continued, "curse his mother! Holy God! shut the windows of heaven down, and let not the sound go up—he curses his mother!—Run, brethren, did this for the noblest of God's creatures." Here, Mr. Taylor paused, but such was the interest the narrative excited, that several voices inquired, what became of him? what did he do? "He did," resumed Mr. Taylor, "what I want you all to do to night—when he recovered, he signed the pledge, and now commands a vessel out of this port, and his mother is still with us singing glory to God." He sat down, and when all was quiet, a tall gentlemanly man rose up, and after surveying the audience a moment and wiping the perspiration from his forehead he said, "I am the man," and resumed his seat again.

### THE CUMBERLAND.

The American Consul at Genoa, in a letter to the American Squadron in the Mediterranean, among other interesting facts, states the following:

"Admiral de Very told me, after examining the vessels, that he had never seen a squadron in such perfect order, nor such

beautiful vessels. Our naval vessels always excite universal admiration, but this squadron is what the Italians call *veramente un incanto*, and the Cumberland is without doubt one of the most beautiful frigates in the world.—You may judge of the perfect discipline of the fleet when I tell you that 1200 men came on shore, and not one broke his liberty, and only one got drunk. But the Temperance Reformation must take its share of credit for this, for the flag ship is a tee-total ship, and very little is drunk in the other vessels. The impression created in the Mediterranean by Com. Smith's squadron, will be infinitely more to our credit than any other that has recently entered it; for generally the Italians at least have supposed our seamen were "a fighting and drinking set of fellows."

### THE RIGHT WAY.

A tee-total sailmaker who had entered into an engagement to make some sails for a captain, went down one morning and found a fellow-craftsman soliciting the job. After making a number of propositions to the captain, offering to work lower than the other individual, he received the following answer.—"It is of no use to talk further about the matter—I understand you drink Rum—I can't employ you at any rate." The tippler said no more, but sloped.

### THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

### NEW YORK BETHEL MISSIONARY.

Jan. 18th. The captain of a brig, after remarking upon the satisfaction with which he always received tracts and papers, said he did not believe the old adage, that we could have too much of a good thing. The steward of a brig said it was almost ten years since he hoped he had met with a change of heart, and since that time he had enjoyed religion much, but he intended to make still greater attainments in piety, and not to rest satisfied with what he had already acquired.

19th. Distributed tracts among the sailor boarding houses. The tracts were well received, and I had no doubt that they would be read. One sailor wished for a considerable supply of tracts, as he was going to sea soon. At one place in particular, where there were several sailors, they treated me very respectfully, and invited me to call again. At every place I gave them an invitation to attend church.

26th. Visited several of the seamen's boarding houses, and distributed tracts. A sailor remarked, that he liked tracts very much, and usually kept a number in his possession; especially, when he went to sea, for then, said he, "I can read them with better attention, and they do me more good than when I read them on land. A shipmate also gave the same testimony. In the morning I attended the new Methodist church for seamen, in Cherry Street. A number of seamen, with others, presented themselves for admission to the church, and the prospects for the future appeared very encouraging.

27th. Conversing with a sailor who was just ready to go to sea. He was apparently under deep conviction of sin, and expressed a strong desire to become a Christian. I

gave him as good instruction as I was able, and he said he would try and comply with them. I feared lest he might lose his serious impressions after he had got to sea, and almost regretted that he was going so soon, but God has converted many a scul on the deep, and is able to do so again. Cases like this often render the labor among seamen disheartening. You may converse with a sailor to-day on the subject of religion, and to-morrow he may be far off on the deep, and it is seldom you ever meet with him again. I have found several cases in which a sailor would be under deep conviction, and express a willingness to do any thing that he might become a Christian, and before there was an opportunity of seeing him again, he was gone.

I have distributed 725 papers, and 3074 pages of tracts, on board 74 vessels, or 20 ships, 4 barks, 17 brigs, 25 schooners, 4 sloops, and 4 steamboats.

### THE SAILOR SAVED.

"Come, William, sit down with me, on this pile of boards, and spin a yarn as long as your last voyage to the West Indies."

"Ay, ay, sir, I will; but where shall I begin?"

"Begin! begin where you left God and was lost, and leave off where God found and saved you."

"Well, then, my father was a soldier and a blacksmith. A blacksmith or a batter he tried to make me; but no, my whole thoughts were bent for the sea, and to sea I must and would go. It is twenty-six years, the 25th of this month, since I made my first voyage. During this time I have been in 'deaths oft.'"

"Well, how did you feel when death stared you in the face?"

"Feel! I didn't feel at all; and yet I did feel—conscious of my sins, and desert of God's judgment, I dared not look up. I waited in sullenness, as a condemned malefactor, for justice to execute its fearful work. But it pleased the Lord to give me a reprieve, blessed be his holy name. Yet I went on in sin. Oh! how did I spend a Sabbath, last March, in a port on the island of Porto Rico—dancing, drinking and blaspheming."

"I think it was in 1829, when I was first awakened to serious thought. I was in New York, hearing seamen relate what God had done for their souls. I then commenced reading the Bible, and praying to God. I also knocked off grog; for I well knew that I could not drink rum and serve God too—Thus I continued during my next voyage. On my return, and on paying the landlady with whom I had boarded, she urged me to drink. I refused, telling her that I drank no liquor; but still she urged, till I consented, and with that glass of brandy went all my good resolutions to be a Christian. All I had been trying to do for weeks was undone in a moment. Then I went on in sin again, with a will, until 1st April, when my convictions returned with renewed power. I was at sea. One day I was looking in my chest, and had occasion to open a little box that was stowed there, when I found a little book, entitled 'Baxter's Call.' My eldest son's Sabbath school teacher had given it to my wife, and it having been blessed to the good of her soul, she had put it in my box. And what a treasure it was! That little book was the means of awakening me to a sense



of my danger, and of leading me to Christ for pardon and peace."

"And you now hope that you are a good Christian?"

"By the grace of God, I am what I am."

"Have you professed Christ before men?"

"I am neither ashamed of him, nor of his cause. I have told my shipmates what he has done for me, and have exhorted them to go to the same precious Saviour. I have secured thirteen names to the temperance pledge, and two more have promised to sign to-day. Last Lord's day my wife and myself united with the church, and now, blessed be God, we are a happy family."

"Well, William, go on, and God bless you."

## THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life,"

### THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

FROM DR. DEWEY'S DISCOURSE.

He can be saved; and I appeal now to the religious interest, to that great and eternal interest of the human soul, that is involved here. There is a most delightful work of reform and of regeneration going on among our seafaring brethren. The accounts of it come in journals and letters from all quarters of the world. Most touching records of spiritual renovation they are, and among the most glorious signs of the times. It seems as if the sea were giving up her spiritually dead, from her hundred shores and her thousands of floating graves.

What could have been so little expected as that the profane sailor should have become a man of prayer? What so unlikely as that the rude and riotous fore-castle should have become a holy chapel? But thus it is. And amidst the booming waves, and the roaring tempest, prayer goes up, on every sea, to the Lord of the sea, and of the storm. Twenty years ago, who ever thought of a "Bethel?" And now it waves its sacred flag on every civilized shore, and gathers multitudes beneath it, in lowly and reverent worship.

Christianity is stretching out her arms to embrace the world. But, for a long time we felt as if the sea were the irreclaimable domain, if not of vice and violence, yet of utter irreligion. It seemed to be agreed that neither time nor opportunity could be found there, for religious culture. When the ship dropped down from port, we looked upon her, from the midst of our churches and Sabbath and domestic altars, as sailing out upon a realm estranged and unblest. So it appeared to our imagination; and though I doubt not the thoughts of some pious seamen might have given us a different impression had we known them, yet the fact certainly too well agreed with our idea. But now there is a voice from the sea, which answers to the call of Sabbath bells and the anthems of consecrated walls; and it spreads over those waste and boundless solitudes the aspect of a Christian and a household fellowship. The unfolding counsels of the divine providence are saying to the Church:

"Lift up thine eyes round about and see;  
All of them are gathered together; they come to thee;  
Thy sons shall come from far,  
And thy daughters shall be carried at the side;  
Then shalt thou fear and overflow with joy;  
And thy heart shall be ruffled and dilated;  
When the riches of the sea shall be poured in upon thee;

And the wealth of the nations shall come unto thee,  
Who are these that fly like a cloud  
And like doves upon the wing;  
Verily the distant coasts shall wait me,  
And the ships of Tarshish among the first;  
To bring thy sons from afar,  
Their silver and their gold with them,  
Because of the name of Jehovah, thy God;  
And of the Holy One, of Israel, for he hath glorified thee."

LOWTH'S TRANSLATION.

Yes, many a ship is now consecrated to God. Many a pious master gathers his people together on the holy day. I behold that wonder upon the deep; that deck, a floating altar; that tapering mast, a spire pointing to heaven; above, the dome of the sky; around, the far-spreading sea, the flooring of God's temple; and there, amidst the vast and listening solitude of waters, go up the voice of prayer and the anthem of thanksgiving! And when that ship returns, she brings report perhaps—for such things are known—of other gains than those which pertain to the merchandize of this world; of treasures found by her inmates, richer than Indian pearls, or gold of Ophir. Upon the boundless deep its wandering children are learning of Him whose "way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known." Bibles and good books, provided by kind hands, went out with them; prayers and good exhortations were uttered in their ears; the blinding mists of intemperance had already fallen from their eyes; and now they have seen the light and felt the power of a new creation. Yes, upon that wild element, so long estranged from religion, there are now "revivals of religion." I say not with what imperfection or weakness of faith, the poor sailor has received the visitation; but I say that the eventful voyage which has brought to him the sense of that power divine, is of dearer concern and value, than if it were freighted for his single behoof, with the wealth of Indian empires! Nay, ask himself; and poor as he is, he will tell you that he would not give up his hope in Christ for the wealth of the world!

From the New Bedford Mercury.

### U. S. AFRICAN SQUADRON.

As the United States, by the late treaty with Great Britain, have determined to send a squadron on the coast of Africa to aid in putting down the slave trade, and as it is a well known fact that the climate of that coast is most trying to an American or European constitution, it is right and proper that any one possessing information that might tend to benefit the health of the crews and safety of the vessels employed on that station, ought to make the same publicly known.

For several years past, many of the whale vessels of New Bedford and other ports of the Union, as well as the merchant vessels of Salem, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., from the East Indies, &c., have been, and are still in the constant habit of calling at St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean, for water, refreshments, &c., by which the whaling vessels in particular, after a long and tedious voyage, (oftentimes with sickness and scurvy on board,) have been most materially benefitted.

The following particulars regarding that port ought therefore to be known to the U. States government in particular.

The anchorage of St. Helena is perfectly safe and commodious. No vessel since its

discovery has been wrecked, stranded, injured or lost. There is no finer climate in any part of the known world; epidemical or contagious disease will not live there. Most beautiful and delicious spring water runs continually—one thousand tons of which go daily into the sea. Good supplies of potatoes, yams, pumpkins, and other vegetables, fresh beef, mutton, pork, poultry, hay, firewood, fruits, &c., can always be readily had, together with supplies of salt provision, flour, bread, peas and beans, naval and other stores; and what may be considered as a most important matter is that there is an excellent hospital there, into which (without regard to nationality,) sick people of all descriptions are readily admitted at an extremely moderate rate of charge. Most of these facts are well known to every person who has been to that extraordinary little island.

It would therefore seem most desirable that the United States armed vessels assigned to the west coast of Africa, contending against such a malignant climate, should occasionally call to refreshen and recruit the health of their crews at St. Helena.

Vessels of all flags from various parts of the world call at this free port. Since the death of Napoleon up to the present time, the arrivals have increased from 200 up to nearly 1000 annually, and it is expected now, from the great extent to which the cultivation of sugar, cotton and coffee is carrying on in the British Indian colonies, that it cannot be long before the last named number will be doubled or trebled.

Should the government determine upon forming a depot for provisions, &c., for this squadron, no place more eligible or contiguous than St. Helena (with a Consul already stationed there,) can possibly be found.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE WATERS.

While the passengers, crowded in great numbers on board the Brooklyn ferry boats, were disconsolately kicking their heels and ruefully gazing at the dismal prospect, as they now ground their way, and now floated helplessly among the masses of ice on all sides surrounding them, which, from the Narrows up, presented one huge unbroken field, varied only by hammocks and elevations, they saw a large ship with all sails taken in, like the Flying Dutchman, or some phantom dream, careering steadily onward, in defiance of tide and ice, and all obstructions, as if,

"Under the keel, nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid; and it was he  
That made the ship to go."

On she came, lion like, turning neither to the right nor the left, crowding down and rushing over the huge masses before her bows, or splitting the fields into vast chasms. She passed—and the grim, dark side of a large frigate, with all her holiday gear taken in, and nothing but the lower masts and storm hamper set, showed the *Princeton*, with a dismasted wreck in tow, just as she had gallantly combatted the furious tempest, in which she had been caught on the coast. No sound was heard from the disciplined deck as she rushed by, save the bell striking the hour, and the quick, decisive voice of the officer, as he gave commands to those on the wreck she was towing, by a long hauser astern.

In less time than we have taken to tell it, she was far on her way to the navy yard,



where, with her charge, she soon anchored in safety. "I like that," said a demure, quiet man standing by—and so did we.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

From the N. Y. Advocate of Moral Reform.

## THE CONVERTED SAILOR.

Who is this that goeth forth,  
Loaded—bearing precious seed,  
East and West, and South and North,  
Whereso'er man's wanderings lead?  
Who is this that fearless dare  
Tempt the dangers of the sea,  
Calm—though round him lightnings glare?  
Tell me, stranger, who is he?

Who is this that dares to tell,  
Tales like those of other days,  
When a Jacob reared Beth-el,  
And rejoiced in God's free grace?  
Who is this that thus can stand,  
Dauntless 'mid a mocking throng?  
Who upholdeth his right hand,  
Who indites his rapturous song?

He is one of Zebulun—  
Kin to those of Galilee,  
Whom our Saviour smiled upon,  
And bade such his followers be!  
Ah, his lips are touched with flame,  
Since his God his guilt forgave;  
And the blessed Spirit came,  
Witnessing, His power to save.

This it is, that moves his feet,  
Onward to the heavenly clime,  
This it is, will yet complete,  
Seed-sowing and harvest time.  
Light upon the sailor's soul,  
Gospel light, brings out a gem,  
Far beyond the world's control,  
For a Saviour's diadem.

Watch ye one thus "taught of God,"  
Mark his work by night or day,  
See him bend beneath the rod,  
Or rejoicing wend his way.—  
Prove him and ye then will know,  
"Dwelling at the haven" still,  
Jesus' love—with burning glow,  
All a sailor's heart, doth fill,

Win them—to thy Master's side,  
Guide them to the sacred spot  
Where the healing waters glide;  
Go, and bless the Sailor's lot.

ALMIRA.

## "HOLD ON MOTHER."

Such was the exhortation of a sailor to his widowed mother. She had several children, for whom she "prayed night and day exceedingly." Manifestly in answer to her prayers, one after another was awakened by the Spirit of God, convinced of sin, and subdued into saving reconciliation through the medium of Christ crucified. One of her sons followed the seas for eleven years.—Much had she prayed for her "poor sailor boy," and many a letter had she written him, rich with maternal counsel and solicitude. When at home, she had taken unwearied pains, such as none but a pious mother would take, to withdraw him from all improper associations, and to interest him in whatsoever things are pure, true and lovely.

At length she received letters from him, which breathed a new spirit, and spoke a new language. I listened to the voice of that mother, as with "joy unspeakable," she read to me three of those letters, richly expressive of the views and feelings of a new-born soul. In them all, he acknowledged his special indebtedness to her faithful warnings, and persevering prayers. In one he spoke of the

condition and prospects of her children, who still remained impenitent; and in order to encourage her to do for them as she had done for him, he says, "Hold on, mother; your prayers may yet be answered in their conversion."

What better counsel can I or any one give to every praying mother in the land? "Hold on, mother." Your children may not be converted to-day, or to-morrow, this year or the next; but "be not weary in well-doing;" "hold on" to the Divine promise and the Divine faithfulness, and "be not faithless, but believing."—*Youth's Companion.*

## AN INTREPID WOMAN.

A French paper says that an honorary medal, with a diploma of Sauve-neuc, has been awarded by the International Shipwreck Society, to Mademoiselle H. Dallerate, of Biarritz, in the vicinity of Bayonne, for her noble and heroic conduct.

In the winter of 1839, a dreadful tempest broke over Biarritz, and the Zoe lighter, of Nantes, was dashed upon the rocks with terrible force. A crowd collected on the shore, but no person would venture to the relief of the sailors, who were clinging to the fast sinking vessel. What no man would risk attempting, a weak woman boldly undertook. She seized a rope, threw herself into the raging sea, and after numerous failures, at last succeeded in swimming to the vessel. On her arrival, the captain, who was holding on, found his strength give way, and fell into the sea. She caught him as he rose to the surface, and bore him to the land before life was extinct. Such conduct in a man was admirable, but in a woman it was sublime.

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

For the Sheet Anchor.

## TOM HARDY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Tom Hardy was a merry lad,  
His pleasant face made others glad,  
Like suns, that cloudless shine;  
Aloft he ran, with right good will,  
The topsail reef'd with ready skill,  
And snugly clew'd the line.

Obedient, still at every call,  
And friendly to his messmates all,  
For others pain he felt;  
And ever neatest of the crew,  
On Sundays, in his jacket blue,  
At morning prayers he knelt.

No draught he took to cheer his mind,  
The temperance pledge he early signed,  
Nor from that promise roved;  
In every duty free from blame,  
Blow high, blow low, 'twas all the same,  
Still happy and beloved.

But once, upon a sickly shore,  
The burning fever smote him sore,  
And when we shipp'd again,  
Still to his sad disease a prey  
He wasted like the snow away,  
And all our care was vain.

So, with weak hand, he took the key  
From out his chest, and gave it me,  
"This to my mother take,  
My little all to her I leave,  
And tell her not too much to grieve  
For her lost sea-boy's sake."

"Here is the Bible that she gave,  
It was my compass on the wave.  
When prosperous skies were fair;  
And now, when darksome billows roll,  
It is an anchor to my soul,  
That drives away despair."

"Cut from my temples, when I'm dead  
A curling lock of hair, he said,  
For my sweet Mary dear;  
I know she'll truly mourn for me,  
Who slumber in the far deep sea,  
No more her voice to hear."

"And now, my peace with God is made,  
So, not of the last foe afraid,  
I meet a watery grave;  
For near me with an out-stretch'd hand,  
I see my blest Redeemer stand,  
My parting soul to save."

Bright rose the morn, but cold as lead,  
Lay poor Tom Hardy, pale and dead,  
Though yet a smile of joy  
Sat on his lips, while sad and true—  
The roughest tar amid the crew,  
Mourned for the sailor boy.

Now, sometimes, while my watch I keep  
At lonely midnight, on the deep,  
When all is calm and clear,  
I seem to hear his well-known voice,  
"Oh, iness-mate, make your God your choice,  
And to His haven steer."

From the Yonth's Herald.

## THE RUNAWAY.

Along the banks of the river C—, could be seen several cottages. In one of them lived Mr. Hatsings, his wife, and two sons, James and William. James was of a very mild temper, while William, on the contrary, was very passionate, and the least thing offended him; and from his infancy, had a great desire to go to sea, but his father would not permit him to do so. However, he was determined to go; he had more than once asked his father's permission, but obtained a positive refusal. One night he was resolved to depart. The window of his room was directly over a shed. He had put away some clothes in a handkerchief, and about the middle of the night he opened the window and got out on the shed, and thence to the ground. He then took the road that led to Boston.

James slept soundly all night, and awoke the next morning very early, and went into his brother's room to bid him good morning; not finding him there, he supposed that he had gone a fishing, as he generally did. That morning at breakfast, his mother not seeing him, inquired where he was. James told her that he supposed he had gone a fishing.

William continued his route rapidly, sometimes running and sometimes walking. He slept in a tree that night, and the next morning he was wet and cold, as a shower of rain took place during the night. His mother not seeing him at supper, began to feel anxious. His father, the next morning, set out to find him, supposing that he might have run away. He first took the road towards the town of P.; he inquired after him at every house on the road, but could get no information concerning him. He returned home, and the next day set out for Boston.

William walked on until he was ready to fall down with fatigue. About night he reached a tavern, went in, and asked for a night's lodging, which he obtained, and being very tired he was soon asleep; and when he woke up the next morning it was near ten o'clock. As he was leaving the tavern, to commence his journey, his father drove up; he took him in and carried him home.—Knowing it would do no good to flog him, the next day he got him a berth in a brig bound to London. On the voyage she was nearly wrecked. In the bustle, William fell overboard, and was drowned.

James grew up to be a man, and was beloved by all who knew him.

C. I. S.



## Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1845.

The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

## EDITOR'S LETTERS.

## LETTER III.

## NEW SEAMEN'S CHAPEL, BALTIMORE.

This truly convenient and beautiful building is now completed. It was dedicated, as previously notified in the Sheet Anchor, on Sabbath, February 23. The particulars of the service will be given in a future letter.

Much praise is due Rev. Mr. Best, the efficient chaplain for the port of Baltimore, for his efforts in the erection of this excellent chapel. He has toiled hard, early and late, to obtain the necessary means, superintending the work personally, in all its progress, to completion; and he has now the satisfaction of beholding one of the best houses of worship in this country, consecrated to the welfare of the sailor. An engraving of the building, with a minute description of its location, size, and cost, will soon adorn the pages of the Sheet Anchor.

Two large temperance meetings have just been held in Baltimore. The people were addressed by Rev. JOHN MARSH, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, and the writer. The abolition of the naval spirit ration was made a prominent topic. The Mayor of the city, Mr. DAVIS, was present one evening, by request. It seems, to be considered a strange thing in Baltimore that a mayor should appear on the platform of a temperance meeting! But the cause must have the aid of such men if it is to progress among a certain class; especially among the higher grades of officers in the navy.

I cannot now write any thing definite respecting my labors in Washington. I hope to appear, with other gentlemen, before the Naval Committees of both Houses, to pray and plead for the total abolition of the naval spirit ration. The power lies wholly with Congress. I speak of a total abolition of the ration. Nothing short of this will answer the purpose, or satisfy the country. The experiment of a partial abolition, reducing the ration in some cases one-half, has been tried; but it does not work well. It creates dissatisfaction among the men, and holds out temptations to petty plots and tricks; things of the most injurious nature to seamen, and the discipline of the service.

I have high hopes that the spirit ration will yet be abolished. Let the friends of this great measure—the true friends of the navy and the country—persevere in their judicious efforts, and the God of temperance and virtue will ultimately crown them with success.

C. W. D.

## LETTER IV.

## BALTIMORE CHAPEL.

The services of the dedication of the new Seamen's Chapel, in Baltimore, which took place on the 23d ult., were all highly appropriate. Rev. Dr. BRECKENRIDGE preached in the morning,

from the words, "Be not weary in well doing." Rev. Dr. JOHNS preached in the afternoon, from this passage, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Rev. C. W. DENISON preached in the evening, from the text, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

The congregations were all large. The singing was performed under the direction of Mr. CHURCH, leader of the Caroline Street Choir. The collections and subscriptions amounted to \$386.91. A goodly number of seamen and their families attended; and all retired well pleased with the solemn and delightful exercises of the occasion.

This new chapel is 65 feet long, 45 wide, and 30 high. The basement is all above ground, is every way convenient, and entered from the front. Adjoining it is a reading room for seamen, and others, that will be well supplied with good books and papers. The chapel has a handsome appearance. It is a pattern of comfort and neatness throughout. All the room is saved. Not an inch for seating is lost, except the stairways. The walls are hard finished; the ceiling arched, with deep cornices, and pilasters in the rear of the pulpit, which is in perfect keeping with the house. There is a large front gallery, admirably arranged for the choir and children, with a good clock. The aisles and altar are carpeted. The seats have mahogany scroll ends, and recline so as to be very comfortable. Furnaces supply an abundance of heat.

The location of this chapel is excellent. It is on Alice Ann Street, near Broadway. The flag can be easily seen from the shipping. Between six and seven hundred people can be accommodated within its walls. An engraving will appear in our next number, which will be a correct view of the building. We commend the enterprise, and the worthy pastor, Mr. BEST, to the confidence and prayers of all the friends of the sailor.

The best intelligence connected with this chapel is the good work it has already performed. The congregation have been meeting in the basement for several months, and God has so blessed them that it is believed fifty persons have been converted from the error of their ways. This, truly, is a glorious beginning. Temperance meetings will be often held there, and every other judicious effort made to promote the welfare of seamen. Heaven bless the new seamen's chapel in Baltimore!

## CITY BETHEL SOCIETY.

This association originated mainly by the young men of Baltimore, has recently been united with the Charles Street M. E. Church. The result promises to be highly favorable. It is in contemplation to proceed soon to erect another chapel for the accommodation of the seamen, coasters, Baymen, and others who are found usually higher up than Fell's Point. This is an important movement, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with the patronage of the churches and community, all so vitally interested in the moral improvement of sea-faring men.

The last week in February I devote to the sailor in Washington, and then pass to Richmond, to plead his cause there the first Sabbath in March.

C. W. D.

## LETTER V.

## RICHMOND, VA.

My stay in the City of the Old Dominion was short, but it sufficed to give me an opportunity to see several tried friends of the sailor. I shall never forget the pleasures of my visit to Richmond. In this great work of gathering in the abundance of the sea, all parts of our widely extended country can unite. The North should give up, and the South keep not back, until the distant islands of the deep are blessed with the law of the Lord.

A number of copies of the Sheet Anchor will be taken in Richmond, and at Rocketts, the adjoining depot for vessels, where Rev. Mr. MEBANE is laboring for the good of seamen.

## WASHINGTON.

The public mind has been repeatedly called to the claims of the sailor, recently, at the capital. Rev. WALTER COLTON, the able chaplain of the U. S. Navy, has delivered several discourses on the subject to large and deeply interested audiences. On the first Sabbath in March, through the kind efforts of Rev. Mr. TUSTON, Chaplain of the Senate. I presented the cause twice; once in the hall of the House of Representatives, and again in the church of which Rev. Dr. LOWRIE and Mr. THURSTON are the pastors. The audience at the capitol was large; filling all the floor of the house, and crowding the galleries. Several officers of the Navy and members of Congress were present. Many a cheek was wet with manly tears, as the wants and sufferings of the sailor were portrayed. The abolition of the spirit ration in the navy was urged with all the power the speaker could command. It was cheering to receive, at the close of the occasion, the congratulations of a prominent member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, in the House, who is in favor of abolishing the ration immediately, and substituting therefor an equivalent in money, clothing, or some useful article. Let the petitions flow in to the next Congress. Let the President of the United States be respectfully requested to recommend the measure in his messages. Above all, let unceasing prayer ascend from the land and the sea, to the Ruler of nations, and this good work will be done.

The necessary increase of the Sheet Anchor in the Navy will soon be accomplished. This is encouraging to us in our arduous efforts. How many of the naval officers and seamen will be made better and happier by our pages! We hope to receive many letters, in years to come, from the stations and ships at sea, that shall afford much pleasure to all our readers.

In the English navy much good is done in this way. Several hundred copies of Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," have been circulated, with manifest advantage to the service.

The temperance cause is still progressing among seamen, most gloriously. They are doing up the work just as I knew they would—"ship-shape and sailor-fashion." The Baltimore Marine Society are now holding frequent meetings, with good success.

My next letter will probably contain some notice of the expected meeting of the friends of seamen in Philadelphia.

C. W. D.



To the Publisher of the Sheet Anchor.

Plymouth, February 15, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I now write you, although I have caused you the trouble of notifying me. Please to excuse this, my long delay. Your SHEET ANCHOR has found its way to my house ever since the sixth of July last. May it still continue to find its way as usual. I enclose you one dollar for your Anchor; for it is a first rate anchor to hold on when well let go. Success to it. May it spread over the land and sea, far and wide.

You may hear from me again in due time.

Very respectfully, yours,

LOT STETSON.

The following Obituary was prepared for the Sheet Anchor, and should have appeared in the last number; but as our subscription list is so large, we are obliged to anticipate a few days, consequently it came too late for an insertion. We with pleasure give it a place in our columns, with the hope that it will prove beneficial, not only to the young but to the old sons of the ocean. We earnestly ask our readers, especially the seafaring portion, to give it an attentive perusal.

Died in Providence, R. I. January 16th, Mr. JAMES BROWN, late first mate of Ship Panther, and eldest son of Mr. H. H. BROWN, of that city, aged 24 years.

In his earlier years, the subject of this sketch led a life governed only by strong natural passions, and an unheeding will; in utter disregard of parental counsel, and the fear of God. Though faithfully instructed in religious knowledge, and under many Christian influences, yet he chose to waste those advantages, to throw off these restraints, and live as his own wayward heart prompted. When still a boy, it was thought best to put him on board a whale ship, about to sail from New Bedford on a long voyage; his friends hoping that this removal from the temptations of a city, and the necessary subjection and obedience required of one in his situation would operate favorably upon his natural character. With their fervent prayers and blessings, he left his home for a voyage of toil and suffering at sea. At morning and at night was he ever remembered at the family altar; but he returned the same apparently, as before; older in years, indeed, and older in sin. He made several successive voyages, and at the age of twenty, became first mate of the brig—. For this appointment he was well fitted by the promptness and energy of his character, as well as by his knowledge of navigation, which he had taken some pains to acquire.

While at home, in Dec. 1841, during a season of religious interest in P. Mr. Brown became concerned for the salvation of his soul. Yes, he who had so long contended with God, and against the truths which his conscience often sent home to his heart, was now subdued and penitent. His strong spirit was bowed within him, and he humbly entreated God for mercy. Days and weeks of anxious suspense on the part of his friends, and of apparently undiminished interest on his own part, followed, but brought no peace to his troubled soul. The time drew near when he was again to sail for a far distant port. Must he go with no evidence of a renewed heart, to be plunged into the thousand snares and temptations that only the sailor knows? Must he now, in this most critical state of mind, leave the religious advantages and instructions of a Christian land, to associate with a crew of ungodly men, whose influence would injure, if not destroy the better feelings that had been awakened. It must be, and he went. His friends in their deep solicitude for his welfare, could only commit him to an all-wise God, whose ways "are not as our ways," and whose power and grace are independent of time and circumstance. With stronger faith and still deeper earnestness, they now supplicated the Father of mercies for blessings on his soul. Nor were these prayers in vain. In 1842, while lying in the port of Hong Kong, he was enabled, through infinite grace to give himself to Christ, in an everlasting covenant of faith, and was baptized by the Baptist missionary of that port, Rev. J. L. Shuck. He united with the Queen's Road Baptist Church, of which this missionary was pastor. It was indeed a day of rejoicing to his friends when they heard of his conversion. The letters which he sent home, indicated a heart full of gratitude to God, a firm reliance upon the atonement of Christ, with deep humility to view of his own unworthiness. From this time, his piety was decided in its character and truthful in spirit. He did not hesitate to exhort faithfully his impetuous friends to become reconciled to God, through Christ, and was ever ready to give his testimony to the excellence of the gospel.

But it was more especially in the closing scenes of his life that he exhibited the value of the Christian's hope, and to that period we hasten. Upon his return from China, nearly a year after his conversion, he was somewhat troubled with a cough, but no serious apprehensions of danger, were entertained. On his next voyage, however, alarming symptoms of consumption appeared, in a violent attack of bleeding at the lungs, but he recovered in a few weeks and was able to perform his accustomed duties on the voyage home. When he arrived in Providence his health was really much improved, and it was the opinion of his physician that a voyage to a warm climate would greatly benefit him. For the last time, he sailed from his native shores for Rio Janeiro, where he arrived in his usual health. On his way home, when fifteen days out, he was seized with the lung fever, induced by exposure in heavy rains. With great reluctance he gave up the cares of his vocation, and betook himself to his berth. And here he languished in an extremely low condition, just on the verge of death, till the ship arrived in New York. The captain, with true kindness, told him plainly that he feared he could not live to reach home. Painful as the thought of this was, yet he expressed perfect willingness to die, and to die then if God pleased, and desired Capt. A. to tell his friends his entire resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. Still, it was by no means inconsistent with this spirit of submission that he should strongly desire to see his dear friends once more.

To die at home! This was his heart's strong wish, His earnest prayer to Him whose tender arms Of mercy, were around him on the deep, And He, whose hand doth hold the winds and waves, Did hear—for when the iciness of death Was at his heart's life-stream, its cold spray drops Upon his brow, his loved ones tended him. Their precious privilege it was to watch Beside his dying bed. His last kind words To hear, and treasure in their stricken hearts.

In great mercy he was restored to his friends; but oh, how great the shock, when they saw him so pale and emaciated, scarcely able to speak. But the tears that coursed freely down his cheek, told of the deep gratitude of his heart, for this signal blessing. And now, the whole power of his mind (entirely unaffected by his disease) seemed to fix itself upon its relations to God. The realities of eternity were before him. He was soon to be summoned to the bar of God. He was testing closely the true worth of that religion which he had professed. Did it sustain him now, in this hour of greatest necessity? Oh, yes. He experienced in the fullest degree the richness, the preciousness of Christ's promises. This Friend was ever near him, soothing him in his distress, and lending his soul forward to that blessed world where is no sin, no pain nor temptation! On Sunday, his disease seemed to approach its crisis. Death was expected every moment, and though his sufferings were intense, yet no murmuring word escaped him. He only expressed the earnest hope that he might not become impatient at whatever pain God saw fit to inflict upon him. With sweet resignation and calmness, he drank the cup his Father gave, and wished it no less bitter. Even now, when his friends watched in continual expectation of his departure, his mind was clear and vigorous as it had ever been. That beautiful hymn, "All is well," was his special favorite; and in a calm, distinct voice he repeated the second verse:

There's not a cloud that doth arise,  
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;  
I soon shall mount the upper skies.  
All is well. All is well.

As midnight approached, the time which it was thought he could not possibly survive, his distress was mitigated, and he seemed much more comfortable. But it was affecting to witness his disappointment. He said, "I hoped to have ended this Sabbath in heaven, but I shall be there before another Sabbath." His mission was not yet finished. God had more for him to do, before he received his reward. For three more days and nights, he lingered, though with less suffering; and early Thursday morning, his happy spirit was called home. Without one pang of mortal suffering, he closed his eyes upon this earth, and entered his eternal rest. A sweet expression of peace and happiness rested upon his countenance, telling of the perfect bliss his soul enjoyed.

Thus died a Christian seaman! Was the faith that upheld him when all earthly power failed, of any value? Was Jesus faithful to his word, to be with those, even through death, who put their trust in him? Was there any proof of the power of prayer in the case of this ransomed soul? None will hesitate to answer yes, with an honest heart to these appeals. Oh, that every sailor had this same unflinching trust in the Saviour of mankind; this same hope to sustain him in death, and the same blessed pain in expectation which our departed friend has now safely reached.

## THE LOCKER.

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

### NAVAL.

The U. S. brig Porpoise, Lieut. Commandant Wm. E. Hunt, has sailed from New York for Norfolk, preparatory to her sailing for England in company with the steamer Princeton.

The U. S. ship Savannah, Capt. Armstrong, was at San Diego, California, Dec. 2, refitting her lower rigging.

U. S. ship Preble, all well, was at Bissau, Africa, Nov. 9.

U. S. sch. Flirt, for Jamaica, was spoken 9th Jan. lat. 29, 45, lon. 70½.

The war steamer Mississippi, which cost our government well nigh half a million of dollars, is now rotting and rusting at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

The missing U. S. revenue cutter Vigilant, or rather the wreck, has been discovered, after a search, twenty miles from Key West. The bodies of two of the crew were found and interred. She was lost last fall in the Gulf.

### Report of the United States Marine Hospital, Chelsea.

For the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1844.

|                                             |     |
|---------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sick or disabled seamen in Hospital, Oct 1, | 71  |
| Received during the quarter,                | 208 |
| Discharged, cured or relieved,              | 203 |
| Died,                                       | 4   |
| Remaining, Dec. 31st,                       | 67  |

#### Names of Deceased.

|                                                   |  |
|---------------------------------------------------|--|
| William Van Dyke, aged 23, born in Reading, Penn. |  |
| James Paul, " 29, " Trieste, Austria.             |  |
| Henry Ames, " 52, " Prospect, Me.                 |  |
| Abner Littlejohn, " 19, " Portland, "             |  |

J. BACON, Steward.

Chelsea, Dec. 31, 1844.

Some Bostonians have set up rope-walks at Manilla, worked by steam power, where they make cordage on the spot of the articles growth.

The cost of the American Light House establishment for the present year, is estimated by the Treasury Report to be \$396,007. There are 2671 lamps; 237 keepers, and 16 assistant keepers, besides 39 keepers of floating lights. These floating lights cost for seamen, repairs, &c., \$72,930. The superintendents have a commission of 2½ per cent.

THE MISSING PACKETS.—In all, the passengers and crews in the two missing packets, are 164. In the ship England, no passengers in the cabin; in the steerage, 64; officers and crew, 12. In the ship United States, in the cabin, Mr. Hull and Rev. Mr. Tulloch; in the steerage, 48; officers and crew, 24. Mr. Tulloch, it is understood, left Scotland for the United States in consequence of forging a check of £125.

By the bark Hecla, from Curacao, we learn that a report was prevalent in Curacao at the time the Hecla sailed, that a schooner belonging to that port, trading on the Spanish Main, had been boarded by some Indians, and all hands murdered.

Ship Hope, which arrived at New Bedford, lately, took a whale since doubling Cape of Good Hope, which stowed 145 barrels sperm oil. This is the largest sperm whale on record.

IRON STEAM FRIGATE.—There is now on the stocks at Pittsburgh, an iron forty-four gun steam frigate, of about 1100 tons, to be ship-rigged, and propelled on Lt. Hunter's plan. This will be the largest iron vessel ever built in the United States.

DISASTER.—The schooner Brothers, which left Niagara, Canada W., on the 13th ult. for Toronto, has been found capsized about 25 miles down on this side of Lake Ontario, sails all up, and main and foremast broken. It is feared that the crew and passengers, nine in number, have all perished, nothing having been heard of them.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.—The steamer Meteor, on her upward trip on the Ohio, above Cincinnati, burst one of her steam pipes, by which four men were killed. The steamboat Blue Ridge, when backing out from the wharf at Cincinnati, burst a connection pipe, scalding the engineer, and a German deck passenger, very badly, and considerably injuring the boat.

THE HARBOR BILL.—The House of Representatives in Congress, after having disposed of the Postage Bill, took up the Bill making appropriations to improve certain harbors and rivers.

SUCCESSFUL WHALING.—The ship South America, of Providence, Capt. Soule, which sailed on a whaling voyage in November, 1843, was last heard from at Maui, on the 25th of September, last, having then on board 3600 bbls. of oil. She has thus far been a lucky ship.

FROM HAVANA.—Capt. Ward, of the bark Rapid, arrived at New York, from Havana, brings information that the old duties on rice, lumber, potatoes, &c., were again to go into effect the 21st of February. The duties, when taken off, were to have remained so for six months, but orders from Spain had just been received to put the old duties on again, before the time expired. Capt. Ward further states, that there were no freights, at any rate, at Havana. Molasses was held at two reals per keg, and no purchasers at that price.

Duelling in the English Navy.—A late Bermuda paper contains the following paragraph:

A Court Martial has recently taken place at Antigua, on two officers of H. M. ship Hyacinth, a Lieutenant and the Surgeon, for fighting a duel; being found guilty, they were sentenced, the former officer to be placed at the foot of the list of lieutenants, and the latter to be dismissed the service. The sentence is agreeable to recent instructions on the subject of duelling by Her Majesty.



## INFORMATION WANTED

OF DAVID SMITH or DAVID SUTTON, born in the city of Philadelphia, aged 23 years, 5 feet high, complexion white, stout built; has lost one of his eyes.—When last heard from was on board ship Aucushnet, of Fair Haven, Capt. Pease, on his last whaling voyage.

Also, of THOMAS ADAMS, (half brother to said David,) aged 31 or 32 years, 5 feet 4 inches high; when last heard from was seaman on board the frigate United States, on her last cruise. Any information concerning these two brothers, addressed to the Sheet Anchor, Sailor's Magazine, or to WILLIAM P. POWELL, Sailor's Home, No. 61, Cherry Street, N. Y., or to their mother, No. 240, Delancy Street, will be thankfully received by SARAH SUTTON, mother of said children.

## FRIEND DENISON.

I feel a deep interest in behalf of the above young men, and their widowed mother whom I have been intimately acquainted with for the last 28 years. Their mother is now on the verge of the grave, borne down by afflictions and bereavements, separated from her children, no home, no fireside, no children to cheer her widowed heart! Oh, young men, if this should meet your eye, think on your poor widowed mother; return, and be a comfort to her, the few remaining days she may be permitted to live.

Do not fail to advertise this request. It should have appeared in your last paper. These young men, though white, were my playmates, their mother, my mother, hence the interest I have taken in their behalf.

Respectfully, yours, in behalf of the toiling mariner,

WILLIAM P. POWELL.  
Sailors Home, 61 Cherry Street, New York.

OF ASA HAZEN, of Groton, Mass., aged 29 years, five feet ten inches high, light complexion, hair and eyes; been absent from home ten years. Address C. HAZEN, Groton, Mass.

Also, of WM. DE WOLFE WATERS, of Millbury, Mass., 26 years of age, five feet ten inches high, dark complexion and eyes, dark brown hair, and a scar over one eye. He is a carpenter by trade, and has been absent 18 months. Address the Post Master at Millbury.

Also, of CHARLES ROBBINS, of Gardiner, Me., 29 years of age. When last heard from, he was in New York, in command of a schooner—his brother, Walter Robbins, being his mate. Address his sister, Mrs. SARAH JANE SROCKWELL, Grafton, Me.

Also, of PALMER FITZ, of Oxford, Mass., by trade a blacksmith; he left home in August, 1838. He is 32 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, dark complexion, blue eyes, and stout built. Address his brother, SILAS FITZ, Oxford, Mass.

Also, of GEORGE RUSSELL, who went to sea in bark Octavia, from New Bedford, in June, 1841. He is 24 years of age, 6 feet high, large and stout built, dark complexion, hair and eyes; by trade a stone cutter. Any information will be thankfully received by his widowed mother, Mrs. MARY RUSSELL, Wilkersonville, Sutton, Mass.

N. B.—Will Seamen's Preachers, keepers of Sailor's Homes and Sailor Boarding Houses, Shipping Masters, and others holding frequent intercourse with sailors, please cut from this paper advertisements like the foregoing, that may appear from time to time, and place them in some conspicuous place where they may be seen by the parties interested? In this way they may help along a humane and benevolent object, and do good.

## DISASTERS AT SEA.

Arrived at New Bedford, 23d ult., ship Harrison Smith, (whaler,) from N. W. Coast, with full cargo, 1200 bbls. sperm, 1500 do. whale oil, and 12000 lbs. bone. Spoke Jan. 2, off River La Plate, ship Heroine, West. of and for Fairhaven, full. Capt. W. reported the loss of Capt. Cunningham, late of ship Florida, of New Bedford, at Oaroot, a small island of the Harvey Group, in lat. 21° S., lon. 160° W., in Oct. last, who was drowned by the upsetting of a boat while attempting to land, the surf running very heavy; also, one man, John French, of New Hampshire.

British bark Fortune, Wilson, of and from London, for St. John, N. B., went ashore at the S. W. end of Grand Menan, on the night of the 16th ult. in a thick fog. Officers and crew all saved, with the exception of one man, who, after getting ashore, fell from the cliffs, and was lost.

Ship Golconda, Studley, of New Bedford, was at Rio Janeiro Dec. 24; put in to repair damages received in a gale, Nov. 13, in which she lost all three topmasts—also lost one man at the same time, name not mentioned.

Brig George Royal, Gold, of and from New Haven, for West Indies, struck on a reef off Bermuda, 4th ult., which caused the vessel to leak badly—got off, came to anchor, and procured assistance from the shore to pump the brig out. A gale coming on, parted both chains, and was compelled to put to sea, taking two of the men from the shore with him—the brig was leaking badly.

Ship Holder Borden, Pell, of Fall River, was wrecked on the 12th April last, on a bank 4 miles from a low island and in lat. 26° 1' N., lon. 174° 51' W., 70 miles west of Sisimaski Island. Capt. Pell and part of the crew arrived at Honolulu on the 28th Oct., in a small craft which they had built from the wreck, leaving on the island 11 men. There was no loss of life.

Schr. Florence, at Boston, from Malaga, reports 18th ult., lat. 33° 21', lon. 56° 59', passed the wreck of a vessel of about 175 tons, water logged, painted of a yellowish color outside, with a white streak, trunk, stem,

and principal part of waist entirely gone; had a billet head, bowsprit standing; had apparently been capsized and recently righted, as her upper works were entirely covered with barnacles.

Ship Sbanquins, Patten, from Boston, at New Orleans, struck on a rock near Gun Key Light, on the morning of the 31st Jan., at 4 o'clock, and was assisted off by four wreckers, they receiving one half of what they took out.

## THE HOLY KNOT.

Let not man put it asunder.

In Belfast, Me., Capt. CHARLES ORCUTT, to Miss MARTHA LANE.

In Sandwich, Capt. ENOCH L. FLOOD, of Dover, N. H., to Miss CYNTHIA B. THOMPSON.

In Bedford, 9th ult., Capt. THOMAS GOODWIN, formerly of this city, to Miss ELIZA LONGLEY, of B.

In Marblehead, Mr. SIMON LAMPRELL, of Boston, to Miss SARAH G. PHILLIPS, of Marblehead.

In Wiscasset, Capt. ALEXANDER MCFADDEN to Miss SUSAN J. BAILEY, both of W.

## THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

21st ult., Capt. ELIJAH ADAMS, aged 83 years; known as one of the oldest shipmasters of this port.

In Danvers, Capt. STEPHEN RICHARDS, aged 59 years

Lost overboard, from brig Hodgdon, of Boston, Dec. 11, SAMUEL FRANCIS SWAN, of Augusta, Me., aged 20 years and 6 months.

In Calcutta, Oct. 31, 1844, Mr. NATH. TRAVER, of Marblehead, first officer of ship Woodside, of Boston.

Lost overboard, from schr. European, from Boston to Baltimore, 4th ult., of the Potomac, ALBION DEAN, of Lincolnville, Me., seaman, aged 18 years.

On board brig Hyane, 8th Jan., on the passage from Charleston to Havana, CHARLES W. STORY, Esq., of Newburyport.

At sea, fell overboard from on board brig Guluare, during a gale on the 4th ult., Capt. JOHN F. TINKER, of Seaville, Me.

At Tahiti, Society Islands, Sept. 4, 1844, SAMUEL R. BLACKLER, Esq., U. S. Consul at those islands, a native of Marblehead.

## GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

## Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—New York. No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

Portland. South corner of the Mariner's Church, (up stairs.)

Boston. Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

New Haven. In the building of the New Haven, Ct. Bank.

**Mariners' Churches.**—New York. Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

Portland. Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

Boston. Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor.

"BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

Salem. Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

New Bedford. Rev. M. Howe.

Providence, R. I. Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

Newark, N. J. Rev. Frederick Pilch.

Philadelphia. Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

Baltimore. Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

Buffalo. Rev. V. D. Taylor.

Cleveland. Rev. William Day.

Pittsburgh. Rev. Hugh Kelley.

Oswego. Rev. F. Pierce.

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Charleston. Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Vates.

Savannah. Penfield Mariner's Ch., Rev. G. White.

Alexandria, D. C. The resident Clergy.

## GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

**Boston.** The Sailor's Home, established by the Boston Seamen's friend Society, kept by Daniel Tracy, 99 Purchase Street. The Mariner's House, under the patronage of the Seamen's Aid Society, kept by William Brodhead, 226 Ann Street. J. Savage, 10 Washington Place. Neptune House, by R. B. Norton, 263 Ann St. John Brown, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.

Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.

MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

Mrs. STREET, 209 Ann Street.

BETHEL HOTEL, (late Alhambra,) ROGERS & DOANE, No. 3 Lewis Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

Salem. Ebenezer Griffin, near South Bridge; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

Portland, Me.—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

Bath, Me. Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

New York. Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McLellan, 164 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

Providence, R. I. Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

Charleston. Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

Portsmouth, N. H. Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

Philadelphia. Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street, Sam'l Rocio, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

Buffalo, N. Y. Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, Capt. Halcolm.

New Haven. William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

Baltimore. Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, or to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, Financial Secretary, No. 71, Wall Street.

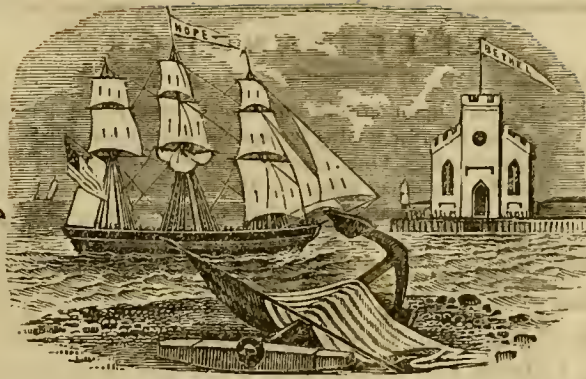
Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.

**Sailor's Magazine.**—The Sailor's Magazine is published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, at their office, No. 71, Wall Street, New York, and is devoted to the improvement of the social and moral condition of seamen. It is issued monthly; contains thirty-two pages 8vo. Price \$1 50, a year, in advance.

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## Sheet

## Anchor.

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No. 8.

## Sheet Anchor.

OFFICE 39 MERCHANTS ROW.

Not sectarian, devoted exclusively to THE CAUSE OF  
SEAMEN—TO VIRTUE—TO TEMPERANCE—  
TO HUMANITY—TO INTELLIGENCE.

Published the first and third Saturdays of every month.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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the money, shall receive the sixth copy gratis, and in  
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lisher, JONATHAN HOWE, 39 Merchants Row.

## THE STORY.

"Wonders of the deep."

## THE CAPTAIN AND THE BOYS.

(Concluded.)

"Oh, Captain, you are too kind! This is  
too much by half."

"Not a bit, boys. Here, you may as well  
take with you, as a prize, the lid of 'poor  
Jack's 'bacco box.' It may serve to remind  
you that all who tell pitiful tales do not speak  
the truth, and that every one that wears a  
blue jacket is not a sailor."

"We are much obliged to you, Captain.  
You said it was an 'ill-wind that blew nobody  
good,' and so it has been with us; we were  
cheated out of our money by that land pirate,  
as you call him, yet now we are richer than  
before, and have got the lid of his tobacco  
box into the bargain. If ever we should go  
to sea, we shall be able, when we come back  
again, to find out an impostor."

"May be so, boys; when duty calls you  
there, be ready to obey the signal. If, in  
God's good providence, you are ever fairly  
afloat on the billows, pluck up your spirits,  
and be not cast down by trifles. If scouring  
the cabin floor or the deck with holy stone,  
on your knees, as cabin boys; or if standing  
on the quarter deck, commanding as officers,  
wherever you are, do your duty without  
flinching."

"It must be very pleasant to be in a ship  
in fine weather, Captain."

"Ay! and in rough weather, too, to those  
that like the sea. They love the heaving and  
tossing of the billows, and the rolling motion  
of the ship, boys. Whether it be a breeze  
or a hard gale, they delight in it. The tall  
masts and the bending sails, the winds whis-  
tling through the cordage, the ship dash-

ing her way through the frothy foam, are all  
pleasant things to them! Then the blue-  
jackets on the deck, shrouds, and yards, all  
doing their duty; sharks and whales, sea-  
gulls, porpoises, and flying-fish, make a  
change; and now and then a distant sail  
heaves in sight. On goes the ship, now tack-  
ing, and now flying afore the wind, while the  
heaven above is bright and blue, or hung  
round with dark clouds, whose edges are as  
bright as silver and gold."

"But the sea-sickness must be the worst!"

"That's not a pleasant thing; but, like  
other troubles, it does not last always; and  
then you are all the happier when you feel  
yourself all right and tight."

"Did you ever see a burning mountain,  
Captain?"

"I have, boys; and it was, when I was  
on a cruise in the Mediterranean, off Naples.  
The heavens were blacker than I ever like to  
see them. At first, there was nothing but  
smoke came out of the mountain; but after  
that, fire burst forth high into the air, and  
showers of ashes and stones. In a short time,  
the hole at the top seemed to boil over, and  
the fiery hot lava ran down the sides of the  
mountain."

"What mountain was it, Captain?"

"Vesuvius, boys. It is about a league  
or two from the city of Naples, and is said to  
be about three or four thousand feet high.  
Sad mischief has been done by this burning  
mountain, time back; villages, towns, and  
cities, have been buried by the lava, stones,  
ashes, and cinders, thrown out of it. It is  
one of those wonderful things that we cannot  
understand, boys. We can see in it the  
power of God; and, if we do not see in it  
the wisdom of God, it is because of our dim-  
sightedness. The thoughts of God are not  
as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.  
As the heavens are higher than the earth, so  
are his ways higher than our ways, and his  
thoughts than our thoughts."

"What other wonderful things have you  
seen, Captain?"

"What wonderful things! Why every  
thing in the world is wonderful. I have seen  
storms, and icebergs, and whirlpools, and  
water-spouts, high mountains, and fearful  
waterfalls; but the most wonderful of all the  
works of creation is man. Well might the  
psalmist say, 'What is man, that thou art  
mindful of him? and the son of man, that  
thou visitest him? Psalm viii., 4. But, boys,  
we may, perhaps, talk of these things another  
time. Farewell, for the present; when you  
next heave in sight, the old Sea Captain will

look over his log, and find something that  
will amuse you."

"Thank you, Captain. Thank you."

From the Christian Herald.

## SHE IS SINKING.

A few nights since, the steamboat "King  
Philip" was returning from Providence to  
Fall River, in the midst of darkness and a  
dense fog. About 11 o'clock, while the of-  
ficers and crew were eagerly watching, as they  
were about to double the point at Bristol fer-  
ry, suddenly she struck. It was a rock, but  
she bounded over and went into deep water.  
Immediately, search showed that she was fast  
filling. Her head was put towards shore, and  
steam applied with power. "She is sinking,"  
was the heartfelt language of every soul on  
board. Her boat was lowered immediately,  
and her passengers put therein, when it was  
found that her deck was nearly on a level  
with the water surrounding her. At the mo-  
ment the boat was about to leave the sinking  
steamer, a cry was heard from the captain,  
"All is safe." What a thrill of joy ran  
through every heart! The steamer had  
reached the beach, and as God would have  
it, she had struck the shore between two  
rocks, just as she was upon the point of  
going down. "All is safe," again rolled its  
welcome peal along the crowd, while thanks  
and praise to God went up from those whose  
feet once more pressed the solid ground near  
the base of the far-famed Mount Hope, the  
name of whose king was blazoned on the fly-  
ing pennant of the sinking boat, from which  
they had just escaped.

From this we should learn the uncertainty  
of human life, and the unsafety of every hu-  
man device. We should learn to be always  
ready, and that sooner or later, "she is sink-  
ing" will be an awful truth to us all.

## THE SAILOR AND THE QUAKER.

A few days ago, a sailor on one of the  
wharves in Boston, was swearing away very  
boisterously, when one of the Society of  
Friends, passing along, accosted him very  
pleasantly, and urged him to continue the ex-  
ercise. Said he, "swear away, friend, swear  
away, till thee gets all that bad stuff out of  
thee, for thee can never go to heaven, with  
that stuff in thy heart." The sailor paused,  
and with a look of astonishment and shame,  
bowed to the honest Quaker, and retired  
from the crowd, which his turbulence had  
gathered around him.



## THE BUOY.

TEMPERANCE: the Buoy that always floats in cold water, and shows where the Anchor is.

## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have been politely favored by our friend, MORRIS GRANT, Esq., with the following letter from the Sandwich Islands. It will be perused with deep interest by every friend of seamen and temperance.—Ed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

Makawao, East Maui,  
Sandwich Islands, Oct. 14, 1844.

Mass. State Society and Temperance Union.

GENTLEMEN,—You will not be surprised to learn that in your labors of love in behalf of the Slaves of Intemperance, you have coadjutors in these far-distant islands of the Pacific. Why should it not be so? The enemy with which you contend, has long had strong hold here. Where indeed may he not be found? Where are not trophies of his powerful influence seen? What king can boast of triumphs, and extensive sway like king Alcohol? High, indeed, must be the mountain barrier which shall separate him from the abodes of men. Strong the arm that shall arrest and turn back his giant form, as it strides from land to land, trampling down the fairest works of God. O that some guardian power may be commissioned to stand upon the capes and promontories of lands yet undiscovered—if such lands there be—and lift up a voice in reference to all who do business in intoxicating drinks—

*"Procul, oh procul este profani!"*

In the Sandwich Islands, and on the North West Coast of North America, I have mourned over the ravages of New England Rum, and other vile fiend-making, deadly compounds. The poor, half naked, famishing occupants of that dreary coast, have I seen exchanging their furs and fish for those woprocuring compounds, and their natural allies, *tobacco and gunpowder!* I have witnessed the natural results of this traffic in the sudden transformation of peaceful men—savages certainly, but men with whom I have spent hours in wandering through the woods, and over the mountains of their own country with perfect safety—transformed into devils incarnate! and in these circumstances, I have in more than one instance barely escaped their bloody knives. More than fifteen years have now elapsed since, in the providence of God, I was conversant, for several months, with those wasting tribes—cut down by disease introduced among them by men from Christian lands, and destroyed by the demon of intemperance brought to their shores by New England ships! Need I add, that from good old Massachusetts, all the New England rum, and tobacco, and powder that were sold in 1829, to the Indians on that coast, were brought? When, oh! when shall this shameful traffic cease? The Lord hasten the time. Sure am I you will all say Amen to this prayer, and do all in your power to save a self-destroyed world from utter ruin.

Though we, at the Sandwich Islands, cannot bid away the men who shamelessly traffic in what they know is not only utterly useless, but exceedingly hurtful, yet we are trying to do something to induce our fellow men to stand aloof from such traffickers. The Maui Temperance Society was formed nearly two years ago, and I cannot but hope that some good has been the result of our labors. You need not be told that the materials we have

to work upon are, in one sense, scanty, and of an inferior quality, compared with those in your hands. One class of men which resides at the principal places on the islands, a class too which boasts of giving tone to society, refuses to be wrought into the fabric, the foundation of which we have laid, and which we trust, in God, will rise till the top-stone is laid. Why this class thus stands aloof from a labor so beneficial to society, so honorable to God also, it may not be difficult to conjecture. But as it is certain that the example of this class is pernicious, exceedingly so, we are hoping and praying that all who compose it will ere long abandon, what they please to call neutral ground, though in reality the ground is that of the enemy, and come up to the "help of the Lord against the mighty."

Another principal class of foreign residents consists of seamen, three-fourths of whom have run away from whale ships, and they live as they can. Some of them are decent men, and have become members of the society. Still, as a class, they are in favor of any thing rather than temperance movements, and little can be expected of them.—Some forty foreign residents of Maui, including missionaries, have signed the constitution; of these, eight or ten have violated their obligations, and some of them have done so after solemnly renewing them. Still there are several who seem to be reformed men, and we hope that they have been saved to society.

Of seamen, we cannot speak with much certainty. Several masters and officers, and some seamen, have united with us: but as they are but seldom in port, we do not know how they wear, so to speak. I believe that all or nearly all who signed our constitution, are members of similar societies on board their ships. I need not speak of the importance of seamen becoming men of temperate habits. No class of men more need to possess cool heads, and steady, firm hands. Their exposures are great, and every seaman should be induced, if possible, to sign the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks before he leaves his port. The Lord hasten the time when seamen shall abjure, as their most deadly enemy, the intoxicating cup.

The blessing of God rest upon each member of your Society. Be assured you have our prayers, and in as far as we are able to do any thing to purpose, our co-operation. Any periodicals you may be able to forward us, which, in your opinion, would be useful, will be thankfully acknowledged.

With much respect I remain, in behalf of the Society, your fellow-laborer,

J. S. GREEN, *Cor. Secretary.*

## SPIRIT RATION IN THE NAVY.

We gave last evening a letter from the U. S. Consul at Genoa, the birth-place of Columbus—paying a high compliment to the American Squadron in the Mediterranean, and attributing much of the credit to the effects of the Temperance reform on board these ships. We give below an extract from a letter of a gentleman in that Squadron, dated Port Mahon, Nov. 1, 1844, to a friend in this city, which not only corroborates the opinion of our Consul, but shows us, and we hope will show Congress that they have a duty to perform in the abolition of the spirit ration; and we earnestly entreat them, whatever else they do or leave undone, to do this much for the honor of our Navy and of

our Country, and for the benefit of our gallant Tars. We hope their petition on this subject may be heard and its prayer be granted, and if others neglect it, we bespeak for it the special attention of our immediate Representative. Let all our brethren of the Press make the same request of their Representatives, and our word for it, Jack's reasonable, noble petition will be heard and granted.—*Cleveland Herald.*

"The officers and two hundred of the crew of this ship have petitioned both Houses of Congress to abolish the whiskey portion of the Navy ration. Public opinion in the Navy will now bear it; and unless it is done, vain will be further effort to promote the Temperance cause in the Navy. We are constantly transferring men from different ships in the squadron, and while here, but two of the men draw their grog. Still, when they go on board of other vessels, where no effort has been made to induce the men to stop it, they find public opinion so strong against them, that for fear of ridicule and serious difficulty, they recommence drawing the daily allowance furnished by the Government, while, if the Government should cease to furnish, a majority of seamen would be better satisfied. Temperance and Religion would increase. In fact, the character and condition of seamen would be elevated astonishingly.—Nearly all our merchant vessels now sail without it, and it is a shame that the Government should be the cause of perpetuating drunkenness. All of our officers, including the Commodore, have signed the petition, besides two or three belonging to other vessels. It would be policy for the friends of Temperance to send a deputation to Washington to help this petition through both Houses of Congress, for the Navy would carry Temperance to all parts of the world.

Let the whiskey ration now be abolished, and pay the men one dollar monthly in lieu, and the word of the most experienced officers in this squadron for it, it will place our Navy far above any in the world. It may be that a host of officers will oppose it, and I should have done so too, had not all but two in this ship have stopped it, and three hundred signed the pledge, which has been the means of making us, to say the least, as smart, as clean, and as creditable to the service and to the country, as any man-of-war now or ever before afloat.

I know that you will feel interested in this matter, and hope that you will write, and induce others to write to many of the Senators and members of Congress to push it through by a large vote. A petition might be got up, based upon ours, which comes from those experienced and well qualified to judge in the matter.

We are abroad, and can do little else than forward the petition. Tell Mr. Delevan that he, and others at home, must see it set right there."

☞ We refer our readers to the notice in the editorial department of the "Seamen's Self-Preservation Society." It is one of the best associations for seamen, we think, that can be found in this or any other country. The gentlemen who have the management of its affairs, are all trustworthy. Go, ship-mates, and join the Seamen's Self-Preservation Society.

☞ Several hundred have recently joined the Marine Temperance Society in New



York. One hundred and eighteen joined that noble society, already numbering 17000, in one evening. That's the way the seamen do up the business, where they take hold.

## THE HOME.

A safe and pleasant Harbor for casting Anchor.

### THE NEW YORK HOME.

We continue from our last the letter of Rev. Mr. Niles, to the Editors of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

I am happy to bear personal testimony to the truth of the last "annual report of the Am. Seamen's Friend Society" in saying that "an average of one third attend morning and evening family worship, and one half the weekly prayer meetings held in the house." It is so with regard to temperance.

No one is required to sign the pledge in order to become an inmate of the house; but no sooner does he become an inmate, than he finds himself surrounded by an atmosphere which constrains him to abandon his cups. A weekly temperance meeting is held in the reading room, rendered often times deeply interesting by the touching stories of reclaimed inebriates; and more than half of the 4114, who took lodgings in the "Home" during the last year, signed the pledge of total abstinence. Nor is a reclaimed sailor so easily induced to violate his pledge as a reclaimed landsman.

The good effects of the temperance reformation among seamen, are thus happily alluded to in a letter from Zebedee Cook, Jr., Esq., president of the Mutual Insurance Co. N. Y., accompanying a donation of five hundred dollars from the company, and published in the March number of the Sailor's Magazine:—"I have spoken of temperance as one of the blessings attendant upon the establishment of your institution, and I feel bound to speak of the influence it has acquired, in the sense of security that it has induced in those who have occasion to commit to this class of men the charge of valuable adventures at sea. The change that has been wrought in the minds of our merchants and underwriters is truly wonderful, and the confidence that has grown out of the change is delightful to contemplate."

Such testimony from such a source is unequivocal, and speaks volumes for the encouragement of the friends of seamen. Nor is it in regard to temperance alone that flattering testimony might be borne to the happy influence of the "Sailor's Home."

Many seamen, who are reclaimed from habits of intemperance, become also truly religious men.

It is indeed marvellous to see the reclaiming and subduing effects wrought upon these hardy veterans of the deep by the benign and gentle religious influence of this institution—an influence not easily described, but which cannot but be felt by all who become its guests. However rough, and hoisterous, and slovenly a sailor may be, on first coming to the "Home," he feels an influence which constrains him, forthwith, to become a sober, quiet, orderly, well behaved, and neatly dressed man—an influence which oft-times so disturbs him in his career of sin, that he finds no peace till he gives himself up, heart and life, to the service of God.

Without making any invidious comparisons, I can truly say that I have never been

in a hotel, where, in proportion to the number of guests, there were even so much quiet and good order; so much regard to the proprieties and courtesies of life, at the table, in the reading room and halls of the house, and so much cheerful and prompt attention on the part of servants, as at the "Sailor's Home," 190 Cherry Street. And I know of no institution which is exerting a happier or more efficient, or more wide-spread moral and religious influence—one which is doing more for the good of men at home and abroad, than this.

Complaint is made by some, that this institution is a yearly bill of expense to the "American Seamen's Friend Society"—that it is not a self-supporting institution. In my opinion this complaint is unjust, and founded either upon mistaken apprehensions of its true design and object, or upon feelings of a more questionable character. A large amount of money, it is true, has been expended upon the Home, and its yearly expenditure falls considerably short of being cancelled by its yearly income.

But it is a question worthy of serious pondering, whether money could be more judiciously and humanely expended. Let the results accomplished by the Home be looked at, and it seems to me that no large-hearted man will think of estimating their value in dollars and cents. Allowing even that mistakes have been made—a point which I have not seen made out—and what Christian enterprise is there, of which the same could not be said? The Home is under the care of business and practical men—Christian men, entitled to and enjoying the confidence of the Christian community; and this, it would seem, is sufficient guaranty that it will be conducted upon principles of a strict but benevolent economy.

It might easily become a self-supporting institution; closing its doors against the reckless and the moneyless, and exiling those of its guests who have exhausted their means, turning them out to find a home in the streets and in the watch house, it might soon become a self-supporting, and even a money-making establishment. But could it, in this way, answer its great purpose? Could it, in this way, be the means of benefitting those for whom a Home is pre-eminently needed?

Could it, in this way, reclaim the homeless wanderer, lost to virtue and to God, and restore him to self-respect and to the ways of uprightness and peace? And is there a Christian man—surely there is no such Christian woman—in the land who will give his money grudgingly or doubtingly because a part, even a large part, of it may be expended in bringing wicked and lost seamen, who have no money, under the healthful and blessed influences that will be, beyond all question, exerted upon them at the Sailors' Home?

Sure I am, that if Christians in Massachusetts and throughout New England could receive the impressions made upon my own mind by a week's residence at the Home—and I could not have been, during all this time, imposed upon—they would, more cheerfully than ever before, give to the American Seamen's Friend Society their prayers and their alms, even if it were doing nothing more than sustaining this institution. But it is doing more, and I am gratified to learn that in addition to the chaplains now abroad to preach the gospel to seamen, at a late meet-

ing of the board it was resolved to send one to China, at as early a day as practicable.

It should be added that for the current year the underwriters and other friends of seamen in New York, will probably pay every dollar expended at the Home, as also aid in foreign operations. N.

### VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

Rev. Mr. SUDDARDS, Rector of Grace Church, Philadelphia, has recently preached a sermon to his people on behalf of the Philadelphia Seamen's Friend Society. He gives the following facts and opinions respecting the usefulness of Sailors' Homes.

An agency of great power, is the establishment of Sailors' Homes, in places where sailors resort, and thus save them from as base a set of bleeders as ever fattened upon the sorrows of a degraded humanity. But this is not the place, nor the time to tell of the sad cruelties, which under the pretence of kindness have been inflicted upon this class of men, or we might unfold a tale of guilt on one side, and a tale of degradation and suffering on the other, which would appal the feelings of those to whom it came for the first time. But we will advert, for a moment, to the brighter side of this picture, and see what has been already accomplished by Christian benevolence to save the confiding, unsuspecting, generous-hearted seamen from their incarnations of evil. Sailors' Homes have been provided in many prominent places. Fifteen years ago I visited one in London. I also visited one in New York a few months ago; and I take this opportunity of saying that whoever goes to that city, to inspect what is worthy of being seen—if they return without seeing that—neither the architecture of Trinity Church, the magnificence of their Water Works, nor any other object that we have been privileged to see there, will compensate for the loss of an hour's visit to the Sailors' Home. Go there, and see its long Reading Room, and you will see perhaps fifty or a hundred men, with weather-beaten faces, busily engaged in writing letters, reading the news of the day, or the word of God, or some interesting volume which their Library furnishes. See them at their meal, sitting round a well furnished table, and the silence of the grave observed, while Father Richardson, an old sea captain, asks a blessing. See them at their morning and evening gatherings, when a chapter of God's Word is read; and then, with knees bent before the Mercy Seat, listening, and we may hope, uniting in the prayer which ascendeth from unfeigned lips. See them as they daily arrive from different and distant parts of the world, congratulated with a right hearty welcome—their chests stowed away in a large receiving room, where all is safe, and their earnings placed in a Savings Bank, subject to their own control. Mark them about to leave, shaking hands with those who have to tarry longer, and followed with the prayers of many whom they leave behind, and then say whether such sights do not infinitely surpass anything that art or science has ever accomplished; 40,000 seamen annually visit that city, and there have been in that establishment nearly 5,000 during the past year. In our own city there is a Sailors' Home, capable of accommodating, probably, sixty or seventy men, but it



needs better support. There is also a Chaplain appointed to visit every vessel that comes to this port, and render the seamen the help they need.

## THE LOG BOOK.

"A Map of busy life."

For the Sheet Anchor.

### SEAMEN'S REGISTRIES.

MR. EDITOR.—Some months since, in a communication I made to the Sheet Anchor, I alluded to the Registry of Seamen at New Bedford, kept for many years by Rev. ENOCH MUDGE, late chaplain at that port.

This subject has engaged the attention of the friends of seamen in many of our sea ports, for a considerable length of time, but as yet little really valuable has been effected. As far as known, the Registry of Seamen at New Bedford is the only one worthy of the name.

The time has arrived, when a proper regard to the claims of humanity demands of the friends of seamen attention to this matter. It has been ascertained from reliable sources, that a large majority of our American born seamen, are from the interior of the country. It is moreover a well known fact, that many of these are runaway youth, of whose welfare their parents and friends remain in entire ignorance. The anxiety and doubt thus produced, are often continued through successive years, and in the case of some, ceases only with life. It certainly must be a dictate of humanity that proposes to put a period to an evil so hard to be borne, and one in which the mothers of our country share so largely.

There are several places, in every large seaport, where Registries for seamen might be opened with advantage, among which are the following:—1st. In connection with each Bethel Station, or Mariner's Chapel, at home and abroad. 2d. At each Shipping Office. 3d. At each Sailor's Home, or Sailor Boarding House. 4th. At each Marine Hospital.

These Registries might be on the simple plan of those used in our hotels, which record against the name of the individual the place from whence he has come, that to which he is bound. In order the more readily to answer any demands for information, an additional book for permanent reference might be kept, in which to copy the names so inscribed, in alphabetical order. Thus, with two or three dollars expense at most, and a trifle of labor in copying the names into the reference book, a large amount of intelligence might be obtained, of the utmost value to the parents and friends of those that are far, far at sea.

The following occurrence will serve to show the value of the Registry in a single instance. A couple of young ladies, sisters, residing in one of the interior towns of the state, had a brother absent from home on the ocean. He had been gone seven years, and, during the whole period, no intelligence was received from him. They applied to me for information. I advised them to write to New Bedford, and suggested the possibility of their obtaining information respecting him from the Registry of Seamen kept in that place.

A letter was accordingly written to a friend of seamen in New Bedford, who resorted to

the Registry, and there learnt that the brother so ardently loved, and often prayed for, and whose return had been so long and earnestly desired, had paid the debt of nature. Three years before, he entered the port of New Bedford, sick of a fever, was taken to the hospital, lingered for a few days, and then died. He shared the common lot of the tempest-tost sailor who dies upon the land—that of finding a grave among strangers. His sickness and death were recorded in the Registry against his name; and but for this record, in all probability, these sisters must have remained in ignorance of his fate, to the day of their own death.

Similar to the foregoing, is the following case: A letter was received by the seamen's preacher at New Bedford, dated Montreal, extracts from which are here subjoined.

"DEAR SIR,—The purport of this letter is, to make inquiries about a man by the name of —,\* who agreed to go on a voyage in a whale ship, two years past, last October. I have not heard from him since that time. The person in question is a son-in-law of mine, and his wife, (my daughter,) is naturally anxious to hear whether her husband is dead or alive. A New York paper gives an account of death, by drowning, of —,\* and that among his papers were found letters from his wife, dated at Montreal. The ship's name from which he fell overboard, was the —.\* The conclusion is, that he must be the person. Now, sir, if you will take the trouble to make inquiries, and write me, you will most particularly oblige, and put my daughter's mind out of suspense.—Should your kindness be attended with expense, I will thankfully reimburse you. Yours, &c., —."

The Registry was examined; the person's name was found recorded; his identity made out, and the fact proved that he was the individual reported to have been drowned.—The result was communicated by letter to the friends of the deceased.

The foregoing is sufficient for a beginning on this subject. In future numbers it may be resumed, and enlarged upon. Mean while, will not individuals, favorably situated, open Registries for Seamen, and communicate the fact of their having done so for publication in the Sheet Anchor, and encourage others to go and do likewise?

Yours, for the sailor, T. V. S.

\* Strict propriety forbids the use of names; they are therefore omitted.

For the Sheet Anchor.

### A BETHEL FLAG WANTED.

Port Republicaine, Republic of Hayti, }  
February 28, 1845. }

DEAR SIR,—Through the tender mercies of God, I have arrived here in safety. Myself and family enjoy good health, and feel resolved to teach and preach unto this people the way of salvation through Christ the Lord. I have commenced preaching to those who understand the English language, and anxiously look forward to the time when I shall be able to preach to the natives in their own tongue.

A considerable trade is carried on here with the United States, and consequently there is an open field on a small scale for doing good to our countrymen. I am sorry to say that most of them acquire a dislike to the place after a little time. This is owing, in a great measure, to the morals of the people, which are low enough, I assure you.

I shall make some effort, from week to week, to call in the seamen to our meetings, and also devote a small part of my time for

their eternal welfare. To aid in notifying the seamen in the harbor, as well as others, I wish you to send me an *American Bethel Flag*, of a suitable size to be seen at a little distance and distinguished as such by the people. I suppose that such an article can be sent to me gratuitously. I can assure you that it will add much interest to our people here, for which I shall be thankful.\*

We had a pleasant voyage in the *Cygnnet*, from Boston to Jeremie. I was much pleased to find her a temperance vessel, and, besides, that no profane language was allowed in the presence of the captain. We had worship morning and evening. One of the men, Mr. Tapscott, has evidently received some spiritual good under your preaching in Boston. He takes the Sheet Anchor, and feels a lively interest for its prosperity, the cause of temperance, &c.

May you continue in the good work of proclaiming salvation to the sons of the deep, until thousands shall rise up in the last great day and call you blessed for having pointed them unto Him, who takes away the sin of the world. Yours, &c.

WM. M. JONES.

P. S. Please send us the colors soon.

\* Who will send this BETHEL FLAG?—Ed.

The following letter, addressed to the members of the Philadelphia Shippen Street Bethel, has been handed us by the pastor, Mr. TAYLOR. We give it a place with much pleasure.—Ed.

For the Sheet Anchor.

### LETTER FROM A SAILOR.

SCHOONER CATHLEENE, }  
OFF CAPE HENLOPEN, JUNE 9. }

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—I embrace the present opportunity of sending you a few lines. We are about to leave the Capes for the Coast of Africa, and while we shape our course across the ocean, we have our confidence placed in Him who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands; yes, brethren, our trust is in Him who commanded the wind and the sea, and they obeyed him. Brethren, many of you know the difficulties and dangers attending the life of a sailor. Our petition, brethren and sisters, is, that you will pray for us while we are absent from you, that if it is the will of the Lord, he will return us in safety to our families and friends. We feel it a heavy cross to leave our Bethel friends, and the many privileges we enjoy at home; but the will of the Lord be done. Brethren, while I am far from you, I often think of my Bethel friends; more especially on my class nights, I think my brethren are praying for me. I enjoy many precious seasons by myself, with my Bible, the Spirit of the Lord shining upon its sacred pages while I read, reflecting the Image of my Saviour on my soul. O, brethren, how sweet to meditate on the goodness of the Lord, seeing he has done so much for me; he has taken my feet out of the horrible pit of miry clay, and set them upon a rock; he has put a new song in my mouth, even praises unto the Lord.

I will now take leave of you, leaving my family in charge of Him who has promised to be the husband to the widow, and the father to the fatherless. Brethren, should we never meet on earth, I expect to meet you in heaven. There all the ship's company shall meet, who have sailed with their Saviour beneath. Oh, brethren, the thought is transporting, of meeting all our friends who have



lived and died in the Lord, the prophets, the apostles, and all the holy martyrs; but above all, to see our dear Saviour, who purchased our redemption on Calvary's rugged brow; oh, happy thought, we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is. Sabbath School teachers, take care of the sailors' children; train them up in the way they should go, and when they become old they will not depart from it. O that the Lord would bless Bethel.

Br. Taylor, when you read this letter to the congregation, let them sing the following hymn, to the chorus,

"With the land in view we'll stilt journey on,"

To the hymn,

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies," &c.

Your Brother in the Lord,  
JAMES W. VIALI.

## THE SALOON.

Blest WOMAN'S voice! whose accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
Sweetly proclaim to Ocean's child:  
"Sailor! there's HOPE for thee."

## N. Y. FAMILY INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.

I now, with a heavy heart, recall the different circumstances of some of those seamen's families with whom the Visiting Committee have come in contact since the publishing of our report, (Dec. 1844,) and will endeavor to be as concise as possible in the statement.

Mrs. B——, sailor's wife, mother of five children between the ages of eight years and seven weeks. Has also an aged mother to support. Husband's wages \$15, per month; rent \$4, per month. Is a good seamstress; but little employment.

Mrs. H——, sailor's widow, sick with dropsy, part of the time able to sit up and sew; has two children under eleven years.

Mrs. S——, sailor's widow, in feeble health, with five children, all too young to work.

Mrs. E——, sailor's wife, husband an invalid, has four children; is a good seamstress; and if supplied with work at our prices, could sustain herself comfortably.

Mrs. O——, sailor's widow, one child; good seamstress, but cannot obtain employ.

Mrs. R——, husband supposed to be lost (in one of the missing packets,) confined to her bed by illness, two children, destitute.

Mrs. P——, husband lost in the October gale, as supposed, in feeble health, and in want of every thing save what a sister who goes out washing can contribute.

Mrs. L——, mother of a sailor; has had a paralytic shock; he is now at sea. The Society have taken her on their pension list, and as long as it is possible will continue to assist her.

Fearing to trespass too far on the columns of your excellent paper, I will close my tablets, without copying all the urgent cases now on the list, trusting that this simple statement may interest some hearts either to give money or patronage to the Society. The Society's store will be removed on the first of May from 76 Cherry Street, to 325 Pearl Street; and may God incline many to give their custom to those who will place the work in the hands of the needy and employ the profits in assisting the aged and infirm to "the bread that perisheth," and permitting the bereaved

widow to keep her children around her until they are old enough to earn their bread.

"He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse."

"The poor useth entreaties," saith the proverb; yes truly; and such entreaties, methinks, as would oftentimes "prevent the rich answering roughly," would they but go where their plaint could come directly to their ear; but this all are not inclined to do, and therefore many remain unrelieved.

"If thou sayest, behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul doth not he know it? and shall he not render to every man according to his works?" L.

## MISSION SHIPS.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

What, on the boundless paths of foam,  
O, everlasting Sea!  
Of all that hail thee as their home—  
Hast thou most dear to me?

The merchant ship, whose precious gums,  
And ambergris and gold,  
Are heaped, the price of princely sums,  
Deep in her teeming hold—

The barque, that gaily seeks the breeze  
On embassy of state;  
Round which the willing winds and seas  
Obsequious seem to wait—

Or the proud hulwark of the deeps,  
Whose warring thunders play:  
That, bristling for the combat keeps  
Stern watch on thy highway!

Not these! not these! for still they bear  
Those of the worldly brow;  
And men disturbed with fruitless care,  
Press o'er thy billows now.

Not these, not these, O Deep! for they  
Man's purposes perform;  
His lusts and passions to obey,  
They court thy frequent storm.

But who are they that as a cloud  
And doves are hovering near;  
Bearing unto the lost and proud  
Their freight of glorious cheer?

None, bird-like, sit upon thy crest  
So beautiful as these;  
None, statelier, have ever prest  
Through thy tall surging seas.

The MISSION SHIP!—ride on thy waves  
No treasures like to them:  
Ocean! within thy secret caves  
Is hidden no such gem.

For holy footsteps tread that deck  
Of men that bear away  
Riches, that shall survive the wreck  
Of the last dooming day.

And journeys o'er thy mighty tide  
Embassage, vast and high,  
From the world's Monarch, who has died  
That man may never die.

## THE CABIN BOY.

Dedicated to the Young Friends of the Sailor.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND THE SAILOR.

Said the celebrated missionary, Rev. Mr. KNILL, of Russia, in an address during the London May Anniversaries:

"After I had been abroad twenty-three years, I was one day preaching at the chapel in London. At the close of the service, a man, dressed as a sailor, came into the vestry and spoke to me. His face was burnt with the beams of the sun, and his cheeks were weather-beaten with the storm. 'Do you not know me?' 'No; I never saw you to my knowledge.' 'I was one of the boys

in your Sabbath School.' 'Oh! you have grown a great deal since that—what was your name?' He told me. I remarked, 'There were two brothers: one was Sammy, and one was Johnny.' 'I am Johnny.' 'I am glad to see you; what is your occupation?' 'I am occupied in the seafaring life. I am captain of a vessel, and captain of my own vessel.' 'Well, captain, I am glad to see you. How are you going on with regard to your voyage to eternity?' The tears gushed from his eyes, and he said, 'I hope I am going on well. I carry a Bethel flag with me, and when we come to a strange port, I hoist it to see if there are any praying sailors there; and if so, we have a bit of a prayer meeting, and sometimes I say a word or two to them.' I inquired, 'Where did that good work begin?' 'I can trace up my religion to the school.' It was the interrogatory system and I mean to keep it. 'Do you know of any other boys that were in the class?' Yes, two; one is a Baptist, and the other a Churchman. We have been comparing log-books, and we find we can trace up all our views of religion to the Sabbath School."

## A SCRAP FROM HISTORY.

As sailors are beginning to become missionaries, young readers will be pleased with this short account of the birth-place of one very eminent among those who have traversed the ocean—viz: SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. A. T.

From Camden's History of England—an old book.

"The circuit of Tavistocke is not great, but, much renowned it is among forraigne nations; and not so much for the commodious haven, as the valour of the inhabitants in sea services of all sorts. For, (to say nothing of all others,) from hence was Sir Francis Drake, that famous knight, and most skilfull man at sea, in our daies; who first, (as I have heard himselfe relate,) to repair the losses which he had sustained, at the Spaniard's hands, for two yeares space, together with victorious successe, held and kept the Bay of Mexico as it were besieged, and travailed over the Isthmus of Dariena: From whence when he had once beheld the South Sea, (as the Spaniards call it,) as another Themistocles, stirred up with the trophees of Miltiades, thought he should have neglected himselfe, his country, and his owne glory, unlesse he sailed over it, which continually presented itselfe as an object to his adventurous mind. In the yeare therefore 1577, putting to sea from hence, he entered into the Straits of Magellan, and in two yeares and ten moneths, through many alternative varieties of fortune, God being his guide, and valour his consort, was the next after Magellanus, that sailed round about the world. Whereupon one wrote thus unto him:—

'Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knows, which thou didst compass round;  
And whom both poles of heaven once saw, which north and south doe bound:  
The starres above will make thee knowne, if men here silent were.  
The sunne himselfe cannot forget his fellow-travailer.'

"The rest of his noble exploits, and of others who descended from hence, taking example by him, flourished in glorious achievements by sea, seeing it belong not to this place, let historians record in writing."

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.



# Sheet Anchor.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845.

✶ The SHEET ANCHOR is, and shall be, entirely free from SECTARIANISM, and all EXTRANEOUS TOPICS.

## BOSTON SAILOR'S HOME.

The Boston Seamen's Friend Society are taking measures for the erection of a new Home. The old building in Purchase Street has been taken down, and another much larger and more convenient will soon be erected.

Rev. Mr. LORD, Pastor of the Fort Hill Mariner's Church, has kindly furnished us the particulars of this important enterprise.

The new building will be the form of an L, having 62½ feet front on Purchase Street, by 37 feet wide; and the wing which forms the angle will extend 28½ feet on Gibbs' Lane, by 30 feet wide. It will be 70 feet high from the side-walk, divided into five stories and a cellar, and will be surmounted by an observatory and a flag-staff, perhaps 30 feet higher. The walls of the cellar, basement, and first story will be of granite, the other stories of brick. Opening on Purchase Street, in the centre of the front, will be the principal entrance, but there will also be another door in the end which fronts Gibbs' Lane, for the use of the family who may have the management of the establishment.

A drawing has been taken, which represents the front view as a very handsome one. The commanding position of the building affords a fine prospect of the city, the harbor, and surrounding country.

The ground floor is divided into two cellars in front, with two furnaces, a wash-room, drying-room, laundry, and three bathing-rooms.

On the basement are two dining-rooms, which can be separated or connected by sliding doors, the one 42 feet by 20, the other 26 by 13½; the kitchen 27 by 24½, and has attached to it two closets, one 7½ by 5, the other 6½ by 5; and three pantries, the first, 20 by 8, the second, 14 by 16, and the third, 14 by 12.

The front entrance leads by a flight of stone steps to the first story, and opens into a vestibule, 7½ by 6½, and on the right of it is the library and reading room, which is 34½ feet by 25, and also contains a large closet. On the left, fronting the street, separated by sliding doors, are two parlors, one 20 by 16, the other 20 by 10. In the rear of these is the office, which is 13½ feet by 11; beyond it a smoking room, 21½ by 11, on the left two apartments, one 10 by 9, the other 14 by 8, and in the rear of these another room 16 feet square. In the interior of the angle, or rather along the sides which form the angle is a splendid piazza.

Each of the other stories contains eighteen apartments, varying in size from 12½ by 11, to 14 by 8, and each apartment receives light and air through a large window. The passages are 5½ feet wide, and on each story there are three washing apartments—to which the water is conveyed through pipes.

The arrangements for the yard and baggage rooms are excellent. The whole space occupied is over 5000 feet.

We look forward to the completion of the Home with deep interest, and shall give an engraving and more minute description of its interior to the readers of the Sheet Anchor. We understand that solicitors are now calling on the friends of the sailor in Boston and vicinity. We wish them the most complete success.

## SALEM LADIES' SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

We had the pleasure of addressing this association, in the presence of a large audience, a few evenings since. It was its first annual meeting. OLIVER PARSONS, Esq., presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. MANN. Sweet singing, by Mrs. LEMON, aided by a select choir, added its attractions. The report, from the pen of the Secretary, was read by Rev. Mr. ANDERSON. It is an admirable document. Extracts from it will be found in the next Sheet Anchor.

The principal object of this Society is the erection of a Sailor's Home in Salem. It is not intended nor calculated to interfere in the least with any benevolent association now in existence. We shall always be happy to note its progress, and to commend its noble clarity to the benevolence of our readers.

## CHARLESTON PORT SOCIETY.

Rev. Mr. YATES, the very able chaplain at Charleston, has forwarded us an account of the operations of his Society for the past year. It is a pleasing document, and extracts from it will appear in our pages.

The following are some of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. YATES' report:

And now in closing this brief report, permit me to say we have much to encourage us in our labor of love. The improvement among seamen progresses with a cheering rapidity. The attention to the duties of the Bethel has increased to such a degree that not infrequently on Sabbath evenings, seamen have been obliged to go away, not being able to find accommodation in the church. The cause seems to be growing in the affections of the philanthropist and the Christian—and still we have much to do. The demands on the part of seamen, for religious reading and instruction, calls for more vigorous exertion on our part. I find the supply of tracts inadequate to the demand, and I am frequently obliged to take from my private library religious books to give the sailor. The effect of one of these little volumes I beg leave to introduce here:

About two years ago, a young sailor signed the pledge, and became a constant attendant upon the services of the Bethel. When he was about to leave, he requested me to loan him some religious volume. In looking over my library, which had become very much thinned, I found in one corner the Memoir of Harlan Page, which I gave to him. I never heard from or of him until this winter, when a young man presented himself to me, and inquired if I recollect having given the said book to a young sailor two years ago. He returned the book, saying, when I took that book from you, I was in the fore-castle, but upon reading its pages, I resolved I would not remain always before the mast, and with that resolution and the pledge, together with the help of God, I am now first mate of a vessel, and endeavoring to live a Christian.

Let this fact, together with many others, which I might bring before you, animate and cheer you in your onward course, until upon every sail which now whitens the bosom of the deep, shall be written holiness to the Lord, and every sailor's heart be made the fit residence for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God.

WM. B. YATES, Chaplain Charleston Port Society.

## NEW LONDON SAILOR'S HOME.

We are happy to learn that the friends of Seamen among the ladies of New London, ever active in doing good, are to hold a Fair the first week in May, as the commencement of an effort to erect a Sailor's Home in that important sea-port. The commerce of New London is constantly increasing, and a Sailor's Home, such as is contemplated, should be erected forthwith, and then well sustained.

We intend to be present at the proposed Fair, and hope to meet a large concourse of the friends of the sailor.

## SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

The April number of this publication is worthy of all praise. We always read the pages of the Magazine with great delight. When we meet it away from home, among strangers, it seems to us like looking in the face of an old friend.

The Magazine is issued monthly at New York, at \$1 50 a year, under the sanction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. May it live, and do good, until the abundance of the sea is converted to God.

## "SEAMEN'S SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY."

This is the name of an association recently formed in Boston, by seamen and their friends. Its object, as expressed in the constitution is "to assist distressed seamen, to relieve seamen's widows and orphans, in case of shipwreck, or death at sea, and also to raise the standard of moral and intellectual character, and to induce among seamen general habits of industry, frugality and temperance;" and to provide an asylum.

The society is managed entirely, as it should be, by those who are or have been practical seamen. The constitution is an excellent one, in all respects. It provides that all members of the society, who have paid their regular assessments, are entitled to its benefits, in any part of the U. States where they can be reached. Merchants, ship-owners, masters of vessels, landlords, and all others friendly to the best interests of seamen, are cordially invited to co-operate with this society.

The following gentlemen are the officers of the "Seamen's Self-Preservation Society" for the ensuing year:

SIMEON H. LEWIS, *President.*

JOSIAH ROGERS, R. B. NORTON, *Vice Presidents.*

ALBERT E. PROCTOR, 94 Commercial St., *Treas.*

WM. BOLTON, N. B. PROCTOR, Jr., *Secretaries.*

### Directors.

JOHN BROWN, ..... Fleet Street.  
ABEIJAH R. TEWKSURY, 90 Commercial Street.  
WILLIAM PARKER, ..... 77 Commercial Street.  
EBENEZER A. HODGKINS, 329 Ann Street.  
WILLIAM HODGKINS, ... 220 Hanover Street.  
NICHOLAS LAMB, ..... 183 Ann Street.  
WILLIAM N. SAWYER, .. 64 Commercial Street.  
MOSES INGOLLS, ..... 224 Ann Street.  
DAVID CHAFFIN, ..... 77½ Commercial Street.  
SAMUEL DOANE, ..... 3 Lewis Street.  
ISAAC TAYLOR, ..... 55 Commercial Street.  
JONATHAN TWINING, ... East Boston.  
JOHN F. A. CALDER, .... Wesley Place.

Applications for membership may be made to the Treasurer, at N. B. PROCTOR, Jr's store, 94 Commercial Street, or to either of the Secretaries, at the meetings of the society, which are held usually every Saturday evening, at the Bethel, corner of Commercial and Lewis Streets.

This new society has our best wishes, and shall have our hearty efforts, for its success.

✶ Our friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Mr. DAMON, of the Sandwich Islands, is informed that we have regularly forwarded the Sheet Anchor, through the Foreign Mission Rooms. We hope to receive his paper regularly in return.

✶ The handsomest daily paper we have ever seen, without exception, is the EVENING TRAVELLER, just issued in this city by Messrs. UPTON, LADD, & Co. It is neutral in politics, correct in its moral tone, prompt in its intelligence, and well worthy public patronage.

NEW ORLEANS.—We have just received a paper from the "Crescent City," conveying the pleasing news that the friends of seamen there are increasing their efforts in the cause. We shall give additional particulars in our next.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—The next annual meeting of this Society will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Monday evening, May 5.



For the Sheet Anchor.  
**TRIBUTE OF RESPECT**  
 TO THE

**REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.**

MR. DENISON being about to enter on an extensive agency for the *Cause of Seamen*, his friends and the public are invited to meet him in the

**TREMONT TEMPLE,**

ON SABBATH EVENING, 20th inst.; on which occasion he will be presented by a friend, in behalf of his congregation, with a beautiful BIBLE.

Other religious exercises, appropriate to the occasion, will take place.

By order of the Committee,

GEORGE H. DADD, *Secretary.*

**THE LOCKER.**

A place on ship-board for stowing away miscellany.

**NAVAL.**

[OFFICIAL.]

Navy Agent in this District, ISAAC HULL WRIGHT, Esq.

It is understood that some changes will be made in the destination of ships of war. Several will be ordered to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and the force in the Pacific will be increased.

Mr. Cushing has communicated a letter to Mr. Calhoun, acknowledging his great obligations to various officers of the Navy, during his mission to China. He was indebted personally, in particular, to Capt. Newton, of the Missouri, Commodore Parker, of the Brandywine, Commander Paine, of the Perry, and to Lieutenants Tilton and Keith, and Capt. McKeever.

**U. S. SHIP PRINCETON.**—In the trial on board this ship of the new propeller, commonly called Stevens' Scull, as compared with Ericson's Propeller, in running the distance of 11 miles, Stevens' Scull proved superior to Ericson's Propeller one mile and a third. The wind, tide, and draught of the ship were precisely the same while testing by comparative trial, the two principles.

**FOREIGN NAVY AGENCIES.**—By an act passed at the last session of Congress, the various Navy Agencies of the United States for foreign ports, will be intrusted to the management of naval officers. The grade of Lieutenant is required to warrant an appointment.

**NAVAL SCHOOL.**

Extracts from the Report submitted by Mr. BAYARD, to the U. S. Senate, Feb. 10, 1845:

The Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred Senate bill No. 76, providing for the establishment of a Naval School, submitted the following report:

The bill in question proposes the establishment of a Naval School, and for that purpose to employ a ship of the United States, in connexion with Fort Norfolk, on Elizabeth river, in the State of Virginia. The object is not to form an expensive establishment in any respect resembling the Military Academy at West Point, but merely to employ the existing means of instruction belonging to the service in a more effectual manner, and in some measure to ensure on the part of those who are admitted into the navy the desired attributes of physical and intellectual strength, and of moral worth. If the plan is adopted, the present annual charge upon the naval establishment for the instruction of midshipmen will be sufficient for the support of the school, while the advantage gained in point of instruction will, in the opinion of the committee, be very great.

For its organization, it will require the following officers, which the service will supply:

Captain or commander, as superintendent.  
 Commander or Lieutenant, as instructor in naval tactics, seamanship, gunnery, &c.

Lieutenants, two or three lieutenants as assistants to the instructor in naval tactics, seamanship, gunnery, &c.

Boatswain, for the school ship, who will instruct in the use and conversion of ropes rigging, and in the sailor's art.

Gunner, for the school ship, to instruct in the equipment of guns and fitting all things necessary to the gunner's department on board ship.

Carpenter, for the school ship, to instruct in the repair of masts, yards, rudders, and to construct models for illustration.

For the civil establishment of the school—

Two professors of Mathematics.

A teacher of French.

A teacher of Spanish.

A teacher of drawing.

A professor of engineering or general knowledge, and four assistants.

**Report of the United States Marine Hospital, Chelsea.**

For the quarter ending March 31, 1845.

|                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sick or disabled seamen in Hospital, Jan. 1, . . . . . | 67  |
| Received during the quarter, . . . . .                 | 156 |
|                                                        | 223 |
| Discharged, cured or relieved, . . . . .               | 166 |
| Died, . . . . .                                        | 9   |
| Remaining, March 31st, . . . . .                       | 48  |
|                                                        | 223 |

**Names of Deceased.**

|                                                 |  |
|-------------------------------------------------|--|
| George Thomas, aged 25, born in Western Island. |  |
| C. F. Markham, " 33, " Holstein, Den.           |  |
| Andrew Anderson, " 52, " Gottenburg, Swe.       |  |
| Wm Baker, (col'd.) " 47, " Frankfort, Penn.     |  |
| John Jones, " 45, " Boston, Mass.               |  |
| Walter F. Adams, " 28, " " "                    |  |
| George Tell, " 21, " Richmond, Va.              |  |
| Augustus Matthews, " 21, " Georgetown, Me.      |  |
| Thomas Andrews, " 20, " Dorchester, Md.         |  |

J. BACON, *Steward.*

Chelsea, March 31, 1845.

**IMPORTANT TO WHALEMEN.**

**CURE FOR SCURVY.**—A friend at Sag Harbor relates to us the following circumstance, which occurred on board a whaling ship from that port, during its late cruise around the world.

"After an absence of thirteen months, during which time but about one week had been enjoyed in port and that at the end of the first six months, and when proceeding from high northern latitudes, where during the months of June, July, and August they had been almost constantly surrounded with dense fogs, towards the Sandwich Islands it was found that several of the crew were affected with scurvy. With no opportunity, for a considerable length of time, of getting lunar observations, and with a chronometer which now proved itself unworthy of implicit confidence, the Captain when too late found himself unable to reach those Islands, and with no other alternative before him, started to the Southward in the hope of reaching some other place for relief. Before many days, sperm whales were discovered, and the weather being such that no delay would be incurred in the passage, one was taken, and during the process of cutting in the whale one of the crew (several of whom were now off duty,) crawled upon deck and having nothing about which to make himself busy, and as the Captain afterwards said "determined to live," solicited a piece of the lean flesh of the whale, which he cut into slips and while warm applied as one would bandages over the limbs. These were not removed for several hours, when the blackness had entirely disappeared from the flesh, and new vigor imparted to the whole system. In two days, he was able to walk about and in one week was on duty, while his companions grew worse, and when a port was reached were at the point of death, and this individual comparatively well. Had they for a moment supposed this simple remedy to be so effectual while the means were within their reach, probably all might have been partially relieved if not altogether restored to health.

"In the hope that others similarly situated will make trial of it and that it will hereafter prove as valuable as in the above case, we give the facts to the public substantially as we received them from the captain and from the individual."

**New Arrangement of the Telegraph.**—The enterprise projected by Messrs. Hudson & Smith for the earlier announcement of marine intelligence by means of the Telegraph, has met with sufficient encouragement to induce them to commence operations.

An extra station has been created on Long Island, and the whole business placed on such a basis that no vessel can approach Boston harbor by any channel, without being announced much earlier than formerly, and also in cases of shipwreck or distress below, full and early information will be given. The following are the stations under the new arrangements:

One station on Nantasket or Boston Light.

One station on Long Island Head.

One station on either Long or Lewis' Wharf.

One station on Merchants' Exchange.

The three stations to be kept constantly manned, and all vessels inward or outward bound, will be reported with the utmost despatch.

The estimated expense of maintaining the whole establishment, will amount to about \$3,000 per annum.

**Wreck of the Steamboat Scallow.**—This boat became a total wreck on Wednesday evening, 2d inst. She struck on a rock when going at a rapid rate, opposite the town of Athens and the city of Hudson, and immediately went to pieces. A large number of passengers were on board, and the scene is described as awful and heart-rending. Several lives were lost, but the number is not given.

**The American Salt Provision Trade to Jamaica** has almost extinguished the English trade in that article. The proportion of American is now nine to one English in Jamaica.

**NOTICE TO MARINERS.**

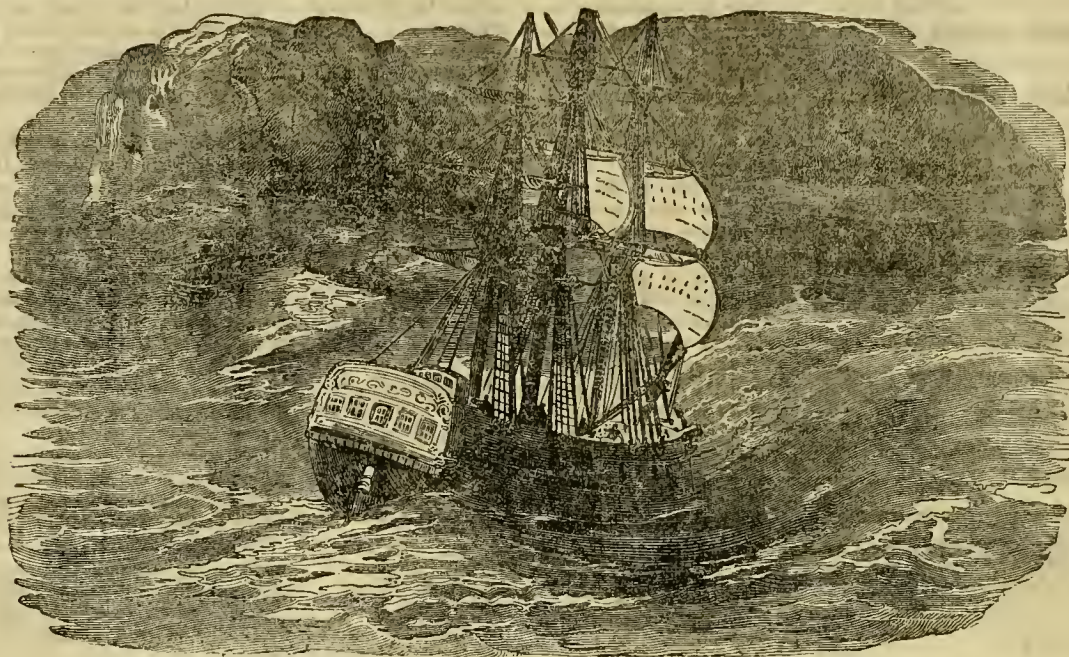
The editor of the Turks Island Gazette informs masters of vessels passing through Turks Island passage, that by standing in towards Grand Cay the pilots will board them, and receive their reports, with such newspapers as they can spare, and their vessels will be reported in his marine list. He further states that by calling at his office before their departure, he will supply them with papers.

A well known landmark in the St. Lawrence, called the "Old Woman," an isolated rock about 60 feet high, and lying about a cable's length off "Ship's Head," or Cape Gaspe, has disappeared. The base of the rock having been washed away by the action of the sea, it has fallen into deep water.

**DISASTERS AT SEA.**

**Loss of Barks Cervantes and Halcyon, of New London.**—Capt. Gibson, late of the bark Cervantes of New London, came passenger in the Hecla, at Sippican 13th, and reports that the Cervantes was driven on to a reef and lost, on the 29th of June last, while endeavoring to get into a small bay on the West coast of New Holland, about 150 miles North of Swan River, the wind blowing a gale at the time. The crew with great difficulty reached the shore in safety, saving nothing but what they had on. They had taken no oil. After gaining the shore they set out for Swan River, the nearest settlement, about 250 miles distant, without food; and on the way, one of the crew named James Thomas, became exhausted and was left, where he undoubtedly perished. Capt. Gibson also reports the loss of the bark Halcyon, Bailey of New London, which vessel was driven from her anchors and on shore on the 5th of August last, while lying in Geographie Bay. Had 500 bbls. whale oil, which was saved, and, with the wreck, sold at auction. The ship Charles Henry, of New London, was lying at Geographie Bay, at the time of the loss of the Halcyon, and rode out the gale in safety. She had 1800 bbls. Capt. Gibson and 15 of his officers and crew, and all of the officers and crew of the Cervantes, except one man, took passage in the Charles Henry for the Isle of France, where they arrived Nov. 23d. Here Capt. Gibson and Messrs. McKinstrey and Bartlett, his 1st and 2d mates, and Mr. Chappel, mate of the Halcyon, took passage on board the Hecla for home. The remainder of the ships' companies were left in care of the Am. Consul. Capt. Bailey, of the Halcyon, remained at Swan River, and would go in England with the oil.





Ship Chauncey on a Lee Shore.

The above graphic scene is taken from "Life on the Ocean," by Capt. GEORGE LITTLE, of Baltimore; a very valuable nautical book, published by our friends, WAITE, PIERCE & Co., 1 Cornhill.

### THE POLYNOT.

Let not man put it asunder.

In this city, Capt. JOHN W. BAKER, to Miss HANNAH STEVENS, of Kennebunk, Me.  
In Provincetown, Capt. BENJAMIN COOK, master of ship Charles Carroll, to Miss ELIZABETH HENNESLEY, of Liverpool, England.  
In Yarmouth, Capt. SYLVANUS GAGE to Miss PHEBE TAYLOR.  
In Nantucket, ALEX. M. MYRICK to Miss LYDIA, daughter of Capt. GEORGE F. JOY.  
In Brooklyn, N. Y., CHARLES B. HOMMEDIU, of Nantucket, Me., to Miss CHARLOTTE, daughter of Capt. HEZEKIAH COFFIN, of B.  
In Bath, Me. Capt. PETER BRIGGS to Miss REBECCA A. HIGGINS.  
At St. Augustine, Flor., Capt. WILLIAM HOPE to Miss ANN ELIZA DRISDELL.

### THE LAST VOYAGE.

Ocean has myriad dead; and millions sink  
In sudden perils on its craving brink.  
Reader! what portion yet awaiteth thee,  
When God's last trump shall rend the peopled sea?

In Charlestown, Mr. PHILIP SHOLES, aged 47 years.  
At Mobile, drowned, Capt. SAMUEL MARSHALL, of Portsmouth, N. H., master of ship Powhattan.

At sea, Nov. 3, 1844, on board the ship Charles of New Bedford, on her passage from Talcahuana, where he shipped in August, 1841, ARNOLD P. HILLS, of Dorset, Vt. A small balance of wages is due his heirs, which may be had on application to the owners of said ship.

At sea, off the coast of New Holland, on board the whaling ship Winslow, Pease, of New Bedford, July 29, 1842, after a lingering illness, GEORGE BURGESS, who appears by the crew list, August, 1840, to have been born in Boston, and then 29 years old. A balance of account is due his heirs, which may be had on application to the owners of the ship.

Lost overboard from brig Pavilion, of Edgartown, off Falkland Islands, Mr. WILLIAM P. FROTHINGHAM, of Salem, Mass.

Washed overboard, from brig Condor, of Boston, Feb. 1, on the passage from Boston to St. Thomas, Capt. MARIUS CALHOUN, of Harwich, master; and JOHN MATTHEWS, of Salem, seaman.

Washed overboard, from ship Diana, 14th ult., on the passage from Liverpool to Boston, — WILSON, 2d officer, and — CHRISTIAN, seaman.

In Porto Grande, Island of St. Vincent, (Cape Verdes,) Dec. 8, JAS. H. SHAW, aged 40 years, seaman, of Mass.; 10th, TIMOTHY WEST, aged 29, seaman, of Conn.; S. OWENS, aged 27, seaman, of Maine; THOS. MAHER, aged 17, seaman, of New Haven, Conn.; 23d, WILLIAM THOMPSON, aged 26, seaman, of Boston.

On board ship Gideon Howland at sea, 15 days out, Mr. C. ISAAC HOWLAND, of New Bedford, 1st officer of said ship.

### GENERAL AGENT.

CAPT. THOMAS V. SULLIVAN, BOSTON, MASS.

### TRAVELLING AGENTS.

REV. S. BAILEY, of DORCHESTER.

GEORGE L. COBURN, New Haven, Conn.

### Institutions for Seamen in the United States.

**Savings Banks for Seamen.**—*New York.* No. 71, Wall Street. Open every day (Sundays excepted,) between 12 and 2 o'clock.

*Portland.* South corner of the Mariner's Church.  
*Boston.* Tremont Street. Open daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 2 o'clock.

*New Haven.* In the building of the N. Haven Bank

**Mariners' Churches.**—*New York.* Roosevelt Street, Rev. Henry Chase, 186 Cherry Street. Baptist Bethel, corner of Catharine and Cherry Streets, Rev. I. R. Stewart. Episcopal Floating Chapel, foot of Pike Street, East River, Rev. B. C. C. Parker. Methodist Episcopal Church, Cherry, near Clinton Street. Wesleyan Ship, foot of Rector Street, North River.

*Boston.* Mariner's Church, Fort Hill, Rev. Daniel M. Lord; Bethel Church, North Square, Rev. E. T. Taylor. "BOSTON BETHEL UNION," Rev. Charles W. Denison, Commercial Street, corner of Lewis. Elder J. W. Holman, Union Street.

### MISSION CHAPEL FOR SEAMEN AND OTHERS.

Corner of Ann and Ferry Streets, Boston.

By the Authority, and under the Direction of the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese. SEATS FREE.

Divine Service, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will be held every Sunday Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, at the above place.

The Sunday School will be opened at the usual time in the Morning, and at one o'clock, P. M.

The Missionary will hold himself in readiness to perform any duties of his office.

Persons desirous of seeing him, by leaving their names and address on the Slate, at the Chapel door, (in case of his absence,) will be visited at their dwellings.

JOHN P. ROBINSON, Missionary.

*Salem.* Chapel, Herbert Street, Rev. Mr. Carleton.

*New Bedford.* Rev. M. Howe.

*Providence, R. I.* Rev. Benjamin Taylor, South Main Street.

*Portland.* Rev. G. W. Bourne, Exchange Hall.

*Newark, N. J.* Rev. Frederick Pilch.

*Philadelphia.* Water Street, near Walnut St. Rev. O. Douglass. Shippen, cor. Swanson; Rev. J. S. Taylor.

Seamen's Bethel Union, East side of Front Street, between Spruce and Pine; Rev. Thos. Porter, Missionary.

*Baltimore.* Fell's Point, Allisanna St., Rev. H. Best.

*Buffalo.* Rev. V. D. Taylor.

*Cleveland.* Rev. William Day.

*Pittsburgh.* Rev. Hugh Kelley.

*Oswego.* Rev. F. Pierce.

*Rockets, Va.* Rev. A. Mahane.

*Charleston.* Church Street, near Water Street, Rev. W. B. Yates.

### GOOD SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSES.

*Boston.* The Sailor's Home and Mariner's House having been taken down, to give place to new buildings, seamen and their friends can find good board at the Bethel Hotel, 3 Lewis Street.

J. SAVAGE, 10 Washington Place.  
R. B. NORTON, Neptune House, 263 Ann Street.  
JOHN BROWN, corner of Fleet and Ann Streets.  
Temperance Boarding House for Officers of Vessels, kept by J. QUIN, Jr., No. 18 North Bennett Street.  
MARTIN BARNES, Jr., Ann Street, corner of Langdon Place.

Temperance Cellar, kept by LUTHER HOSEMER, No. 51 North Market Street.

DAVID CHAFFIN, 77½ Commercial Street.

BETHEL HOTEL, (late Alhambra,) ROGERS & DOANE, No. 3 Lewis Street.

J. R. TAYLOR, 40 Southac St., for colored seamen.

*Salem.* Ebenezer Griffin, near Bethel Church; Mrs. Greenleaf, Becket Street, near Derby Street.

*Portland, Me.*—Seamen's Mansion, by H. A. Curtis, Fore Street, near the Custom House.

*Bath, Me.* Joshua B. Phipps, Seamen's Mansion.

*New York.* Sailor's Home, by the American Seamen's Friend Society, No. 190, Cherry Street, between Market and Pike Streets.

Capt. Roland Gelston, No. 320, Pearl Street.

Other Boarding-Houses in New York City. John McEllan, 154 Cherry Street; Thomas Jenkins, (colored,) 59 Ann St.

Home for Colored Seamen, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Kept by W. P. Powell, 61 Cherry Street.

*Providence, R. I.* Seamen's Temperance Home, 93 South Water Street.

*Charleston.* Capt. Hamilton, 23 Queen Street.

*Portsmouth, N. H.* Charles E. Myers, corner Market and Bow Streets, Spring Hill.

*Philadelphia.* Sailor's Home, (Eastburn House,) 10, Lombard Street, near Front Street. Sam'l Room, under the care of the Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailor's Home, N. W. corner of Union and Front Sts., by Wm. Hammond, under the care of the Seamen's Friend Society.

*Buffalo, N. Y.* Sailor's Home, No. 17, Main Street, R. Bishop.

*New Haven.* William J. Smith, corner of Union and Cherry Streets.

*Baltimore.* Captain Wm. Robertson, No. 39 Thames Street, Fell's Point.

*Alexandria, D. C.* Sailor's Home, by John Robinson.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

Communications relating to the general concerns of the American Seamen's Friend Society, should be directed to Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, President and General Agent, to Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, or Rev. HARMON LEWIS, Secretaries, No. 71, Wall Street.

Donations in aid of the funds, may be sent to CHAS. N. TALBOT, Treasurer, No. 66, South Street, or to the office of the Society, No. 71, Wall Street, New York.















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